Fu Manchu's Bride a new novel by **Sax Rohmer**

May 6, 1933

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

5¢ a copy
10c in Canada

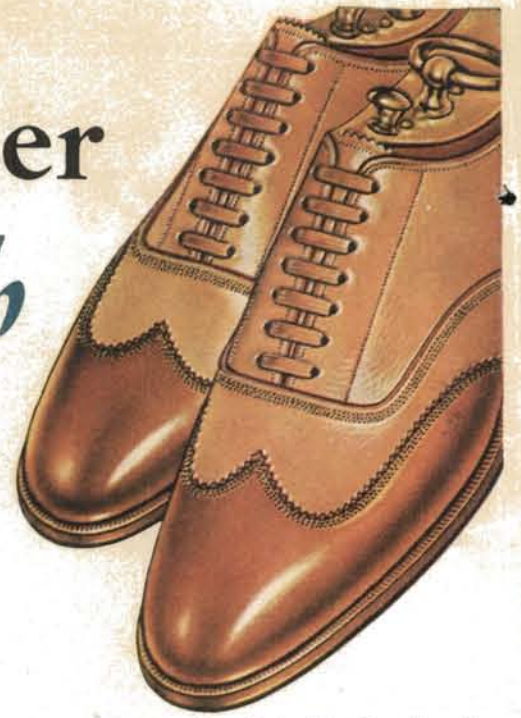
IOLA PUBLIC LIBRARY

E MARGT SPEEGLE D%
S STATE RD 31784g
IOLA C
KANS 14y73 R 65WPP

AY 6, 1933

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sport Shoes no longer a danger to *foot health*



Style 631—*Two-Tone Tan. Genuine Calfskin.*
Style 630—*Same pattern in Black and White. Genuine Calfskin.*

1998 chances to 1 there's a perfect fit for you in one of these smart sport shoe patterns.

● Men everywhere like to wear the cool, smart-looking sport shoe. Youthful . . . complimentary . . . essential to the correct summer ensemble. But to wear them, thousands have had to punish their feet.

Most stores selling sport shoes limit their stocks to a relatively small number of styles and sizes. That is because the selling season is short.

As a result, it has been impossible for many to obtain sport shoes in the pattern they liked—in a size that would fit—at a price they would pay. So they've had to *compromise*—take a "mis-fit"—*accept* shoes a trifle too large or too small, too wide or too narrow. Or built on an utterly wrong last.

Yet such shoes endanger foot health. Although, perhaps not uncomfortable at first, they breed corns, callouses, bunions. Or fail to support the arches. Seventy-eight per cent of all common foot troubles are caused by mis-fit shoes.

How to play safe

Your sport shoe should be made on a last exactly duplicating your type foot. Of exactly the right size, the right width.

Style 614—*White Calf, smartly trimmed with Black Calfskin.*

"Where did I buy the shoes?—Up the street. But they look better than they feel. I can't get my size in sport shoes anywhere."
"You're wrong Bill! You could, if you'd go to the right store, where I buy mine. Look at 'em. Size 15, and right out of stock!"

And in Friendly Fives, made in 1998 combinations of last, style, size and width, you can now have it. In a *quality* sport shoe, virtually made to the measure of your own foot.

Whether you wear a wide 6-E, a narrow 12-AAA, or even up to a 15-AAA, you can obtain it at once, from your Friendly Five dealer. And with it, obtain all the extra comfort and service that only a perfect fitting shoe can give.

Your Friendly Five dealer carries these sport shoes from size 5 to 15—available in one of the largest "in-stock" ranges of lasts, styles, sizes, and widths known in the industry. So great and unique is this range, he can fit any normal foot from store or factory stock.

And the price? Same for all patterns—five dollars. Only because we are one of the largest exclusive manufacturers of men's and boys' dress shoes—and because of the economies this makes possible, can we offer you these unusual values.

Now do this

Make your mind up now to wear better fitting, better feeling sport shoes. Then save time and trouble by going *first* where getting a perfect fit is a certainty—to your Friendly Five dealer.

Don't know where he's located? Your "classified" phone book will tell you—under *Shoes*, "Friendly Fives." If he isn't yet listed, write us. We'll send his name by return mail, with free style booklet, and no obligation. Jarman Shoe Company, 538 Gallatin Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

FRIENDLY FIVE SHOES

© 1933, J. S. Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She Compromise?

..NEVER!

Nor did she need to

● Among the three million users of Listerine Tooth Paste are thousands upon thousands of women of this type—well educated, well informed, critical of values, and with ample means to fulfill their wants. Such women would never compromise with quality for the mere sake of economy. Clearly, their rejection of older and costlier favorites for Listerine Tooth Paste was based, not upon the latter's price, but upon the brilliant and satisfying results it gave them.

If you have not tried this remarkable new dentifrice, made by the makers of Listerine, do so now. Buy a tube. Try it for a week or more and then note the improvement in your teeth.

See how clean they are—how clean they feel, both in front and in back.

Note the absence of repellent tartar and the unsightly stains of food and tobacco.

Observe the flash and brilliance that this tooth paste gives to teeth.

They are due to those swift-acting, fine-textured, cleansing and polishing agents that make Listerine Tooth Paste outstanding.

Look for the delightful feeling of freshness and invigoration that follows the use of this paste—the taste you associate with Listerine itself. And of course you know it makes your breath sweeter.

In case you're interested, the price of 25¢ saves you about $3.00 a year over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class. Not a staggering sum, but a welcome one in these times. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 25¢

..it makes the breath sweeter

At last! Bristles *can't come out!*

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

TOOTH BRUSH

with PERMA-GRIP

(U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

IT SEEMS that Lance McGowan, who is well known to one and all along Broadway as a coming guy in the business world, is strolling through Fifty-fourth Street one night when a party of residents of Brooklyn roll past in an automobile and let fly at him with a couple of sawed-offs.

Now, Lance is not rodded up at this time. But he is by no means a sucker, so what does he do but slip through the side door of the home of Miss Abigail Ardsley, who is an old doll with a great many potatoes.

Damon Runyon, the scribe, knows what happened in "The Old Doll's House"—which is a very romantic story indeed—and what happened afterward, especially to the residents of Brooklyn, who were very crude characters in every respect.

ONE summer day in 1915 a capricious gust of wind carried a sheaf of papers out of the window of a large New York hotel. Almost immediately a corps of men were to be seen frantically combing the roofs of adjacent buildings. Meanwhile consternation reigned in the apartment of Mr. D. A. Thomas, special representative of Lloyd George. For those three sheets of onion-skin paper contained a report on the entire British munitions output in the United States. This is only one of the dramatic incidents in Thomas W. Lamont's narrative of Henry P. Davison's activities and associations at the opening of the World War.

"SHE'S astonishing! Amusing! Adorable! Romantic! Different! Empires crashed, republics tottered . . . Also Selected Short Subjects."

There's a sample of Mr. Clarence Kiley in the rôle of "Coming Attractions." "You'll never," to quote Mr. Kiley, "forget this thrilling drama of love and sacrifice." To put it more conservatively, you're sure to enjoy this gay and romantic story by Frank Leon Smith.

IF YOU offer any girl the choice between a nice white lamb and a baby panther, she will pick the panther. At least that's what Morea did. She was sixteen at the time. The panther was coal black, with eyes of sulphur. In Java they called him Mynheer Lucifer, and he loved Morea more than anything in the world. The results of this strange fellowship occurred "Far from Java" in a weird drama reported for you by James Francis Dwyer.

SAX ROHMER unfalteringly continues the desperate campaign against Dr. Fu Manchu. Arthur Somers Roche, Gerald Mygatt, Freling Foster, Don Marquis and others stand ready to enliven your days. Can you take it?

This Week

●

May 6, 1933

SAX ROHMER
Fu Manchu's Bride, Part I. **Eerie cries, romantic love and a very agreeable atmosphere of horror—Mr. Rohmer's masterpiece.** **Page 7**

THOMAS W. LAMONT
Henry P. Davison. **The elder J. P. Morgan's testimony before the Pujo Committee.** **Page 10**

ERIC HATCH
Without Introductions. **Summer love at 100 m. p. h.** **Page 12**

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
Slander, Part V. **Gerrish commits the ultimate indiscretion.** **Page 14**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Undisguised facts.** **Page 16**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
First and Last, **by John B. Kennedy.** **Page 17**

STEPHEN MOREHOUSE AVERY
Settled Out of Court. **What happened to the girl who tried to corrupt Judge Holden.** **Page 18**

H. I. PHILLIPS
Fallen Fathers. **The tragedy of the unwanted parent.** **Page 21**

ALAN LeMAY
Cold Trails, Conclusion. **Horse Dunn's last shot.** **Page 22**

DON MARQUIS
Rule 'Em Rough. **A Pharaoh's formula.** **Page 24**

S. B. H. HURST
A Good Cook. **In the circumstances, a hero.** **Page 25**

EDITORIAL
Let's Carry On! **Page 50**

●

Any Week

IT IS the frank and outspoken opinion of Mrs. Julia B. Crossner of Chicago that the patriotism of those opposing the mobilization of unemployed men for reforestation "on the grounds that the wages paid will be less than union scales should be hauled back to the shops for a thorough renovation."

OUR latest copy of the Groton, New York, Journal and Courier informs us in a shouting advertisement that one of that town's most alert citizens wishes it to be known that, "through the intercession of the Democratic Party I have made other arrangements for my beer, therefore I will sell, in good second-hand condition, 500 empty bottles, capping machine, two twenty-gallon crocks, copper boiler, supply of caps, excellent formula and a quantity of yeast, hops, malt and corn sugar. Cheap, too."

AND looking back a little, Mr. Charles F. Taylor, Jr., of Bowling Green, Kentucky, finds that "the trouble with this country was too many deck-hands in the pilot house."

MISS LORA MacINTOSH of Providence, Rhode Island, insists that before any decision is reached about "What is the Matter with America?" attention should be given the fact that "it costs three hundred dollars a year to support a criminal in prison but only one hundred dollars a year is spent upon the education of a citizen."

MR. DAN MOODY, former governor of the great state of Texas, will be pleased to read this one from Mr. Owen P. White, whose recent "Keeping Texas in the Family" seemed to Mr. Moody to reflect discredit on his administration:

"Honorable Dan Moody," writes Mr. White, "has objected violently to a portion of an article by me in Collier's. Governor Moody is a man for whom I have the highest regard; in whose integrity I have complete faith, and for anyone to read into my phraseology the thought that I was trying to accuse him of participating in wrongdoing or that, having had knowledge of wrongdoing on the part of others he took no steps to punish the offenders, is not only to do him a grave injustice but also to do violence to my meaning. In fairness to Governor Moody I hope you will publish this letter."

"ONE of the greatest kicks I get out of Collier's," says Mr. V. H. Benson of Placerville, California, "is the drawings of our ancestors by Lawson Wood."

MR. LYMAN H. TUCKER is back home again in Lihue, Kauai, Hawaii, and not only immensely pleased but thankful. "I was on your mainland, on vacation," sighs he. "It isn't what it's cracked up to be. Hawaii pays more revenue toward the upkeep of the Federal government than fifteen of the states but we can't vote for President, being a territory. I got into arguments over this fact. I got gypped every time I turned around. I got a black eye. Then I came back to Kauai Island where there is no depression, no one out of work that wants to work, no one cold nor hungry. We didn't know there was a depression until a wireless came from Washington shutting up all our banks, the most solvent banks under the American flag. As my Chinese banker said of your eminent financiers: 'Wassa matter? No can look see?'"

"I AM not a literary person," writes Mr. W. W. Koelsch of Seattle, Washington. "I don't get much time to read. But tell me, is this new Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wallace, the same chap who wrote all those mystery novels? Anyway their styles are remarkably similar."

"YOU don't run a page for juveniles," says Mr. L. H. Rogers of Waterloo, Iowa, "but suppose you did—and put Ruth Burr Sanborn in charge of it. Then we won't have to read along until we come to this: (You supply the bedtime-story voice) 'Nancy had never been able to decide what color her eyes were. Sometimes she thought they were blue, and sometimes green; sometimes black.' (More of the same about her nose with three freckles and a pucker on the top, when out jumped dear old funny old Peter Rabbit with his puckery little nosey.) I don't mind bedtime stories but don't ever again trick me into reading one at 9:18 Friday morning."

"AM I amazed!" cries Mr. Al Zinzer of New York. "Am I astonished! My newspaper takes a couple of scare-head columns to tell me that 'Wall Street is cool to Roosevelt's stock-control idea.' Am I flabbergasted!"

Vol. 91, No. 18. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1933, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador, $3.50 a year to Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"My mother taught me my lesson about pyorrhea"

. . . *mustn't follow in* HER *footsteps*

JUST one short generation ago, Americans knew practically nothing about pyorrhea. And the members of that generation had a tremendous number of teeth pulled out because they waited *too long!* They waited for teeth to *decay* before they went to a dentist.

They didn't know that pyorrhea works under the surface and takes its tribute in the form of perfectly sound teeth, as far as the eye can see. They didn't know what a vast difference there is between mere tooth-brushing and real scientific care of the teeth.

Get your dentist on the job of *prevention.* Don't put it off and don't think you are an exception. Only a dentist can detect pyorrhea in its earlier stages and he wants to catch it early too, because it means a slow, arduous treatment if it gets a start on him. The modern dentist has plenty of experience in pyorrhea, for *more than half* of the losses of adult teeth are due to this stealthy gum disease.

No doubt your own dentist uses at his chair the special pyorrhea treatment of Dr. R. J. Forhan, who devoted 26 years to pyorrhea research and practice. This is obtainable only by the members of the dental profession, but Dr. Forhan's *home* treatment formula is embodied in Forhan's Tooth-paste, which is sold by every drug store throughout the land.

Avoid the terrible tragedy of lost teeth. Don't wait for bleeding gums or other warnings. Don't give pyorrhea a chance. See your dentist twice a year and use *Forhan's* twice a day. Brush teeth and brush gums. It does a *double* job for old and young. Teach the children to use Forhan's, the plus-tooth-paste in the big, brown tube. For sale at all drug stores. Forhan Company, Inc., New York, N. Y. (In Canada: Forhan's Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.)

. . .

Serious thought about teeth and gums leads to the use of

Forhan's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Have the Jones' come over here, *I don't want to hear tonight's programs on* their *radio*"

ONCE you've heard Vallee's music—the muted melodies of Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians—or the danceable rhythms of Eddie Duchin—*on a PHILCO, no other radio can satisfy you!*

With PHILCO you catch every subtle touch in the special orchestrations of the leading orchestras. They're playing for you as if "in person". So it is with every other program—singers, speakers, symphony orchestras seem actually in your presence—when you listen to PHILCO—the only radio scientifically designed as a musical instrument.

PHILCO Lazy-X models give remote control convenience with the brilliance of inclined sounding board reproduction. You regulate volume, control tone, change stations without leaving your chair. The program comes with all the perfection of PHILCO tone from the Sound Cabinet across the room.

All this luxury—all the convenience of electrical remote control is yours in 19 Lazy-X at $100—or in 14 Lazy-X at $150 for the ultimate in power and distance. Lazy Control with built-in speaker in PHILCO Lazyboy—$65.

PHILCO · PHILADELPHIA · TORONTO · LONDON

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

$18.75 *to* $250
FEDERAL TAX PAID
Prices Slightly Higher Denver and West

The PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board
(Patented)

The PHILCO Patented Inclined Sounding Board preserves the sparkle and brilliance which lie in the high notes of the original performance. High notes tend to travel in a straight line. Inclining the Sounding Board throws notes you would otherwise miss up to "ear level". Low notes spread out easily and it is not necessary to incline the sounding board to bring them up to your ears. But without the inclination the preponderance of "lows" would make reception "boomy".

A New PHILCO-Transitone Automobile Radio at $39.95
(complete and installed)

Real "home-like" reception—real PHILCO tone—in a powerful automobile radio that can be installed in a few minutes—out of sight and out of your way.

For *everything* is in one compact convenient unit—the superheterodyne receiver, electro-dynamic speaker, tubes, vibrator—everything self contained! All-Electric. No extra batteries. Steering column control.

Installed on your car while you wait, by your car dealer—any PHILCO-Transitone dealer or United Motors Service Station.

Other PHILCO-Transitones at $59.50 and $89.50—complete and installed.

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UCLA ... LIBRARY

"It's *drosophyllum*," I murmured, "one of the fly-catching varieties, but a tropical species I have not come across before"

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

Fu Manchu's Bride

Beginning another weird story of that Emperor of the Underworld, Dr. Fu Manchu: The mystery of the girl in Mahdi Bey's villa, and the sinister purple shadow that brought death to all it touched

ALL the way around the rugged headland, and beyond, as I sat at the wheel of the easy-running craft, I found myself worrying about Petrie. He was supposed to be looking after me. I thought that somebody should be looking after him. He took his responsibilities with a deadly seriousness; and this strange epidemic which had led the French authorities to call upon his expert knowledge was taxing him to the limit. At luncheon I thought he had looked positively ill; but he had insisted upon returning to his laboratory. He seemed to imagine that the reputation of the Royal Society was in his keeping. . . .

I had hoped that the rock-bound cove which I had noted would afford harborage for the motor-boat. Nevertheless I was pleasantly surprised when I found that it did.

The little craft made safe, I waded in and began to swim through nearly still water around that smaller promontory beyond which lay the bay and beach of Ste. Claire de la Roche. Probably a desire to test my fitness underlay the job; if I could not explore Ste. Claire from the land side, I was determined to invade it, nevertheless.

The water was quite warm, and it had that queer odor of stagnation peculiar to this all but tideless sea. I swam around the point, and twenty yards out from the beach my feet touched bottom.

At the same moment I saw her. . . .

She was seated on the smooth sand, her back towards me, and she was combing her hair. As I stumbled, groped and began to make my way inland, I told myself that this sole inhabitant of Ste. Claire was probably one of those fabulous creatures, a mermaid—or should I say a siren?

I halted, wading ashore, and watched her.

Her arms, her shoulders and her back were beautiful. Riviera salt and sun had tanned her to a most delectable shade of brown. Her wavy hair was of a rich, red, mahogany color. This was all I could see of the mermaid from my position in the sea.

I made the shore without disturbing her.

It became apparent, then, that she was not a mermaid: a pair of straight, strong and very shapely brown legs discredited the mermaid theory. She was a human girl with a perfect figure and glorious hair, wearing one of those bathing suits fashionable in Cannes. . . .

What it was, at this moment, which swamped admiration and brought *fear*—which urged me to go back—to go back—I could not imagine. I fought against this singular revulsion, reminding myself that I was newly convalescent from a dangerous illness. This alone, I argued, accounted for the sudden weird chill which had touched me.

Why, otherwise, should I be afraid of a pretty girl?

I moved forward.

And as I began to walk up the gently sloping beach, she heard me, and turned.

I found myself staring, almost in a frightened way, at the most perfect face I thought I had ever seen. Those arms and shoulders were so daintily modeled that I had been prepared for disillusionment: instead, I found glamour.

She was bronzed by the sun, and, at the moment, innocent of make-up. She had most exquisitely chiseled features. Her lips were slightly parted, showing the whitest little teeth. Big, darkly fringed eyes—and they were blue as the Mediterranean—were opened widely, as if my sudden appearance had alarmed her.

I may have dreamed, as some men do,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of flawless beauty, but I had never expected to meet it; when:

"How did *you* get here?" the vision asked, and rolled over onto one elbow, looking up at me.

Her voice had a melodious resonance which suggested training, and her cool acceptance of my appearance helped to put me more at ease.

"I just swam ashore," I replied. "I hope I didn't frighten you."

"Nothing frightens me," she answered, in that cool, low tone, her unflinching eyes—the eyes of a child, but of a very clever and very inquisitive child—fixed upon me. "I was certainly surprised."

"I'm sorry. I suppose I should have warned you."

HER steady regard never wavered; it was becoming disconcerting. She was quite young, as the undisguised contours of her body revealed, but about her very beauty there hovered some aura of mysteriousness which her typically nonchalant manner could not dispel. Then, suddenly, I saw, and it greatly relieved me to see, a tiny dimple appear in her firm, round chin. She smiled—and her smile made me her slave.

"Please explain," she said; "this isn't an accident, is it?"

"No," I confessed; "it's a plot."

She shifted to an easier position, resting both elbows on the sand, and cupping her chin in two hands.

"What do you mean—'a plot'?" she asked, suddenly serious again.

I sat down, peculiarly conscious of my angular ugliness.

"I wanted to have a look at Ste. Claire," I replied. "It used to be open to inspection and it's a spot of some historical interest. I found the road barred. And I was told that a certain Mahdi Bey had bought the place and had seen fit to close it to the public. I heard that the enclosed property ran down to the sea, so I explored and saw this little bay."

"And what were you going to do?" she asked, looking me over in a manner which struck me as almost supercilious.

"Well . . ." I hesitated, hoping for another smile. "I had planned to climb up to Ste. Claire and, if I should be discovered, explain that I had been carried away by the current which works around the headland, and been compelled to swim ashore."

I watched eagerly for the dimple. But no dimple came. Instead, I saw a strange, far-away expression creep over the girl's face. In some odd manner it transformed her; spiritually, she seemed to have withdrawn—to a great distance, to another land; almost, I thought, to another world. Her youth, her remarkable beauty, were transfigured as though by the occult brush of a dead master. Momentarily, I experienced again that insane desire to run away.

Then she spoke. Her phrases were commonplace enough, but her voice too was far away; her eyes seemed to be looking right through me, to be fixed upon some very distant object.

"You sound enterprising," she said. "What is your name?"

"Alan Sterling," I answered, with a start.

I had an uncanny feeling that the question had not come from the girl herself, although her lips had framed the words.

"I suppose you live somewhere near here?"

"Yes, I do."

"Alan Sterling," she repeated. "Isn't that Scotch?"

"Yes, my father was a Scotsman—Dr. Andrew Sterling—but he settled in the Middle West of America, where I was born."

The mahogany curls were shaken violently. It was, I thought, an act of rebellion against that fey mood which had claimed her. She rose to her knees, confronting me; her fingers played with the sand. The rebellion had succeeded. She seemed to have drawn near again, to have become human and adorable. Her next words confirmed my uncanny impression that in mind and spirit she had really been far away.

"Did you say you were American?" she asked.

Rather uncomfortably I answered:

"I was born in America. But I took my degree in Edinburgh, so that really I don't quite know what I am."

"Don't you?"

She sank down upon the sand, looking like a lovely idol.

"And now please tell me your name," I said; "I have told you mine."

"Fleurette."

"But Fleurette what?" I asked her.

"Fleurette nothing. Just Fleurette."

"But, Mahdi Bey—"

I suppose my thoughts were conveyed without further words, for:

"Mahdi Bey," Fleurette replied, "is—"

And then she ceased, abruptly. Her glance strayed away somewhere over my shoulder. I had a distinct impression that she was listening intently for some distant sound.

"Mahdi Bey—" I prompted.

Fleurette glanced at me swiftly.

"Really, Mr. Sterling," she said, "I must run. I mustn't be caught talking to you."

"Why?" I exclaimed. "I was hoping you would show me over Ste. Claire."

She shook her head, almost angrily.

"As you came out of the sea, please go back again. You can't come with me."

"I don't understand why—"

"Because it would be dangerous."

COMPOSEDLY she tucked a comb back into a bag which lay upon the sand beside her, picked up a bathing cap and stood up.

"You don't seem to bother about the possibility of my being drowned!"

"You have a motor-boat just around the headland," she replied, glancing at me over one golden shoulder. "I heard your engine."

This was a surprising revelation.

"No wonder you weren't frightened when I came ashore."

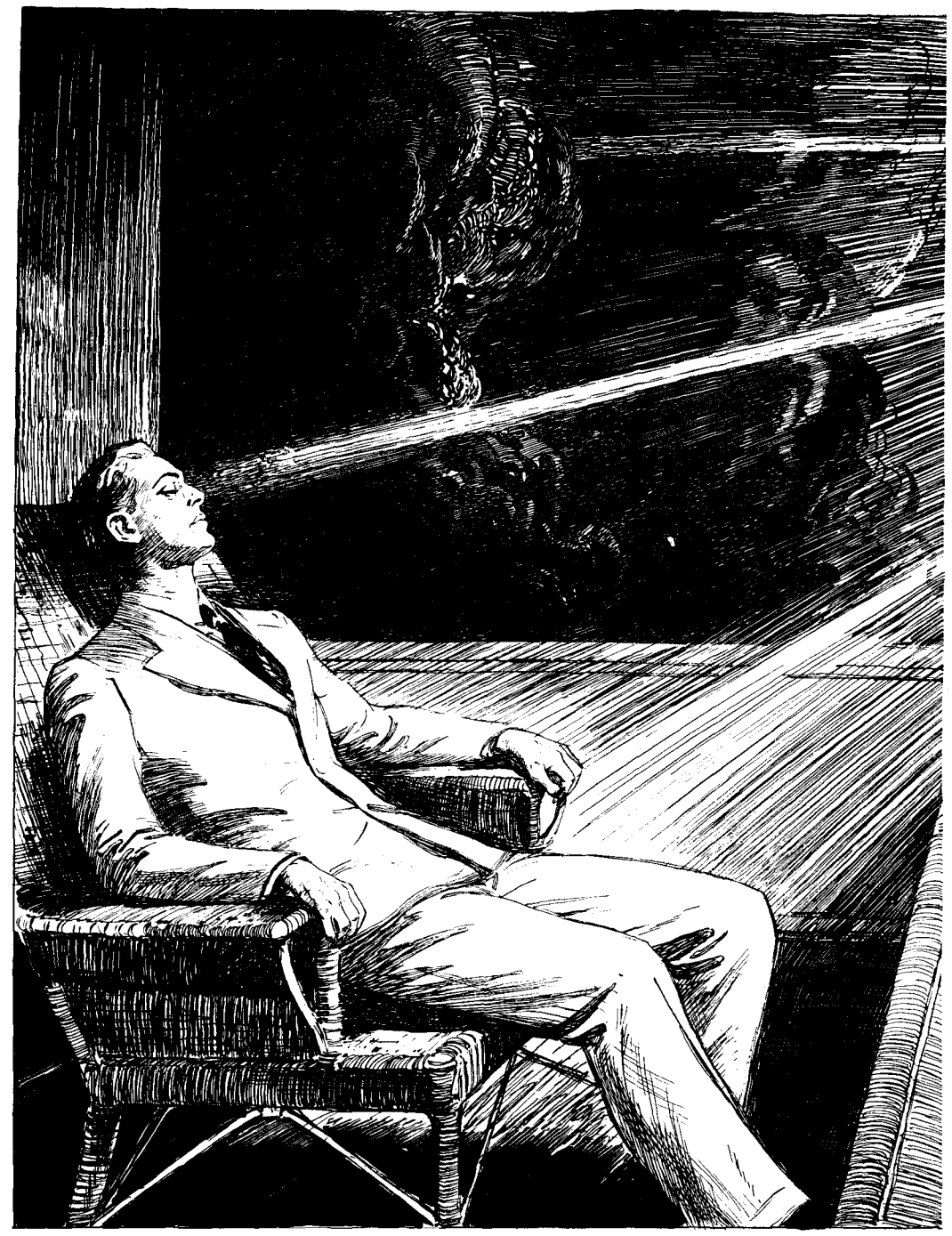
"I am never frightened. In fact, I am rather inhuman, in all sorts of ways. Did you ever hear of Derceto?"

Her abrupt changes of topics, as of moods, were bewildering, but:

"Vaguely," I answered. "Wasn't she a sort of fish goddess?"

"Yes. Think of me, not as Fleurette, but as Derceto. Then you may understand."

The words conveyed nothing at the time, although I was destined often to think about them later. And what I should have said next I don't know. But the whole of my thoughts, which were chaotic, became suddenly focussed . . . upon a sound.



I thought that his face had the majesty of Satan—that this was

To this day I find myself unable to describe it, although, as will presently appear, before a very long time had elapsed I was called upon to do so. It more closely resembled the note of a bell than anything else—yet it was not the note of a bell. It was incredibly high. It seemed at once to come from everywhere, and from nowhere. A tiny sound it was, but of almost unendurable sweetness: it might be likened to a fairy trumpet blown close beside one's ear.

I started violently, looking all around me. And, as I did so, Fleurette, giving me no parting word, no glance, darted away!

Amazed beyond words, I watched her slim, brown figure bounding up a rocky path, until, at a bend high above, Fleurette became invisible. She never once looked back.

And then—the desire to get away, and as soon as possible, from the beach of Ste. Claire de la Roche, claimed me again, urgently. . . .

When presently I climbed on board the motor-boat and pushed off, I found myself to be in a state of nervous excitement. But as I headed back for the landing-place below Petrie's tiny villa, I grew more and more irritated by my memories.

Fleurette was not only the most delightful but also the most mysterious creature who had ever crossed my path; and the more I thought about her, reviewing that odd conversation, the nearer I drew to what seemed to be an unavoidable conclusion: Of course, she had been lying to me—acting the whole time. A beautiful girl in the household of a wealthy Egyptian—in what capacity was she there?

COMMON sense supplied the answer. It was one I hated to accept—but I could see no alternative. The queer sound which had terminated that stolen interview, I preferred not to think about. It didn't seem to fit in. . . .

As I secured the boat to the ring and started a long, hot climb up to the Villa Jasmin, I found myself wondering if I should ever see Fleurette again, and, more particularly, if she wanted to see me.

I supposed Mme. Dubonnet had gone into the village to do her midday shopping, which included an *apéritif* with one of her cronies outside a certain little café. Petrie I knew would be hard at work in the laboratory at the bottom of the garden.

Mixing myself a cool drink, I sat down on the flower-draped veranda, and allowed my glance to stray over the well-stocked little kitchen garden. Beyond and below were more flower-covered walls and red roofs breaking through the green of palm and vine, and still beyond was a distant prospect of the jewel-like Mediterranean.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Emperor of the Underworld come to claim a doomed city

I reflected that this was a very pleasant spot in which to recuperate. And then I thought of Fleurette.

No doubt my swim had overtired me, but stretched out there in a deck-chair, the hot sun making my skin tingle agreeably, I presently fell asleep. And almost immediately, as I suppose, I began to dream.

I dreamed that I lay in just such a deck-chair, under an equally hot sun, on a balcony or platform of an incredibly high building. I have since decided that it was the Empire State Building in New York. I was endowed with telescopic vision. Other great buildings there were, with mile after mile of straight avenues stretching away to the distant sea.

The sky was sapphire-blue, and a heat haze danced over the great city which lay at my feet.

Then there came a curious, high sound. It reminded me of something I had heard before—but of something which in my dream I could not place. A cloud appeared, no larger than my hand, on the horizon, miles and miles away—over that blue ocean. It was a purple cloud; and it spread out, fan-wise, and the sections of the fan grew ever larger. So that, presently, half of the sky was shadowed.

And then, at a tiny, glittering point, corresponding, I thought to the spot where the hinge of this purple shadow-fan should have been, I saw a strange jewel. The fan continued to open, to obscure more and more sky.

It was advancing toward me, this shadowy thing; and now the jewel took shape.

I saw that it was a dragon, or sea serpent, moving at incredible speed towards me. Behind its awful, crested head, a man rode. He wore a yellow robe which, in the light focussed upon him, for the sun was away to my left as I dreamed, became a golden robe.

His yellow face glittered also, like gold, and he wore a cap surmounted by some kind of gleaming bead. He was, I saw, a Chinaman.

And I thought that his face had the majesty of Satan—that this was the Emperor of the Underworld come to claim a doomed city.

SO MUCH I saw, and then I realized that the dragon carried a second rider: a woman, robed in queenly white and wearing a jeweled diadem. Her beauty dazzled me, seeming more than human. But I knew her. . . .

It was Fleurette!

The purple shadow-fan obscured all the sky and complete darkness came. The darkness reached me, and where there had been sunshine was shadow. I shuddered and opened my eyes, staring up, rather wildly, I suppose.

Dr. Petrie had just stepped onto the veranda. His shadow touched me where I lay.

"Hello, Sterling," he said briskly. "What's wrong? Been overdoing it again?"

I struggled upright. Then, in a moment, I became fully awake. And as I looked up at Petrie, seated on the low wall beside a big wine jar which had been converted into a flower-pot, I realized that this was a very sick man.

He wore no hat, and his dark hair, liberally streaked with gray, was untidy—which I knew to be unusual. He was smoking a cigarette and staring at me in that penetrating way which medical men cultivate. But his eyes were unnaturally bright, although deep shadows lay beneath them.

"Been for a swim," I replied. "Fell asleep and dreamed horribly."

Dr. Petrie shook his head, and knocked ash from his cigarette into the soil in the wine jar.

"Blackwater fever plays hob even with a constitution like yours," he replied gravely. "Really, Sterling, you mustn't take liberties for a while."

In pursuit of my profession, that of an orchid hunter, I had been knocked out by a severe attack of blackwater on the Upper Amazon. My native boys left me where I lay, and I owed my life to a German prospector who, guided by kindly Providence, found me and brought me down to Manáos.

"Liberties be damned, Doctor!" I growled, standing up to mix him a drink. "If ever a man took liberties with his health, that man is yourself! You're worked to death!"

"Listen," he said, checking me. "Forget me and my health. I'm getting seriously worried."

"Not another case?"

He nodded.

"Admitted early this morning."

"Who is it this time?"

"Another open-air worker, Sterling—a jobbing gardener. He was working in a villa, leased by some Americans, as a matter of fact, on the slope just this side of Ste. Claire de la Roche—"

"Ste. Claire de la Roche," I echoed.

"Yes—the place you are so keen to explore."

"D'you think you can save him?"

He frowned doubtfully.

"Cartier and the other French doctors are getting in a perfect panic," he replied. "If the truth leaks out, the Riviera will be deserted. And they know it! I'm rather pessimistic myself. I lost another patient today."

"What!"

Petrie ran his fingers through his hair.

"You see," he went on, "diagnosis is so tremendously difficult. I found trypanosomes in the blood of the first patient I examined here; and although I never saw a tsetse fly in France, I was forced to diagnose sleeping sickness. I risked Renton's 205—" he smiled modestly—"with one or two modifications of my own; and by some miracle the patient pulled through."

"Why a miracle? It's the accepted treatment, isn't it?"

He stared at me, and I noticed how haggard he looked.

"It's one of 'em," he replied—"for sleeping sickness. But this was *not* sleeping sickness!"

"What!"

"HENCE the miracle. You see, I made cultures; and under the microscope they gave me a shock. I discovered that these parasites didn't really conform to any species so far classified. They were members of the sleeping sickness family, but *new* members. Then—just before the death of another patient at the hospital—I made a great discovery, on which I have been working ever since—"

"Overworking!"

"Forget it." He was carried away by his subject. "D'you know what I found, Sterling? I found *bacillus pestis* adhering to one of the parasites!"

"*Bacillus pestis?*"

"Plague!"

"Good God!"

"But—here's the big point: the trypanosomes (the parasites which cause sleeping sickness) were a new variety, as I have mentioned. *So was the plague bacillus.* It presented obviously new features! Crowning wonder—although you may not appreciate it—parasite and *bacillus* affiliated, and working in perfect harmony!"

"You've swamped me, Doctor," I confessed. "But I have a hazy idea that there's something tremendous behind this."

"Tremendous? There's something *awful.* Nature is upsetting her own laws—as we know them."

This, from Dr. Petrie, gave me something to think about.

My father had been invited to lecture at Edinburgh—his old university—during Petrie's first year, and a close friendship had sprung up between the keen student and the visiting lecturer. They had corresponded ever since.

During my own Edinburgh days, the doctor was established in practice in Cairo; but I spent part of one vacation as his guest in London. And another fast friendship resulted. He had returned from Egypt on that occasion to receive the medal of the Royal Society for his researches in tropical medicine. I remember how disappointed I had been to learn that his wife, of whose charm I had heard many rumors, was not accompanying him on this flying journey.

HIS present visit—also intended to be a brief one—had been prolonged at the urgent request of the French authorities. Petrie's reputation had grown greater with the passage of years and, learning that he was in London, they had begged him to look into this strange epidemic which threatened southern France. They had placed the Villa Jasmin at his disposal. . . .

Three weeks later I was invalided home from Brazil. Petrie, who had had the news from my father, met the ship at Lisbon and carried me off to the Villa Jasmin, to recuperate under his own watchful eye.

I fear I had proved to be a refractory patient.

"You didn't see the other case, did you?" Petrie asked suddenly.

"No."

"Well." He set down his glass. "I wish you would come along to the hospital with me. You must have met with some queer diseases on the Amazon, and you know the Uganda sleeping sickness. There's this awful grin—proof of some sort of final paroxysm—and,

(Continued on page 26)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry P. Davison

The Record of a Useful Life
By his Friend and Partner

Thomas W. Lamont

Mr. Morgan's dramatic testimony before the Pujo Committee investigating the so-called "Money Trust"—effect of his pregnant utterances upon the public mind—Secretary Knox and "dollar diplomacy" in the Far East—reversal of policy under President Wilson—the Banking Consortium for the assistance of China—President Taft's acknowledgment of Davison's services—the latter's work in saving New York City's credit in 1914

Copyright, 1933, by Thomas W. Lamont

Brown Bros.

J. P. Morgan, Sr., on his way to testify before the Pujo Committee in Washington in 1912. With him are his daughter, Mrs. Herbert Satterlee, and J. P. Morgan, Jr.

THE elder Mr. Morgan's strength was undoubtedly heavily sapped by the strain which he underwent in the so-called "Money Trust Investigation," conducted by the committee of the House of Representatives, of which Congressman Arsène Paulin Pujo of Louisiana was chairman and to which Samuel Untermyer was counsel. There can be no doubt that Mr. Morgan suffered severely from the innuendoes and semi-accusations that were made against him and his firm at the time of this inquiry. His partners realized this keenly, none more than Harry Davison, who, throughout the whole inquiry, exerted himself to the utmost to relieve Mr. Morgan.

Never before in his long life of high purpose and achievement had anyone ever impugned Mr. Morgan's motives or cast doubt upon the uprightness of his dealings. In fact, for years it had been an axiom of the financial world that the chief reason for Mr. Morgan's power lay in the complete trust which the financial community had in him—a trust not in the infallibility of his judgment, which was human like other men's, but in the integrity of his motive and the straightforwardness of his dealings. Therefore, to have the very foundation of his character and dealings assailed cut him to the quick.

Nor did the fact that he emerged from the investigation triumphant and in higher public esteem than ever before serve to tranquilize Mr. Morgan's feelings. An essentially modest man, he had been thrust into the witness box and asked to display to the public eye his innermost thoughts as to the conduct of his affairs. Perhaps, secure as he was in his own sense of right, he should have been more philosophical, less thin-skinned. But there it was! He was an aging man, seventy-five years old, who, over many decades, had done great deeds, as the public readily acknowledged, in upbuilding the industrial and commercial life of the American community. And yet at the end of such a life he was being held up, as he felt, to suspicion and obloquy.

Finally all the furor died away, and he sailed away for the last time to his beloved Egypt. But his life was over. For no apparent cause and on account of no discernible ailment, his energy left him; and on his return journey from the Nile he had hardly reached Rome before he collapsed and died.

NOTE: This and the articles to follow are taken from Mr. Lamont's biography of Mr. Davison, soon to be published in book form.

Acme

The late Dwight W. Morrow, whose account of the saving of New York City's credit in August, 1914, is a part of this installment

But perhaps his grandsons will live to say that it was all worth while. Perhaps they will feel that in those last harassed months of his life he gave the American people something that they had never clearly had before—a realistic conception of the motives which guide truly great men of affairs, like the late Mr. Morgan, and of the principles upon which all sound business and material progress in this world must rise or fall. For those phrases of Mr. Morgan's, from the witness stand at Washington, uttered by him in entire unconsciousness of their pregnancy and power, have gone ringing down the years ever since.

I, for one, can never forget their effect as I heard them uttered. Here are some of them, the italics being mine:

"No, sir, the first thing is character." That was in response to counsel's thesis that credit was "based primarily on money or property."

Mr. Untermyer: "Before money or property?"

Mr. Morgan: "Before money or anything else. *Money cannot buy it!*"

Mr. Untermyer: "So that a man with character, without anything at all behind it, can get all the credit he wants, and the man with the property cannot get it?"

Mr. Morgan: "That is very often the case."

Mr. Untermyer: "But is *that* the rule of business?"

Mr. Morgan: "That is the rule of business, sir."

The idea that all business is based on confidence, on trust, seemed slow in dawning on this committee. They were still puzzled when Mr. Morgan added: "A man I do not trust could not get money from me on all the bonds in Christendom."

And again:

Mr. Untermyer: "Is not that [namely the obtaining of credit] because it is believed that they have the money back of them?"

Mr. Morgan: "No, sir: it is because *people believe in the man.*"

A Fog of Doubt Dispelled

Precisely what it was that first raised the hue and cry about a "money trust," nobody ever knew. But it was started during the presidential campaign of 1912, and politics still held the floor. There had been a number of constructive banking consolidations in New York City, among them the very ones already described in this narrative. And certain persons, never having looked into the necessity of building larger banking units to meet the increasing demands of larger business, raised the cry that there was too much concentration of banking capital and that this meant too much concentration of credit, that is, the power to grant credit lodged in a few hands. Then somebody else got up a table of so-called "interlocking directorates."

The theory, sought to be established by such a table, was this: If John Jones is a director of the United States Steel Corporation and also of the First National Bank; and if Sam Smith is a director of the First National Bank and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

also of the New York Central Railroad; and if Ben Brown is a director of the New York Central Railroad and also of the Atchison Railroad; then these three gentlemen become automatically "interlocking"; and *ipso facto* become animated with the same motives, and conspire together to a common end—probably a "sinister" one!

By such a scheme the maker of tables and graphs was able, by using concentric circles, so to speak, to extend his "interlocking directorates" at will and almost indefinitely. In fact, the original preamble and House resolution, under which the committee acted, put forward the theory that a small group of men centered in New York City "have wielded a power over the business, commerce, credits and finances of the country that is despotic and perilous, and is daily becoming more perilous to the public welfare." Thus the so-called "Money Trust" was arraigned, with little regard for facts, by sensational newspapers and individuals, on the strength of the House's action.

Davison, who had been in the firm then not quite four years, stopped one morning on his way downtown to confer with his senior partner at Mr. Morgan's home. He found him puzzled and disturbed by the direction and animus of the inquiry, and he determined forthwith to do everything possible to relieve Mr. Morgan in the work of preparing for the hearing.

Inasmuch as neither Mr. Morgan nor his partners had anything to conceal, they naturally made every effort to comply fully with the committee's demands. Data and information far in excess of that required were compiled.

All this effort and preparation were not in vain. The outcome is a well-known chapter in congressional history. Mr. Morgan appeared before the committee in December, 1912. In his examination, which lasted the better part of two days, he handled himself frankly and admirably. Some of the "high spots" of his testimony are those quoted above. Because of the unique character of some of these pregnant phrases, and because they came with such unconscious dramatic force from a man like Mr. Morgan, they were soon being repeated and favorably commented upon by newspapers and journals all over the country. It is not too much to say that they made a profound impression, and went far to dispel much of the fog and miasma in which the detractors of so-called "big business" had tried to envelop the natural transactions of banks and bankers.

Brown Bros.

Henry P. Davison in 1912

Davison Gives His Testimony

Mr. Untermyer, whose theory was that Mr. Morgan was the head and front of the whole so-called "Money Trust," did his utmost to get Mr. Morgan (and later Davison) to give such testimony as would go to bear out this idea. For example, counsel to the committee asked a series of questions, the purpose of which was to show that Mr. Morgan's partners personally directed the policies and operations of all banking institutions in which they sat as directors. The further implication was that they busied themselves in gaining detailed information, for their own uses, as to the operations of these banks' customers.

When this wholly novel theory was suggested to the senior Mr. Morgan on the witness stand, he retorted: "You cannot, in a bank in which you are a director—not in any first-class bank, at any rate—go and find out how much I have in that bank."

Mr. Morgan's purchase from Thomas F. Ryan of the stock of the Equitable Life Assurance Society was another subject upon which committee's counsel brought all his guns to bear. From his reiterated questions it seemed indeed difficult for him to realize what was the fact, namely, that Mr. Morgan had locked up several million dollars of good money, not for the sake of profit but so as to be certain that, in his hands, the assets of that great life insurance company would be conserved for the benefit of the company's policyholders.

Mr. Untermyer: "I am trying to find out where the money was in it [that is in Mr. Morgan's purchase of Equitable Life shares] at one-ninth of one per cent return."

Mr. Morgan (a little later): "I know nothing about that, sir. I am willing to take the criticism or the credit, or whatever it may be, of the transaction. I only say this: that I did it because I thought it was the thing to do; and that is the only reason I had, and the only thing I can say."

Brown Bros.

W. A. Prendergast, comptroller of New York City in 1914, laid the city's financial crisis on J. P. Morgan & Co.'s doorstep

Davison appeared before the committee on January 23, 1913. Like Mr. Morgan, the younger man, by his broad-minded attitude before the committee and his frank and clear presentation of the facts, did much to maintain the confidence of the country in its outstanding financial institutions.

Before leaving the stand, Davison submitted to the committee a short statement summarizing and supplementing his testimony. In this he took occasion to point out that serious financial disturbances were inevitable under the country's then existing unscientific banking system, and he pledged the coöperation of the Morgan firm in any plan designed to secure a sounder and more stable system.

The End of the Pujo Incident

Following up the favorable impression made by the testimony before the committee and Davison's written statement, the firm made public, a month later, a comprehensive letter to Chairman Pujo in which, at his invitation, it supplemented the inquiry by presenting various considerations bearing upon the question of concentration and control of money and credit. Occasion was taken in this letter to urge again the establishment by the country of a scientific banking system, an imminent development, it ought to be added, which was no doubt hastened by the publicity given to the subject in the proceedings of the committee. Eighteen months later the Federal Reserve System was established and in operation.

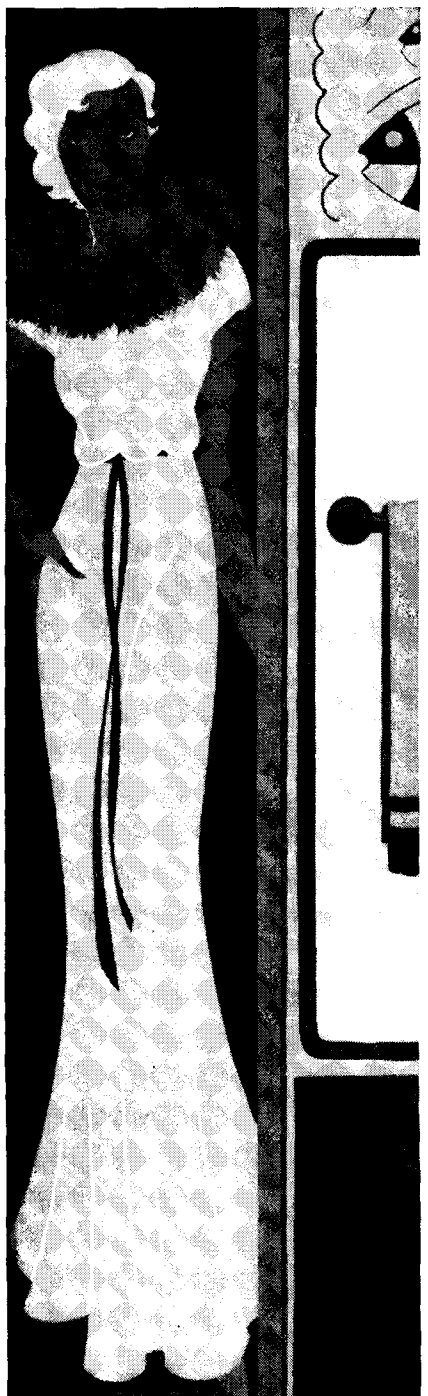
In this whole episode, which sadly enough confused and clouded the closing months of his life, Mr. Morgan again showed the great confidence which he reposed in Davison. From the date of Davison's entry into the firm he had an extraordinary influence with his senior, an influence based upon that same feeling of mutual trust that Mr. Morgan himself felt was the basis of all correct human relations. Some of the late Mr. Morgan's associates stood in such awe of him that they were sometimes hardly at their best with him. Davison, on the other hand, while possessing the most profound respect and an unbounded admiration for the head of the house, was never better in approach and presentation than when he was with his senior. Davison had much of that same instinct for the right, the sure course, that Mr. Morgan had. Mr. Morgan did not spell out his theories. His judgments may not always have been logically thought out, but to his partners they seemed so swift as to be instinctive. As he said to the Pujo Committee, in reference to the Equitable Life purchase, he felt it was the "right thing to do," and that was the end of it. "I have given you, from my heart, the exact facts," he had added. And that phrase, "from my heart," meant much.

Mr. Morgan Leans on Davison

Davison's processes were much the same. Perhaps that is the reason that the two men were congenial. In the four years that Davison was a member of the firm prior to Mr. Morgan's death, he came more and more to be Mr. Morgan's point of contact with the outside world of affairs. The senior was coming less and less frequently to the office. He was withdrawing from active participation in the conduct of outside affairs. He was leaving to his son, the present head of the house, and to Davison, the formulation of firm policies. To the latter, with his wide acquaintance and daily contact with all sorts of

(Continued on page 44)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Without Introductions

By Eric Hatch

It's easier to drive a car a hundred miles an hour than to guess what some girls will do. Larry Wyle didn't know it. He does now

HE SAT under a wash-basin that was unlike any wash-basin he had ever seen, and grappled with a pipe. Really, he had no business being there, in that gorgeous bathroom, because he was a mechanic, as one could tell by the khaki overalls that had "Larry" written on them in red script. But the plumber was sick and the wash-basin was sick, so Larry Wyle was pinch-hitting.

Though as an independent business man, which was what he considered himself, since he owned the motor repairs concession in Blake's Garage, it had pained him to be escorted up the back stairs to this bathroom, he was rather enjoying himself. As his Stillson bit into the chromium of the pipe, he whistled.

Every now and then he left off whistling and grappling to stare at the black marble bathtub and to slap his thigh and chuckle and say, "Hot dawg! Some palace, some palace!"

Lots of mechanics would have been annoyed by the splendor of the place, but Larry had no intention of remaining a mechanic and this was Rockhill Hall, owned by George Rockhill, maker of Rockhill cars, and so to Larry it was inspiring as an example of what might come to a mechanic who applied his brains in the right direction. He knew that George Rockhill, in keeping with automobile-king tradition, had once been a mechanic himself. It seemed to him not at all unlikely that, if a certain new conception of a carburetor he was perfecting was anything like as good as he thought it was, he too might be having a black marble sunken bathtub one of these days. He didn't know just what he'd do with one, but he thought it would be an awfully nice thing to have anyway, as a sort of symbol of success.

Presently one of the three doors giving into the bathroom opened. Larry didn't see it, because at that moment he was staring into space, building castles. And so, of course, he was entirely unaware that a singularly beautiful young thing in a pale blue negligee trimmed with pale blue maribou was standing in the doorway watching him.

"He wuzzum nice itty tubs, wasn't him?"

LARRY WYLE spun round. He had never seen anything like this creature in the blue maribou negligee. Like the black marble tub, she panicked him. He didn't know what to do—with his hands, with himself, with anything. Elise Rockhill would have had a terrific effect on him if she'd come into his shop in store clothes, so to speak, and asked to have a valve fixed. Bursting in on him this way the effect was colossal. Larry had known pretty girls, but none of them had ever caught him dreaming in a bathroom.

"I was going to get into him nice ittle tub"—she opened her eyes wide and pursed her mouth—"and what do I find? What do I find? I find a man fooling around in my bathroom, that's what I find!"

Larry wasn't certain, but he thought she was laughing. Her eyes, which were pretty darn' good as eyes went, were belying the anger of her words. He said, "I didn't come here; I was sent. I—I'm sorry about taking so long about fixing your pipe but, you see, I'm not a plumber."

She did laugh now, aloud.

"If you're not a plumber," she said, "you've got your nerve being in my bathroom. What makes you do these things? You look respectable enough."

He got to his feet. Facing her, his eyes looking down into hers, he felt much, much surer of himself. He said, "I bet I'm the most respectable person you know."

"I don't know you," she said. "All I know is that you're Larry."

She pointed to the red lettering on his overalls.

"I'm Larry Wyle."

Instinctively he held out his hand. She looked surprised for a second, then because she was really much nicer than you expect the children of motor kings to be, she thrust her own small paw out from the depths of the maribou and shook.

"I'm Elise Rockhill."

"I thought you must be. I'm sorry about taking so long to fix your pipe."

He wasn't sorry at all, because if he hadn't taken so long he wouldn't have met her. She came on into the room and sat down on a little chair opposite him and swept her hair back from her forehead in a morning gesture. The intimacy it gave the situation alarmed Larry. He wasn't used to this sort of thing. So that she wouldn't see he was fussed, he picked up his wrench and began to tighten the pipe again.

"As the old lady said to the man running the steam shovel, 'Does it make you nervous if I watch you work?'"

He was silent.

"Why do you have Larry written on your front?"

"Mechanics always do."

"So that they can tell each other apart? I mean, you're fooling around the motors and you don't feel quite like yourself that day and then you look down and see Larry written on you and you know it's all right."

He looked up and laughed. He had a nice laugh—friendly and open and ringing with youth. He didn't feel fussed any more now either, because it was obvious that this girl was glad to have him there to talk to and wasn't going to try and high-hat him the way the butler had when he'd arrived at the front door instead of the back.

"I suppose that must be why," he said. "I never thought much about it, but that's as good a reason as any."

SHE picked a silver-backed comb from the dressing table beside her and began languidly to use it.

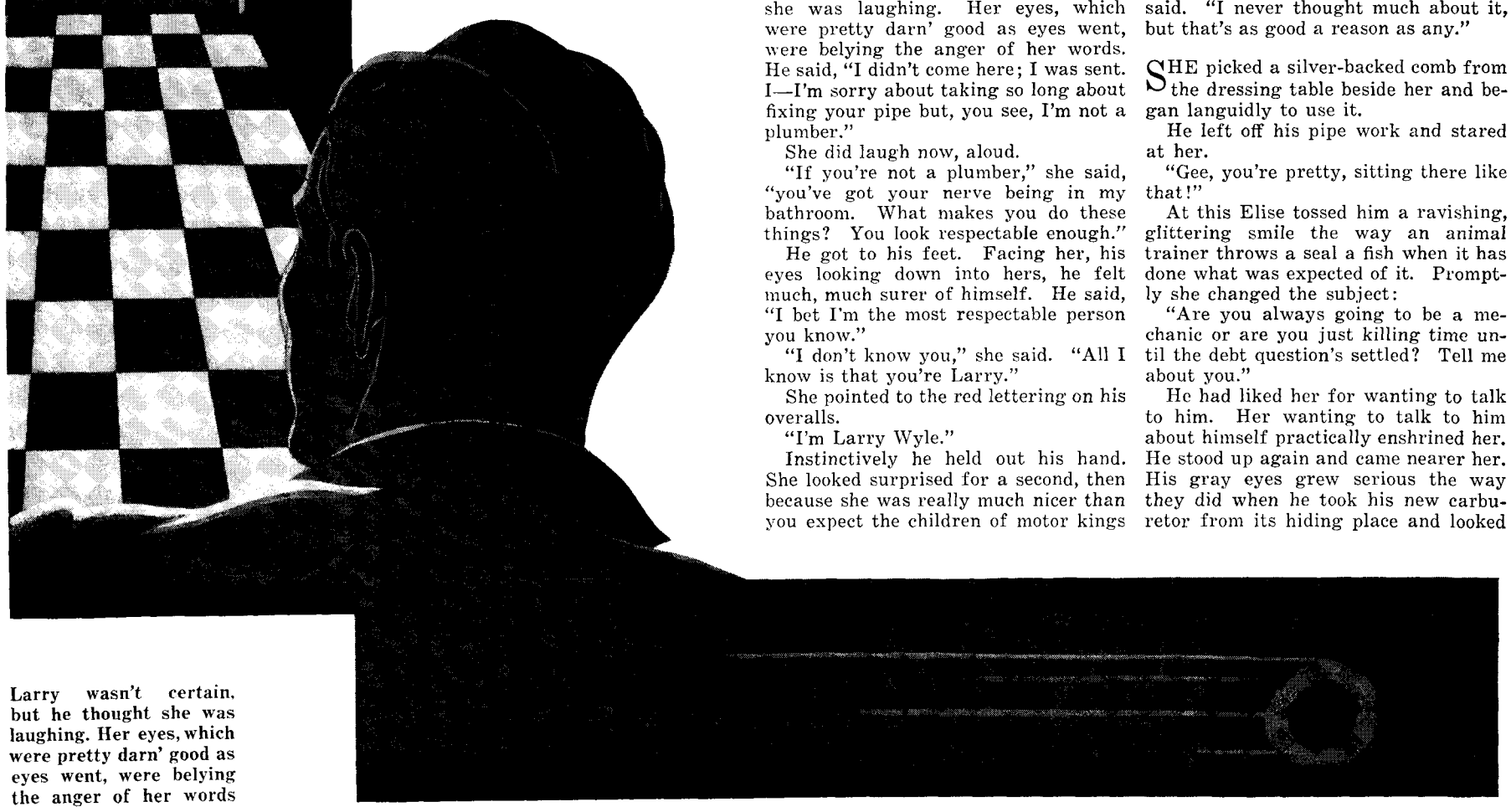
He left off his pipe work and stared at her.

"Gee, you're pretty, sitting there like that!"

At this Elise tossed him a ravishing, glittering smile the way an animal trainer throws a seal a fish when it has done what was expected of it. Promptly she changed the subject:

"Are you always going to be a mechanic or are you just killing time until the debt question's settled? Tell me about you."

He had liked her for wanting to talk to him. Her wanting to talk to him about himself practically enshrined her. He stood up again and came nearer her. His gray eyes grew serious the way they did when he took his new carburetor from its hiding place and looked



Larry wasn't certain, but he thought she was laughing. Her eyes, which were pretty darn' good as eyes went, were belying the anger of her words

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at it. Sudden inspiration had come to him.

"Say," he said, "would you like to go to the movies with me tonight?"

She was so surprised that she stopped combing her hair. For a second she looked at him with a curious expression, half amusement, half amazement, half curiosity—speculation. He looked nice in his overalls. His lack of veneer was refreshing—he'd probably be simply awful dressed up. Probably try to hold her hand and get a big kick out of buying her a soda after the show. Might try parking on the way home. Might, on the other hand—probably would—treat her as though he thought she were a princess. Be nice, that; most of her friends treated her like something else. Suddenly she pointed the silver-backed comb at him like a scepter.

"Say," she mimicked, "I'd love to. Pick me up at nine."

LARRY WYLE didn't recognize the emotion, but for the rest of that day he felt, and not without good reason, like a man who has signed up to go over Niagara in a barrel.

He called for her at nine and stood palpitating on the doorstep. All day he'd been wondering if she'd keep the date. It had seemed impossible to him that she would, because she belonged to such a different world and, although he expected some day to be rich himself, he was smart enough to be conscious of his station. Elise Rockhill, in the space of the twelve hours since he'd seen her, had come in his eyes to stand for everything he'd ever dreamed of having. All the nights he'd spent working on his invention, all the days he'd passed under dirty cars, making money enough to buy fine tools, he knew now had been spent for her.

In plain speech, Larry Wyle had got it bad. He'd got it so bad that he'd actually succeeded in getting *all* the grease out of his knuckles before he started for the hall. . . .

When the great grilled front door trembled Larry trembled with it. A second later it swung wide and Elise Rockhill was standing beside him on the steps.

An organdie afternoon dress had taken the place of the negligee. He didn't think of it as organdie, of course. He thought of it as gossamer—that curious, unknown material that female lovers have a habit of dressing in when trysting. He stared at her loveliness for a second. He wanted to say something light and graceful that would sound like a gentleman meeting a lady instead of yawping like a plumber greeting a princess. He finally managed it. He said "Hello!"

She started down the steps. Then she stopped and looked at him for a second. She had expected to find him in a blue suit that was all lapels. The fact that he was in a perfectly presentable golf suit threw her off. She looked from him to his car. It should have been a flivver, shined and polished for the occasion. She saw a very long, very old roadster of unrecognizable make. It wasn't smart as the new Rockhill Eights were considered smart. It wasn't even flashy, but it had an air about it; the air of an old race horse who knows he was sold as a yearling for many thousands of dollars. Its motor was running, giving forth deep, powerful, throaty noises that the cars she was accustomed to didn't know how to make.

For another second she turned to stare at him. In some strange way his feeling that this was a terrific event communicated itself to her. She wondered if maybe it was an event. Then she laughed at herself for wondering and let him help her over the low door of the car. Awkwardly he climbed in beside her, sank into the bucket seat behind the wheel, let in the clutch and pressed the accelerator. There came a great roaring from the exhaust and they shot down the blue-stone driveway. Once through the gates, he turned in the direction of the village and the movies; on the main road the car gathered speed and its speed was accompanied by such a deafening noise that it had a thrill to it. Elise Rockhill decided she didn't much want to go to the movies. She nudged Larry.

"Can this thing travel as fast as it sounds as if it could?"

He pointed to the instrument panel. There were a great many dials there—tachometer, speedometer, viscometer, pounds-pull-per-horse-power-ometer—all manner of instruments. He said, "When this baby says eighty she's doing what *your* cars are when they say a hundred. Want to see?"

She nodded.

"Want to see," she said.

His eyes went back to the road. The car went faster, then they began to meet traffic and he slowed up and shook his head.

"Can't do it here."

"Of course not. Let's hit the Parkway."

"O. K., but we'll miss the picture."

"Do you care—too—too terribly?"

He turned to her and grinned.

"Do you?"

"Me? I *hate* the movies."

"So do I!"

Then they both laughed. The first great barrier was down. They'd admitted that they simply had wanted to be together. They were a little surprised at themselves, but really quite fascinated with each other because of it. A few minutes later they were through the tollgate and streaming down the first broad reach of the speedway that runs for forty-odd miles through the middle of Long Island, and the great car was gathering speed at each turn of its wheels.

LARRY WYLE knew how to drive. He raced on the dirt tracks and sometimes at Indianapolis. Taking the corners at a real seventy and eighty miles an hour was nothing to him. He scarcely moved his hands on the wheel and as, on the straightaways, the speedometer needle reached the hundred mark, he smiled. He was happier than ever was young Lochinvar racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee with the duke's late bride perched postilion behind him.

He didn't know it, but his beautiful mastery of the roaring Juggernaut beneath them that was carrying them faster than Elise had ever ridden had completely transformed him in her eyes from a gawky plumber-mechanic into a sort of god of speed, and speed was Elise's fetish. Like all her friends, she drove fast, lived fast and thought fast. She got a great kick out of driving what she'd thought up till now was fast, but this rocketing course through the dusk, this thundering of power and the softly lighted, mysterious needles dancing on the dials before her were something new to her. It thrilled and fascinated her—and so, for the little moment, the boy who controlled it thrilled and fascinated her.

As they passed the Huntington Lodge he eased up for a second and, turning his head, shouted to her:

"Like it?"

"Love it! Give me more!"

"You won't be scared?"

She flashed him a look and laughed.

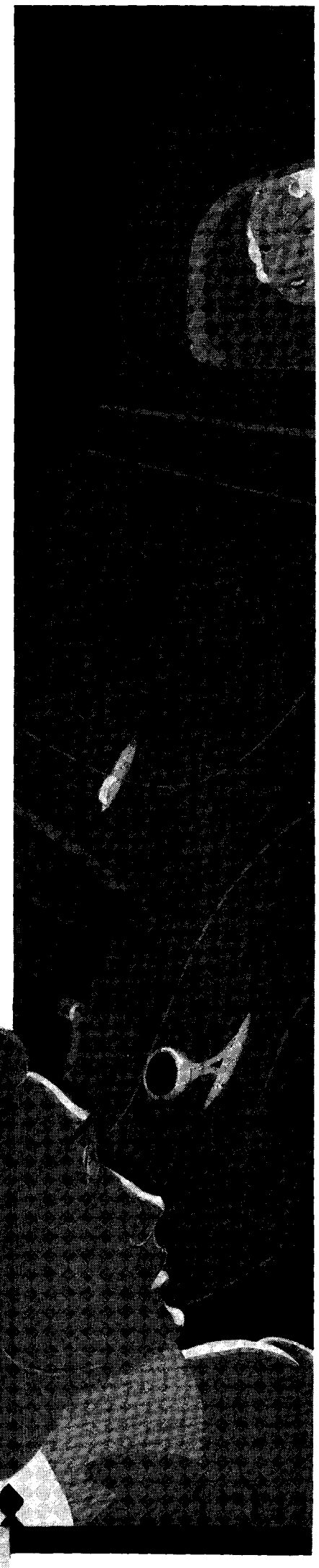
"O. K., pal," he said. "It's your funeral. I've been taking it kind of easy up to now."

SHE looked at him as his accelerator foot hit the floor boards. He was still smiling, but his chin was thrust forward now, so that his smile, instead of curving his lips upward as a smile should, twisted them down. She saw in the glow from the instrument panel that his hands had tightened on the wheel.

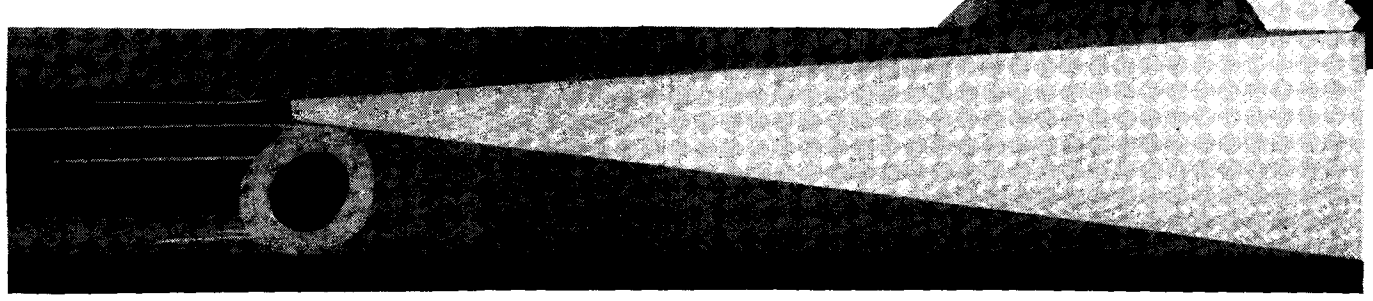
She looked ahead. He'd turned on a tremendous searchlight. Way off she could see one of the bridges that carry the Parkway over crossroads. She looked down at the speedometer. They were hitting a hundred and ten. The next second, although the bridge had seemed far away when she'd looked down, she felt them mounting its slope, felt the car leap into the air as they hit the top of the grade, clear the bridge itself entirely and land on the down slope. Horrified, she saw a corner looming in front of them, was conscious of Larry manipulating the wheel, heard the shrill screeching of the tires as he slewed around the curve. In sudden panic she clutched at him. Then they were on the next straightaway, going faster even than before. He leaned over.

"Don't do that again," he said.

(Continued on page 41)



Illustrated by George de Zayas



Then to his utter astonishment a head appeared at the back window. It said, "For a guy that's been around cars a lot, you certainly are clumsy"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Slander

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

MARTHA BLAISDELL learns, to her horror, that Gerald Gerrish is spreading the rumor that he is supporting her! The man, a shrewd broker, has been handling her estate. She dismisses him angrily.

But the girl's troubles do not end there. Her estate has dwindled. She must have a larger income. A thoroughly honorable girl, she decides, in desperation, to marry for money. Two men, she knows, admire her: Dr. Peter Baxter, a young "charity doctor" in New York, who has nothing; and Herbie Cranston, an explorer—with millions. In love with neither, she resolves to marry Cranston, should he propose. . . . Meanwhile, the gossips have become active. They become more active following an ugly scene in a restaurant, where Gerrish (intoxicated) appears, insults Martha, and is thrown out by Cranston. But Cranston does not believe the scandalmongers. Having informed Gerrish—in the broker's office—that he must cease annoying the girl, he proposes to Martha.

The girl does not have to think twice. Baxter, she is well aware, is in love with her. A tall, angular, red-haired athlete, the young physician interests her. She likes his refreshing frankness, his utter naturalness. But she certainly does not regard him as a possible husband. She promises to marry Cranston.

At the Lemmings' Long Island estate, where she spends many week-ends, Martha receives a phone call from Gerrish. The man threatens her with blackmail. Martha defies him, hangs up. But she is frightened. Gerrish, she knows, does love her—in his strange way. A scoundrel, he will do anything to prevent her marriage to another. Something must be done to silence him. *But what?* . . . Enter Millie Cragin: twenty-eight, blond, beautiful—a girl who "always gets her man." Peter Baxter fascinates her. She makes her plans for snaring him. . . . At a brilliant party, Baxter and Martha are together when two men stride up. They are summons servers. Gerald Gerrish is suing Martha Blaisdell to recover money advanced her on her promise to marry Gerrish!

Baxter glances at his watch. It is past midnight—Sunday morning. "You can't serve a summons on Sunday," he says to the men. "Get out, both of you!" The men (obviously bribed by Gerrish) move off. "Thanks, Peter," Martha breathes—and wonders what grim adventure lies ahead.

V

LETTY TORRANCE was neither a prude nor a busybody. She was, in fact, a nice enough girl to deserve having Bert Cranston as a brother. She was a well-bred, tactful, high-minded person, but she was, after all, a sister to an unmarried younger brother. And since ever a saucy baggage first cast a sheep's eye at a lone man, sisters have been fussy about younger brothers.

They drop the fiction which they have permitted their husbands to believe, that woman is the weaker sex and man the stronger. Not a bit of it. Any man—if he is a brother—will fall victim to the brazen wiles and unscrupulous designs of the first hussy that comes along. He must be harried into cover, as a hen harries her chick; the woman must be defied, frowned upon, and told to take her deceitful blandishments elsewhere.

Any woman would have had a hard time winning Letty Torrance to the belief that she was worthy to marry Herbert Cranston. But a girl concerning whom the tongue of scandal wagged had practically no chance at all. And Letty was not the type to sit at home and brood; to wait for her brother to visit her before she advised or berated him.

Sim Torrance, flushed and happy from a brilliant eighteen holes, screamed to her from his bedroom.

"Took Chappy Chapman six and five and made him like it," he bragged. "Doubled up on the second nine and copped. Was I a sport? Am I always a sport when I can feel the head of the club, if you know what I mean?"

"I know what you mean," called Letty.

"Well, he wanted an extra fifty on the eighteenth, and said I, 'Sure thing, doubles for birds.' And Letty, I holed a mashie from off the green and if you could hear Chappy scream. . . . I can think," his voice became deliberate, "of no sweeter music in the world than the bleat of Chappy when the breaks come my way. Hey, what are you doing?"

"Packing," she replied.

SIM TORRANCE unwound himself from the chair upon which he had hurled his tall body. He always twined himself around something; he couldn't sit on a bench without twisting his limbs about its legs. From the doorway he stared at his charming wife.

"Listen, bird-like and bride-like one, what are you packing those bags for?"

"For a trip, my perspicacious hero," she replied.

Quick alarm showed on the features of her husband. He was a home-loving man, and the fact that he had a home at Aiken, at Santa Barbara, as well as at Bar Harbor and on Long Island, in no wise diminished that love. In whatever home he was he wished to remain until he moved on to the next one, and woe betide anyone who suggested moving on at the wrong season.

Except for a biennial trip to Europe, and an occasional night spent in a New York hotel after the theater, or en route from one place to another, he slept always in a home.

"I can't go on any trip, Letty, my princess," he said.

"My king, no one asked you," she retorted.

No couple—not even the Lemmings—were more devoted than this pair, and when they called each other by extraordinarily high-flown terms of endearment, they used these terms through no sarcasm. They just did it, and the laughter of ten years had not stopped them a whit.

"Leaving the royal consort, eh?" he demanded.

She straightened up and waved Nellie the maid from the room.

"Bert is making a fathead of himself," she stated.

"Gad, that's swell news," grinned Sim. "He's been the pattern so long that I like to know his foot can slip—nothing serious, is it?"

"Girl," said Letty.

"I GATHERED as much. I didn't think the old boy had signed the wrong name to a check. Night club? No, he wouldn't let himself in for anything notorious. Then what, my dear?"

"Girl named Martha Blaisdell. Ever hear of her?"

Her husband shook his head.

"Neither did I—until yesterday. Bert had the fidgets last week down here and I knew it spelled girl. Then that old hen Sarah Prentiss phoned, and then so did Myrtle Craigie—"

"Copper anything they say," advised Sim.

"I know. Scandalmongering old busybodies. But—I did some phoning myself. I got Brink Towler on the phone—Brink wouldn't lie to me, you know."

"Ought I to know that?" chuckled her husband.

"No—but it's true. In the dim days Brink had a sneaker for me. Well, he told me that he'd talked to Bert. And he said that the scandal was not true—"

"Scandal, eh?"

"There's gossip that some filthy man named Gerrish has been paying her bills. He started it."

"I'd like to practice niblick shots on his head," said Sim.

"I know. But—well, Brink was panicked that he'd admitted he'd even heard her name, so don't ever tell Bert. And then I called up a couple of other girls—and well, she's gossiped about—plenty. And you know Bert. It's around that he's crazy for her, and you know that if Bert's name is connected with a woman's it's because he's crazy for her. He doesn't give them a tumble, you know that, Sim. And I've got to save him."

"But if Brink says it isn't true—"

"So does Trudie Lemming."

"Well, isn't that enough? Trudie wouldn't stick up for any wrong 'un."

"I don't imagine she's really *wrong*," said Letty. "But Bert would die if his wife were talked about. He may think he wouldn't, but—he will. And I'm off to New York, and out to Trudie's in the morning, to put a stop to it."

Sim pursed his lips.

"Doesn't sound like you, Letty."

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"Not to give the girl a chance for her alley. I mean, if she's right, and being given a wrong break—"

"If it were anyone in the world but Bert I'd agree with you, Sim."

"YOU'RE making Bert out a bit of a cad, aren't you? Can't he stick by a girl when she needs sticking by?"

"That's what I want to stop, Sim," she explained. "If he *loves* her—all right. He'll be unhappy, but I'll side with the girl. But if it's just chivalry—"

"You don't mean that, Letty," said Sim shrewdly.

She blushed faintly.

"I guess I don't, Sim. You see, it's so hard to make even you understand. Bert will do the right thing. But I don't want him miserable doing it. To think that a Cranston's wife is gossiped about! I tell you, it would embitter his whole life. Bless him, he can't help it. He isn't a snob, but—the Cranstons are—the Cranstons. There's never been a scandal—"

"By gosh, I've a darned good mind to kick one up, then," commented Sim. "Mrs. Sim Torrance, once a holy Cranston, finds husband is gang leader and rum-runner. How would he like that?"

"He'd hate it," admitted Letty promptly. "Sim, beloved, I'm not siding with Bert. It's a weakness, maybe a grave defect in character. But he's over thirty and too old to change. I wish he were different. But he's so swell in other ways—"

"Are you telling me?" grunted Sim. "The Torrances would be on their uppers if your brother hadn't seen me through the panic. He's swell in about every way—"

"And if he has one defect—let's not despise him for it," pleaded Letty. "The grandest brother—and so I don't want him to make a marriage that will be unhappy. So I'm going to New York."

"And I don't know whether to wish you luck or not," said her husband. "Let's—let's hope for the best."

"Which is all I want to occur," said Letty.

That Martha Blaisdell was a designing little cat was an idea that had been pretty well dissipated by a telephone talk with Trudie Lemming. Trudie Lemming's judgment of character was sound. Here, then, was a nice girl, with whom, quite obviously, Bert was in love,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but who unfortunately had a bad reputation.

That sounded pretty awful, but it was the truth. Mean, vindictive and trouble-loving as the Craigie and Prentiss women were, although they shook hands with scandal every time they opened their mouths, and patted libel on the back each time they wrote a letter, they were not liars. They didn't manufacture lies of whole cloth. There was a good, sound, reasonable bow for very barbed and poisonous shaft they let loose.

Well, Letty was as good a judge of character as Trudie. If the girl was all Trudie said—she might decide that it was time for Bert to get over his delusions of grandeur about the Cranstons. Anyway, there was no use thinking any more about the matter until she reached Long Island.

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

He followed the direction of her pointing hand. Upon the bed, pajama-clad, lay the figure of a man. He recognized the features—distorted as they were—of Gerrish

She arrived at the Grand Central on Sunday morning. A wire en route to her Long Island caretaker assured the presence of a car and chauffeur, and she was looking for his familiar face when a feminine voice greeted her. She looked into the face of Dolly Oliver.

They kissed rather coolly. Dolly was a younger edition of Sarah Prentiss; was, indeed, a niece of that stalwart old backbiter.

"WHAT on earth brings you to town, Letty?" asked Dolly.

"And what brings you to the Grand Central on a Sunday morning not too far from dawn?" countered Letty.

"Mother," said Dolly. "Mother *will* summer in Lenox and I must see her every week or so. Don't look at me; I'm a wreck. Haven't been to bed. Left the Hyslops' party—I made mother see that I couldn't miss that—at five and motored into town. Changed my clothes and took a bath. That's all. Thank heaven, I've a room on the train and can nap. And if I fall asleep during dinner mother will think I'm a good girl and keep early hours. And am I filled with gossip!"

"So?" Letty was indifferent. Her maid had found the chauffeur, her bags were being put in her car, and she healthily craved breakfast.

"I'll say so," said Dolly. "Your brother picked himself a star performer when he decided to give a girl a rush."

"Now, just what does that mean?" demanded Letty. She could fear for Bert, and be alarmed by what people told her, but even the old vixens of the telephone would be put harshly in their places when Letty met them face to face.

"Where have you been? The town's alive with it. Broker named Gerrish—"

"I've heard that filthy, malicious, lying tale," said Letty.

"But you can't have heard what happened last night. Oh, ten people that I know intimately heard every word. Some brute of a man gave her a summons. Mind, at two this morning, Sunday morning. And he screamed, so that everyone could hear, that it was a summons in a suit to recover money given her by Gerrish on her promise to marry. Imagine! Girls don't get money from men on a promise to marry—you know. She's walked out on him—she's after your brother—"

"Who will take care of Mr. Gerrish and his suit, I imagine," said Letty. She could visualize the unhappy girl. A girl that Bert liked. A nice girl. Trudie Lemming said so, and Trudie would know. It was an outrage, and just too bad about Bert and his finicky standards. When people began to talk about the girl to whom her brother paid attention, then it was up to her brother to pay the girl more attention. Hang it, before Bert was a—well, snob—he was surely a gentleman.

"He didn't have to. There was the divinest man there—Peter Baxter. Used to be wrestling champion — anyway, he broke Dan Treman's leg—well, he stepped right up and gave those men plenty. Said they had no right to serve a summons on Sunday morning, that they were blackmailers and he'd put them out if they didn't go, and their employer, Gerrish, could sue him and he'd prove everything he said."

She drew a long breath.

"I tell you, Dr. Baxter is a hero. Everybody is mad about him. He was grand, and everyone's going to be his patient, and give Herbie my love, won't you?"

She joined the last-minute rush to the Lenox train, and Letty thoughtfully followed her maid to the car. She asked to be driven to the Canterbury, where she ate a leisurely breakfast. Then she stepped in her car again and ordered the chauffeur to take her to Green Point, to the Lemming house.

And at precisely a quarter to ten she brushed aside the Lemming maid and insisted on waking Trudie. She couldn't wait any longer to get more news of whatever on earth had happened last night, and about what sort of a dreadful tangle had enmeshed her brother. But, oddly, she was now pretty well disposed toward Martha.

TRUDIE LEMMING stared at the intruder. She buried her face, flushed with sleep, in her pillow, and from its depths came muffled but vehement protest.

"You go away from here, Letty Torrance. There'll be newspaper headlines tomorrow morning about the Long Island matron who slew in defense of her right to slumber."

"It will be a double killing then," giggled Letty. "If you think I've raced all the way from Bar Harbor to Long Island to watch your gentle slumbers, you're crazy. You sit right up in bed and tell me everything that a loving sister ought to be told about her brother."

"Three words will do it: mind your business," yawned Trudie.

"I'll consider them said, and you consider them ignored. Now tell me all about Martha Blaisdell, and what she is doing to baby Bert, and what's the secret of her charm that makes other men do battle for her in the wee small hours."

Trudie sat bolt upright, her eyes wide.

"Now, don't tell me you know about last night. You couldn't. Why, it only happened at two o'clock and you were on a train then." Her face showed quick apprehension. "Don't tell me it's in the morning papers."

"I met Dolly Oliver in the Grand Central."

"That explains everything," said Trudie. "Hand me a mirror, there's a darling, and some lipstick."

SHE busied herself for a moment with the essentials of make-up; then she rang the bell which would summon her breakfast. Settling herself more comfortably, she looked challengingly at her visitor.

"Shall I break it to you gently or by degrees?"

"I'll take it straight," said Letty. Her face paled slightly.

"If your brother hasn't proposed to Martha Blaisdell, then your Aunt Trudie can no longer read the signs and portents. And I, for one, Letty, am terribly in favor of it."

Letty leaned back in her chair.

"That seems pretty definite. It shows what you think of the girl."

"I told you over the telephone what I thought of her," said Trudie. "I know how you feel, Letty. I suppose if I had a brother that had fallen in love with a girl about whom there was chatter, I'd be a female Lochinvar and come dashing to the rescue. But not after I'd met Martha. She's all right, Letty my dear."

"I've never really doubted that," said Letty. "It was just a matter of—well, you know Bert. I simply don't want him doing something that will make him miserable."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Sometimes not doing a thing makes you more miserable than doing it," commented Trudie.

The maid entered with a tray, which she placed in Trudie's lap.

"Coffee?" asked Trudie.

Letty shook her head.

Her hostess drank her orange juice, poured her coffee, buttered a roll and bit it avidly.

"I should think nurses would eat all the time and weigh tons," she said. "Any time I've not had enough sleep I simply stuff myself. If the sight of a healthy woman devouring a woodchopper's breakfast is too much for you—"

Letty smiled.

"Nothing is too much for me but delay. Hustle through that breakfast and tell me everything."

Trudie drank her cup of coffee and toyed with an egg. Despite her vauntings, that lovely figure had not been achieved and maintained by overeating.

"I'll make it brief," she promised. "Last week-end Herbie met Martha here. I've never seen anything so rapid in my life. He came, he saw, she conquered. You don't know Martha, because she's lived abroad most of her life, but I've known her off and on for years. She's swell."

"It seems to me I've heard you say that before," said Letty dryly. "What I want to know is the talk about her."

Trudie poured herself another cup of coffee. She looked at her guest inquiringly.

"Sure you won't have a cup? Well, for some reason or other Martha's father had acquired a man of affairs named Gerald Gerrish. The kind of man that wouldn't be seen on Sunday morning without striped trousers and a black coat and a topper. And you know, looking at him, that he never wore that kind of a costume until he was thirty. Well, Martha's parents died. She remained abroad a year or so, letting Gerrish handle the estate. She came back to America and he began taking her around. You know—he was presentable. He didn't look or act as if he quite belonged, but I guess he was pretty useful to carry coats and that sort of thing. Has a wife somewhere, but apparently they've been separated a long time. And Martha took him everywhere."

SHE pushed her tray away, and Letty rose and picked up the remains of breakfast and placed them on the table. Trudie lighted a cigarette.

"It's hard to explain Gerrish," she said thoughtfully. "He's a climber. He's suddenly found himself on more or less intimate terms with a class of people he'd never known before. Martha had practically opened all doors to him. And it was too much for him. He wanted to show that he'd been around, wanted to be patronizing. I don't know whether he drank or what. All I know is that suddenly I ran into a lot of talk about Martha and Gerrish, nasty talk. No one seemed to know definitely where it had started, but the general impression seems to be that Gerrish was the source of it. He didn't *say* anything specific, but the impression got abroad that if he wasn't having an affair with Martha, he was certainly entitled to it under the rules. He was giving her money to live on.

"Now, I don't know just how much Martha heard of the gossip. I suspect that only last week-end it came to her ears. This I know: last Sunday night, at the Ministery, Gerrish made some sort of a scene. People who were there told me about it, said that Gerrish had been drinking and loudly stated that he had never told anyone he had kept Martha—or something like that. One of those denials that would make it certain that the thing he denied would be spread abroad. I imagine there'd been some sort of a split-up between Martha and Gerrish earlier. Anyway, your brother Herbie was there and led Mr. Gerrish quietly out."

"WHAT sort of beast can he be?" cried Letty.

Trudie shrugged.

"It makes me a trifle ill just to talk about him. And now you know everything there is to know. But before you take a stand with Herbie I'd advise you to meet the girl."

"I certainly will," promised Letty. "But who's the man that came to her rescue last night?"

"The nicest youth that's been around in years," replied Trudie enthusiastically. "Dr. Peter Baxter, and he has freckles and red hair and used to play football. He put Dan Treman in the hospital years ago. Bob used to know him and he rang up yesterday and asked if he could come out." She chuckled. "He'd hardly got here when I knew that he'd come to see Martha. He is as much in love with her as your brother, and more than that cannot be said. And he's attractive. Not a pretty man—I guess you'd have to call him homely. But he's so clean and decent and merry—well, that hard-boiled baby, Millie Cragin, took one look and screamed that she wanted him. She's had less than twenty-four hours in which to strut her stuff, but you know how much Millie can usually do in an afternoon and evening. But I would say that she hasn't reached first base with Peter."

"What is this place, a matrimonial agency?" laughed Letty.

"Cupid's bower, no less," giggled Trudie. "I have to bathe and make myself beautiful against the day. Herbie is on the next floor on the east corner. Dash up, lose your battle gracefully, and tell him that tennis will begin when he's ready. And when you come back here, I'll introduce you to Martha."

Letty smiled mischievously.

"That brutal, suspicious husband of mine is hundreds of miles away. I can see Miss Blaisdell any time. I think I'd rather see this doctor first."

"If any married woman influences his young life with counsel and sympathy, that matron is going to be the lovely Mrs. Lemming," said Trudie.

"Oh-ho," said Letty.

"Don't be an idiot," smiled Trudie.

"I won't," promised Letty, and went through the door. As she ascended the stairs she smiled broadly at the idea of Trudie or herself ever casting an eye in any direction save that in which their husbands were to be found. Nevertheless, she was curious to meet young Baxter.

SHE pounded on her brother's door and he called to her to come in. He had just finished his toilet, and was adjusting a tie before a mirror. He smelled pleasantly of witch-hazel and soap.

"Well, for heaven's sake, one of the children ill? Brought him down here to the doctor?"

She approached him and presented him with a sisterly kiss.

"Mmm," she murmured. "You must tell Sim the name of that soap—or is it perfume?"

"You know perfectly darn' well I don't use scent," he told her. "What pleasant breeze brings you?"

She plunged right into the heart of matters. Between her and her brother existed an accord that disdained lengthy approaches, beating about the bush.

"I heard talk and I came down," she said.

He pulled on a sports coat. In the long mirror he surveyed himself. He passed muster. The white flannels were impeccable and the tennis shoes were spotless. Deliberately, he turned and eyed his sister.

"Talk, eh? About Martha Blaisdell, of course."

She nodded, and took a cigarette from her case. He snapped a lighter for her.

"She's the girl I love and she promised yesterday to marry me," he said.

"That being so, there seems nothing for me to say," said Letty. "I'll congratulate you now, and when I've seen the paragon my congratulations will be twenty times as enthusiastic."

He smiled tenderly upon her.

"Always a swell girl, Letty. But you came down here to advance argument, didn't you?"

"There's no argument possible when my brother has become engaged," she replied.

"Which sounds swell, old dear," he laughed, "but isn't sensible. What is it, Letty? The scandal?"

"You're engaged," she said flatly.

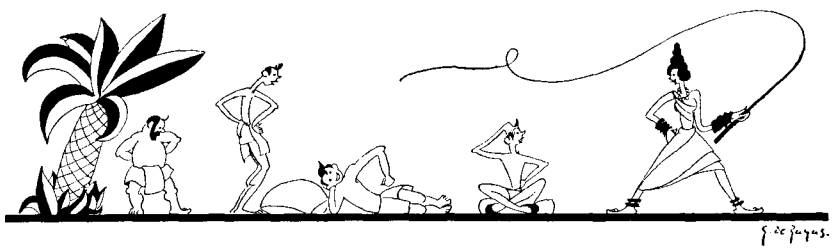
"But if I weren't?"

"Straight from the shoulder?" she asked.

"That's the way it's always been between us."

"Then I'd ask you to be very sure that you could face talk, to be certain that you wouldn't be made miserable by the fact that there has been and might

(Continued on page 36)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In certain sections of Malaysia, the women not only dominate all activity but, in the wealthier districts, even keep harems of men.—*By Mrs. Laura Streater, Dallas, Texas.*

Owing to the excitement caused by several alleged miracles in the St. Médard Cemetery of Paris in 1732, King Louis XV had the gates locked and a sign hung on them which read: "By order of the King, God is hereby forbidden to work miracles in this place."—*By J. J. Mausert, Utica, New York.*

Last year the Federal Trade Commission, in its campaign against fraudulent advertising, suppressed or had corrected at least 20,000 false and misleading advertisements, an average of about 400 a week.

The world's greatest dictionary, containing the history and definition of 414,000 English words in use since 1200 A. D., was completed in 1928. More than 50 years were required to compile and publish its 12 volumes which sell for $750.

Although man possesses one of the most specialized bodies in the animal world, he has fewer chromosomes than several simpler organisms. For example, in contrast to his 48, a species of crayfish has 200, a species of water flea has 168 and a species of moth has 62.

Two kinds of fishes kill sharks by opposite methods. The hagfish, attaching itself to the shark by its suctorial mouth, gradually eats its way into the body, while the diodon, when swallowed, eats its way out through the side of its captor.—*By F. R. Fant, Anderson, South Carolina.*

King Albert of Belgium, King Haakon of Norway, King Christian of Denmark and Emperor Hirohito of Japan hold the rank of Field Marshal in the British Army.

The length of time required for liquids and semi-solids to pass from the throat to the stomach averages only six seconds, but dry foods sometimes take 15 minutes, or 150 times longer.—*By John Zabady, Scranton, Pennsylvania.*

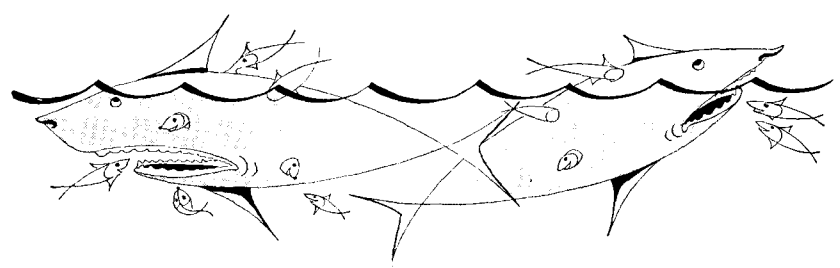
Standing in the city of Bukhara, Russia, today is a gruesome brick minaret, 203 feet high, from the top of which state criminals were thrown to their deaths as late as 1871.

When a fire occurs in Chile or Cuba, the owner of the property is promptly arrested and held in jail—sometimes for weeks—until proof that he is guilty of incendiarism is shown to be lacking.—*By N. S. D'Arthenay, Montpelier, Vermont.*

The only domestic animal that is profitably bred in the Arctic regions is the reindeer, because it requires neither hay for feed nor shelter for protection. There are more than 125,000,000 of them, and it is not uncommon for single breeders in Arctic Siberia to own herds of 10,000 at a time.

The thoroughness of scientists is well illustrated by a recent study that was made to determine the exact speed of the decay of radium. It comprised 50,000 observations.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First and Last

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By John B. Kennedy

FROM over the hills beyond Dundalk, where the river writhes through the outskirts of Dublin, came the coughing of guns. There was fighting in the streets. This news had come to the nuns at Douai Abbey. There were barricades all about the city. The Black and Tans had chased the Republicans from their firing nests in Sackville Street, while English regulars had repulsed mobs about the castle. Ireland seethed with excitement over this final thrust of the Sinn Fein army, a reckless, leaderless army, hopelessly outnumbered.

But in the gardens of Douai Abbey, that dipped into meadows which, in turn, dipped to the beach and the sea, there was peace—but for intermittent barking of the guns.

The abbey school was empty of pupils. It was a warm Eastertide, and the nuns had been glad to see them go. Although the fighting had never touched the precincts of the abbey, this last, calculated rebel onrush might spread anywhere. . . .

A young woman walked along the broad beach shaggy with clusters of kelp. She had come down from the wooded grounds about the abbey, passed through meadows yellow with gorse, to find a favorite spot on the beach where she could sit and gaze over the sea.

She sat down on the lowest of a group of rocks. There was a book in her lap, a book of piety. She read it for a while, but a frolicking breeze kept her hands so busy tending her hair that she dropped the book. Into the edge of her gaze came a speck from the sky. It grew and wheeled like a gull searching for food. There was a hum rising to a murmur as the bird became a biplane that seemed to come roaring at her. She stood up, frightened. The machine veered, climbed, made a sweeping semicircle, then dropped swiftly to the flat beach behind her, raced along and died.

SHE saw two men step out. One walked toward her. He looked grotesque and monstrous until he lifted goggles and his helmet. Then she saw by sunlight on his flaxen head that he was a young man. When he came up to her he asked, with a bright smile, "What place is this?"

"This is Douai Abbey," she said.

The flying man lit a cigarette. The young woman observed a pistol at his belt.

"We're near Dundalk, aren't we?" he asked.

She nodded—a grave, calm-eyed nod.

"Rotten luck," he said. "Seven miles from Dublin and the feed pipe chokes. Well, we'll have to wait."

He laughed.

"I suppose some of our Sinn Fein friends are around to take a pop at us? Or is it cricket to ask you that?"

She looked at him, and his gaze avoided hers. He thought her face innocent and beautiful. On the lapel of the coat beneath a flying jacket she saw silver wings.

His mechanic tapped noisily at some internal cavities of the machine, and the distant guns throbbed and muttered.

"They're busy," said the flying man, jerking his head towards the hills.

She made no reply. The flying man took a step closer to the rocks.

"An abbey," he mused; then, aloud: "I'd give anything for a drink—even of water. Thirsty flying weather today."

"You came from England?" she said.

"How did you guess? Bristol."

He giggled. She knew by that he was quite young.

"Are you going to join the fighting?" she asked. Her gaze seemed to search his.

"Just reconnoiter," he said; adding, "Is there any water around? I mean water to drink."

"There's a spring near the grotto," she said.

"Won't you take me to it?" he smiled.

"I can't walk with you," she said. "But you can follow me. Perhaps the other man would like to come."

"I'll fill my canteen for him."

SHE led the way, walking as rapidly as she could to keep ahead of him. They entered a cool woods. Again the rumble of guns. Birds rustled through branches. A narrow footpath veined by tree roots led to a clearing about which the trees were thickest. Like the broken wall of a church, rocks had been built into a hollow shrine for a blue and white Virgin. Beside the grotto a spring bubbled. Two cups dangled by a chain from a stake. The flying man dipped a cup and drank the cool water.

"Thank heaven—and you," he said. He drank again, deeply.

She sat on an ivied bench; stirred as he sat beside her, but remained.

"I'm breaking rules in talking to you," she said. "I'm on retreat to take my vows."

"Vows?" he laughed. "What vows?"

"Tomorrow morning I shall take my first vows as a nun."

"Well," he laughed, the laugh falling into his boyish giggle, "can't you talk until tomorrow morning?"

"I'm on retreat," she said.

"I wish the Sinn Feiners would retreat," he said. "Bristol was much too pleasant to leave." He stood before her. She seemed relieved.

"Why should a pretty girl become a nun?" he asked. "It seems a deuced pity."

"You were going to fill your canteen for your friend," she said.

"Oh, Tomlinson," he grinned. "Old Tommy will thank me for coming back with water. I don't think."

He filled the canteen, screwed down the top and slipped the flask back to his belt.

"You're very charming," he said. "And you'll forgive me for being rude?"

"You haven't been rude."

The guns broke out again.

Through the woods came a stir. The girl sprang up, startled.

"Don't be alarmed," he said. "We have nothing up there to carry this far."

"I'm not afraid," she said.

He looked at her straight young figure. Laughter left his face.

"You know," he said, in a casual tone that belied his quiet, admiring gaze, "I don't know much about nuns or abbeys or that sort of thing, but I imagine it takes a lot of courage to close out life and banish the world. We think of flying and fighting and killing and being killed as daring and brave. It's stupid. This is hard." He gestured at the thin peal of a bell from the abbey. "Especially when you're a girl—young and beautiful. . . . Tell me—how old are you?"

"Twenty-one."

"That's very young," he said. "I'll bet some Irish boy will miss you."

FOR the first time he noticed a black band about the sleeve of her dark gray blouse.

"Oh," he said, softly. "You're in mourning. A member of your family?"

She shook her head and dropped misting eyes. Her face lifted and although her lips tightened for a moment he thought she smiled, a hidden secret smile.

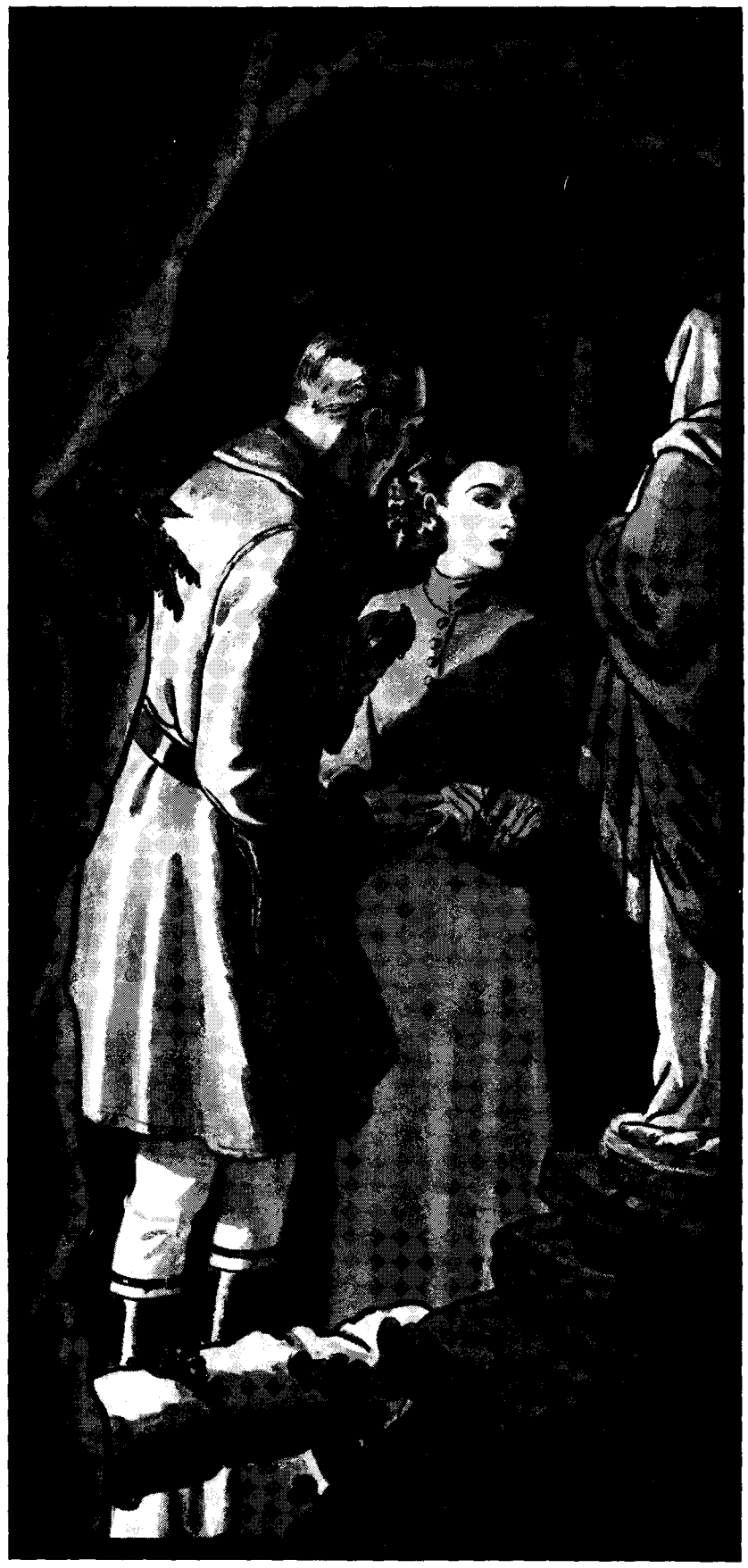
"No," she said slowly. "Some Irish boy."

The distant guns boomed a dull and abrupt requiem. He took her hand. Then, impulsively, he kissed her and was gone—stamping through the woods, the filled canteen swinging at his belt.

Stiff and trembling the girl stood. Her fingers struggled to her mouth where he had kissed her. She tottered, then stepped more firmly. Before the shrine she genuflected and crossed herself.

Thin bells chimed from the abbey tower. She walked slowly from the woods. A roar came from behind, growing and gathering. She looked up. A ship rushed and soared into the air. She watched it arc and bore the blue tomb of the sky. Something like the flutter of a handkerchief—and it faded swiftly as she stood there, watching.

A voice called and she saw a black-robed sister beckoning. Guns beyond Dalkey burst into sudden anger. The girl walked towards the nun, her head bowed, brushing something unseen from her lips.



Mario Cooper

"You were going to fill your canteen for your friend," she said

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Settled out of Court

Judge Holden encounters a proposition in skirts, and learns something concerning a subject that the legal tomes leave out

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

THE girl standing before the green door was very slender and fragile and lovely. Her hair, under her small felt hat, caught a solitary beam of sunlight. She was an awfully pretty girl.

She knocked on the green door, four times slowly and then rapidly twice. The door was opened at once and she went in, just as though she wasn't scared. But she was scared all right.

Three men were sitting at a short bar with cigarette butts pinched in their stained fingers. They stared at her from cold, expressionless eyes. A bean-headed bartender paused in his wiping, said nothing.

"Does Mr. Pokey Joe Kime live here?" said the girl.

The barman watched her, estimating, chewing a match. "Practically. Only he don't pay no rent."

The other three men laughed. One of them went to a half-open door in the rear and yelled "Joe!". . . and after an instant a pale, bone-sharp face appeared around the edge of the door, and gradually the sloven, shambling length of Pokey Joe. He came in with his black eyes darting all about. "Yeh?"

"Are you Mr. Kime? Mr. Kime, you have been recommended to me as a capable and well experienced crook. . . ."

He leaped from his chair. "Who are you, and what do you want?"

Everybody in the room jumped. Finally, Pokey Joe said: "Yeh? Well, they got nuttin' on me. I ain't even wanted." He waved the girl to a chair at one of the tables and slid down across from her. "All right, baby. So what?"

She told him what she wanted. "It's about a man I'm scheduled to marry. Mr. Harvey Rennert. He's being tried for a felonious wounding, criminal carelessness, leaving the scene of an accident, driving while intoxicated . . . and he didn't and he can't. I mean, he wouldn't feloniously wound a cat. I mean, when he's intoxicated he can't even see, much less drive. Now, about this court-fixing, Mr. Kime, I don't approve of it in principle but this once, in the interests of justice . . ."

POKEY JOE scratched an unkempt head. "I got good court influence, sure. Maybe I can do you some good. But it'll cost you about eight hunnert dollars, baby, fer a rap like that. Eight hunnert fer a suspended sentence an' two grand to acquit."

"I'll take it, Mr. Kime. I'll take the suspended sentence. It's all I can afford and . . . and more than he's worth. When and how do I pay, and what guarantee?"

"Hey, what's all the rush, baby? I been in this business a long time and there's details. In the first place, no blabbin'. An' where's the show an' who's the judge?"

"The trial is in the Fourth Superior Court, way downtown, and the judge is that young and inexperienced Thayer Holden, who ought to be easy."

She sat there in utter bewilderment while the room burst into sudden and violent action all about her. Pokey Joe slipped down as if ready to dodge a bomb. His little eyes were full of terror. He darted away after the three men from the bar, who knocked over a table in their flight to the rear door. "It's a plant!" he yelled. "Lemme outa here!"

The girl looked around to the barman for some possible explanation. There was no barman. She was all by herself, quite, quite alone. With obvious regret she said: "Well, you just can't do business with people like that."

THAYER HOLDEN, Judge of the Superior Court by special appointment at the extraordinary age of thirty-two, was altogether too young.

A long line of Holden judges, governors, senators, chief justices—austere, somewhat angular, dark-headed and gray-eyed Holdens like himself—had left him a tradition of honesty and intelligence; and until the Rennert case he had lived up to it. Then—well, he was too young.

But for his determination and confidence in his own stern impartiality,

"A judge who makes up the jury's mind for it has no reason to be ashamed"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by James W. Earley

Thayer might have avoided the case when it came into his court on a change of venue from the Glen Head section of Long Island, where Rennerts, Holdens, Baucharts, Maitlands, Blaisdells and the like had been neighboring, and generally hostile, estate owners for years. He didn't know this Harvey Rennert, lounging vacantly beside his alert, expensive counsel, and he didn't want to. But he would judge the case on its merits, if it had any . . . on the evidence. "Keep to the evidence, Mr. Markham. Objection sustained."

THE trouble was that Thayer could not keep to the evidence himself. He could not keep his mind on it while there was such a young lady in the courtroom. He couldn't tell whether her hair was auburn, titian, copper-colored, or actually red. Her eyes of the deep blue sky, now dark with fear, now blue with hope, besought him. He didn't know whether her eyes besought him by accident or by design. He only knew that she was there. "What's that again, Mr. Markham?" He knew she was there while he was overruling objections. She was there when the prosecution and defense suddenly rested and while Thayer delivered his just but severe instructions to a jury impatient to get home to its six-o'clock dinner.

Thayer's instructions had stripped the defense to the flimsy evasion which it was and the hungry jury brought in a verdict of guilty on four counts in fifteen minutes. Harvey Rennert blinked, his counsel gesticulated, and Thayer took notice of appeal, set the following morning for sentence, and escaped across the corridor into the peaceful semi-gloom of his chambers.

Thayer sat at his broad, flat desk and took his head in his hands. He thought he was thinking of Harvey Rennert, and of all the Rennerts and Baucharts and Maitlands who spent their time sailing six-meter boats, worshiping horses, scampering with the seasons to Biarritz, Antibes, Palm Beach, Aiken, without the slightest regard for the obligations of their wealth and position to the public service. He tried to rejoice that the Holdens were not like that. A haze of titian, or copper color, or maybe red was in front of his eyes.

A CALENDAR pad on his desk told Thayer he was expected for dinner at Cecily Lockridge's the next evening at eight. He noticed that the back pages of the pad had been thumbed. He wondered who had thumbed them. A book fell heavily to the floor in the far dark corner of the room and he leaped from his chair like a runner from the mark. "What the devil! Who in blazes . . . ? How'd you get in here, and who are you, and what do you want?"

"I want to talk to you. May I? I want to explain about poor Harvey. But there's no hurry, Judge. Go right ahead with your thinking if you want to. I'll just be seeing if any of these books will tell me what it is makes judges . . . the way they are."

"Well, they won't. Take my word for it. They won't tell you a blasted thing about it." It wasn't at all what Thayer meant to say, but the thought struck him that no law book ever written covers the proper judicial attitude towards red hair . . . to say nothing of skin which, in that darkened room, was a white glow. He pulled himself resolutely together and subsided in his chair. "If you have anything to say about the Rennert case, young lady, I suggest that the proper time to have given testimony has passed."

"But how did I know he was going to be convicted? He's really innocent, you know." The girl came valiantly to the defense of Harvey Rennert's innocence and sat on the corner of Thayer's big flat desk. "Harvey is guilty of a great many things, Judge, but not of this particular crime. He wasn't even driving the car. . . ."

"The jury didn't agree with you, nor the evidence."

"Juries! Evidence! Smoke screen!" That's what the girl thought of juries and evidence. "You know perfectly well that evidence is a device to conceal the truth, Thayer Holden. Yes, I know all about you and you ought to know me. I'm Bettina Bauchart. I threw my last doll into the Glen Head mill pond when you were trying to play end for Harvard. My first big football game was the day you muffed that forward pass on the Dartmouth goal line. . . ."

"What forward pass? I muffed no forward pass against Dartmouth. But . . . but that has no bearing upon this most irregular and presumptuous intrusion, Miss Bauchart . . . if you are Miss Bauchart. I must warn you . . . did you ever hear of a practice called court-fixing?"

"Hear of it? I tried it. . . . I had the eight hundred dollars all ready, under my garter, and was trying to tell Pokey Joe how to handle you when, suddenly, the whole gang of them dived for their holes like a bunch of prairie dogs at the yap of a coyote."

Thayer Holden relaxed a little. He almost smiled and rubbed the knuckles of his right hand, vaguely reminiscent. "Eight hundred dollars, was it? The last court fixer who approached me got much more. He got his jaw fractured in two places and three years in the penitentiary . . . and, although I'd use my open hand and pick an easier target, Miss Bauchart, I'd like to give you some of the same dose. Will you get down from my desk and out of my office? Or shall I throw you out?"

"You wouldn't dare, Thayer Holden. Besides, I'm not going to leave here until you hear the truth about poor Harvey. He's innocent, I tell you. He didn't even know there had been an accident until . . . don't you dare put your hands on me! Don't you touch me, you brute! I'll . . . I'll call the police. . . ."

She struggled furiously but it didn't do her much good. She was a lightweight, and Thayer lifted her up from the corner of his desk with very little effort. He had much more trouble controlling her flying hands and feet. She kicked him on the kneecap and one of her little brown shoes came off and went zinging across the room. She said: "You're no judge of anything." She said: "You ought to be a strong-arm cop." She insinuated that eight hundred dollars wasn't enough for him. But all the while she was being borne inexorably towards the door.

When she had been deposited outside, Thayer stepped back and slammed the door. He locked it. After which he went slowly across the room and picked up a little brown shoe.

DRIVING rapidly uptown, the lump in his pocket reminded Judge Holden what a small bit of something a girl's shoe can be. He began, by contrast, to feel especially big and brutal. What if she did sit on his desk? What if she had, apparently, tried to corrupt him? What if she was, obviously, in love with a witless sot?

The thing preyed on Thayer's mind all that evening. He began to recover little colorful memories, children on ponies dashing through the Holden place at Glen Head, her flying hair, like a cavalry flag, full of sunlight in the van, and the pettish old Holden gardener vowing he'd shoot them full of bird shot if they did it again. He recalled dimly an opening dance at the Yacht Club at Glen Cove, and someone seventeen and white and tremulous like the moonlight on the bay, and a waltz. He, of course, had been already a man, far into the affairs of life, an assistant prosecutor.

He sent her shoe back to her that evening. He gave it to Max with the address of the Bauchart apartment in town, on 79th Street. "Yes, sir," said Max. "At once, sir. I'll put it in a box."

"That's right, Max. Put it in a big box . . . full of lilies of the valley."

But even lilies of the valley and a night's fitful rest did not clear his conscience. He felt so guilty that when Harvey Rennert appeared for sentence, he meted out a year and a thousand instead of the two years and five which the evidence justified. He noted the appeal and admitted the apathetic Harvey to bail. Thayer was weakening. He was on the way.

Cecily Lockridge greeted him in the foyer of her lofty and expansive Sutton Place apartment that evening with: "Come in, Thayer, and see what I've captured—a vagrant British diplomat with a genuine walrus mustache . . . only a few of them left, you know . . . and the latest playwright. The whole thing . . . his play, I mean . . . takes place inside a telephone booth. . . ."

"Put me next to you, Cecily."

"Can't, darling. You're spoken for. You are one of my main characters this time."

IN HER living-room Harvey Rennert lifted a vague eye from his fifth cocktail. "Oh, I've had the honor of meeting His Honor. We're . . ." His elbow slipped off the mantle and spoiled the speech.

Thayer backed away, red with anger and embarrassment. "You have overreached yourself this time, Cecily. Not ten hours ago I sentenced this man to prison. You know that."

"Of course I do," cooed Cecily. "Isn't it exciting! The situation, I mean . . ."

"I should call it painful for all concerned. Too painful for me. Now that you have achieved your little sensation, I will leave."

"If Harvey can stand it, why can't you. . . ?"

Thayer whirled about. He knew the clear, low voice instantly, and he understood everything. So this was to be her revenge. He remembered the calendar pad on his desk in his chambers. The Baucharts knew Cecily and her parties as well as he did. And a girl with red hair would think nothing of inviting herself to a party . . . if the revenge were sweet enough.

Bettina's back was turned, the slender, luminous white curve of her back and shoulder. She had spoken over her shoulder. The fragile cord of her black evening gown lay upon her white shoulder. Her eyes were spits of blue fire. "I mean to say, a judge who does his duty so nobly as to make up the jury's mind for it has no reason to feel ashamed."

"Ashamed? How dare you! I'm not ashamed."

"'S all right, Judge," said Harvey, "neither am I. Le's have one together on it. . . ."

Bettina put her hand on Thayer's sleeve. It seemed to him impossible that only yesterday evening he had held this poised and exquisite creature kicking and scratching in his arms. She said: "You are taking me in to dinner, Thayer. You can't put me out, this time!"

"This unfortunate occasion, Miss Bauchart, at least gives me the chance to tell you how sorry I am for . . ."

"You have no idea how sorry you'll be, Thayer Holden, before I finish with you. Oh, I have hated your high-minded Holden superiority ever since I was ten!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thayer said: "I like red hair."

"Red? My hair is not red. What has my red hair to do with it?"

It was a most difficult dinner. Thayer tried to discuss "protocol" and "scraps of paper" with the diplomat's wife on his left while Bettina uppercut him *sotto voce* from the right: "Why are you putting salt in your soup before you've tasted it? You have no 'evidence' that the soup needs salt. Do you know you have put six spoonfuls of salt in that soup . . . without any evidence?" That sort of thing.

After a time Thayer retired into glaring silence. But Cecily Lockridge would not leave him there. When the sole *meunier* and the Riesling had passed, she brought up the question of circumstantial evidence. She said: "Why not take Harvey's case? Now that it's all over, we may discuss it, mayn't we, Thayer? We all know that poor dear Harvey couldn't be guilty. But the evidence shows that he was. Why don't you settle it for us, Harvey? You have nothing to lose now. Were you guilty, or not guilty?"

Harvey gulped. He laughed foolishly. "Tha's the funny part of it. I haven't the foggiest idea. I was what you might call . . . what is the word for it. . . ?"

"Drunk," offered Bettina. "So you see, Harvey cannot answer. He doesn't know. Only God knows, because He knows everything, and Judge Thayer Holden of the Superior Court, because he believes evidence, and . . . I know."

THE table was tense and silent. Even Cecily was excited. "Surely you don't mean that, Bett. How could you know?"

"If you wish, I will tell you exactly what happened."

Thayer put his hand around her wrist. "Be still. If you can, you shouldn't."

Bettina shook herself free. She had turned half sideways so that she could watch Thayer's profile. She was talking to him. Her blue eyes were full of dark and she was flushed. She was telling Thayer exactly what happened. . . . "That car turned off the Jericho Turnpike and headed for the north shore. There was a spread of those special Glen Head stars. It was Harvey's cream-colored sport car with the top laid back, and there was, if you care to be generous, a lady in it. She was driving. Note that. She was driving. Beside her sprawled a man, or rather, Harvey. He was mumbling and making gestures in his sleep. Be still, Harvey. Keep out of this. . . .

"There was a long curve. At the beginning of it, through a long aisle of trees, you could see the old Holden house. Our place was all lighted up ahead on the right, and on the other side of the village there was that absurd searchlight beacon on the topmost turret of the Rennert monstrosity. It is, Harvey. Everybody knows it is. . . .

"There was a lane just at the end of the long curve, the lane where Traffic Officer Shanley invariably hides. The 'lady' at the wheel simply did not see an ancient little wreck of a sedan backing into the highway from the lane. They sideswiped the little old sedan smack into the ditch where it collapsed as if it had fallen off a cliff. There was the clatter and bang, several healthy screams, and somebody roaring and swearing. . . .

"The 'lady' was the kind of lady who did not want to get into any trouble. So she pulled her car into the middle of the road, shot it into second gear, and blazed away. And the man . . . that's Harvey . . . grumbled but did not waken. The lady heard the scream of Traffic Officer Shanley's motorcycle siren and saw the single headlight bearing up less than half a mile back. She jerked open the car door and jumped out. From the running board she yanked and tugged at Harvey until she had him more or less in the driver's seat. He woke up a bit but he didn't know what was happening. Then she ran. . . . Now you know."

The end of Bettina's story was received in the coldest silence. No one had any comment to make. No one spoke to her or looked at her. They began talking self-consciously about something else, and Bettina waited only until they left the table to go for her wrap. Harvey was receiving so much attention and liquid solace in his rôle of martyr that he did not notice her departure.

Thayer realized she was gone. He waited a few minutes and made his own adieus. "I shall demand a list of guests in advance next time, Cecily."

Cecily laughed. "Don't be cross, Thayer. It was all in the name of sweet justice. Now you will have to throw

"She tugged until she had him in the driver's seat. Then she ran"

out the case against that poor boy."

"Shall I? I wonder."

Outside, he walked around the corner to his parked car. It was a beautiful, high-powered coupé, long, severe lines in lustrous black, brand-new. In the front seat, waiting for him as if she had known he too would leave, was Bettina.

THAYER climbed into the driver's seat without speaking to her, slammed the door, started the engine. "This is part of the hounding and haunting, I suppose. Where shall I take you?"

"Don't pretend you don't know where our apartment is. On 79th Street then. I waited because I want to know what you are going to do about Harvey . . . now that you know."

"Know what?"

"You heard my story."

He drove swiftly through the traffic, several blocks. "Yes, I heard it. I didn't believe it."

They turned left into 79th Street, and halted in front of Number 27. "So you think I lied?" Sharply, swiftly, Bettina slapped him with her white-gloved hand.

Thayer was staggered with surprise. It was not a gentle slap. He wrenched around and took her by the shoulders. They seemed very soft in his punishing grip. Her wrap had slipped down. While he shook her she smiled as if she liked it. He kissed her roughly. And she did not resist.

When he stopped kissing her, Bettina laughed, a silvery laugh, full of delight. "So it's like that. Well, it ought to be easy now. You are in love with me!"

"What? I am like . . ." Thayer straightened his top hat. He was about to tell her what he really thought of her when she opened the door and jumped out.

"Just to save you the trouble of throwing me," she called back.

JUDGE THAYER HOLDEN disintegrated rapidly and completely as a competent jurist after that. While that red-headed girl haunted his courtroom, he couldn't be sure that he even knew what was going on. If he looked at her, she blew him a kiss. If he didn't look at her, he wanted to.

In the end he faced the situation, as he told himself, like a man, very much like a man. He met Bettina waiting for him in the corridor one evening and said bluntly: "Hello. Let's go eat."

They had luncheon or dinner or a long round-and-round drive in Central Park nearly every day after that. They talked about marriage, divorce, love . . . everything but the case of the State of New York vs. Harvey Rennert.

"You're afraid to discuss it. That's why," said Bettina finally. They were lunching at the Central Park Casino. "Your conscience hurts."

"Nonsense. A judge has the law and precedent. He doesn't need a conscience. Why are you such a young tigress about Rennert? He isn't worth it. You tell a story that would ruin you if anyone believed it."

"Why shouldn't someone believe it? It was the truth. Only a judge is so blind to the truth that he must take a jury's word for it. Take me home, Thayer. I have an uncontrollable impulse to slap you again."

"Go ahead. You know the consequences. I have an impulse too." But he left her that day without even a goodby. Waiting in front of the Bauchart address in 79th Street was Harvey Rennert's big, cream-colored car.

Bettina found Harvey upstairs in the living-room. "Well?" he demanded. "What's His Honor got to say today?"

Bettina pulled off her hat and loosened her hair with her fingers. "No luck, Harvey. You'd better start learning the lockstep."

"A lot you care. Seems to me you've balled up this whole thing, Bettina. You scare off Joe Kime and you make Holden mad by crashing his office. To cap it all you tell that cock-and-bull story at Cecily's. You know you weren't with me that night."

"I know someone was. And heaven knows, I've been digging you out of roadhouses and dives and driving your carcass home for the past three years. That night you had some other girl, the kind who loves you when you're gay and tipsy but runs out on you in a pinch. You know what I told you about your girls, Harvey. When you are out of this mess, I'm done with you."

He grinned and made a movement, which Bettina eluded, to pull her into his arms. "You wouldn't ditch a fellow just because he's in trouble, would you, Bett?"

"No. Not under fire. And that's why I want you free. . . . Oh, and I can hardly wait. You've had four years, Harvey, just because, as a wide-eyed child, I thought you were abused. I thought I could take hold of you and make a man out of a piece of sponge. I know it can't be done now. And I want my man ready-made . . . just like any other girl." Bettina was stretched out on a lounge with her blue eyes all screwed up with thought. "Harvey? Where can we get hold of an old second-hand car? With an old car, a starry night, a bottle of Scotch, and a becoming dress, I might . . . I just might . . ."

A FEW nights after that another car had turned off the Jericho Turnpike and was heading for the north shore under a spread of those same Glen Head stars. There was a lady in it. No mistake. She was driving. But it was not a cream-colored sport car. It was Thayer Holden's long, black coupé, and he was sitting beside Bettina, watching the glimmering sheet of road unwind.

Thayer felt quite at ease about Bettina now. They had done a dinner and theater tonight and were home in the apartment on 79th Street when the maid had called Bettina to the telephone. "It's for you, Miss Bettina. Your mother calling from Glen Head."

Bettina's mother had asked her to come out at once, or so Bettina said. She said: "Mother's not feeling well, Thayer. You won't mind? She wants me to bring her medicine."

"I'll drive you," he had offered. Bettina had accepted the invitation. But halfway out the turnpike, she had asked him to let her drive his lovely car. She said she wouldn't hurt it . . . much. The bottle of medicine, wrapped in brown paper, lay in the well behind their heads. "All right," Thayer had said—and Betty had taken the wheel.

They did not have far to go now. Those Glen Head stars were low, and swinging. They came to a long curve and the entrance to the Holden estate. The Bauchart place, ahead on the right, was glowing with light. Down below was the lane where Traffic Officer Shanley lurked for belated speedsters out from town. Beyond it a pinpoint of red tail light appeared at the roadside.

Bettina slowed down and nodded toward it. "There's the place where the girl who was driving Harvey's car that night . . ."

"There was no girl." Thayer snapped it out. He was impatient with Bettina for bringing the matter up. "Why do you keep insisting?"

"You still refuse to believe it?"

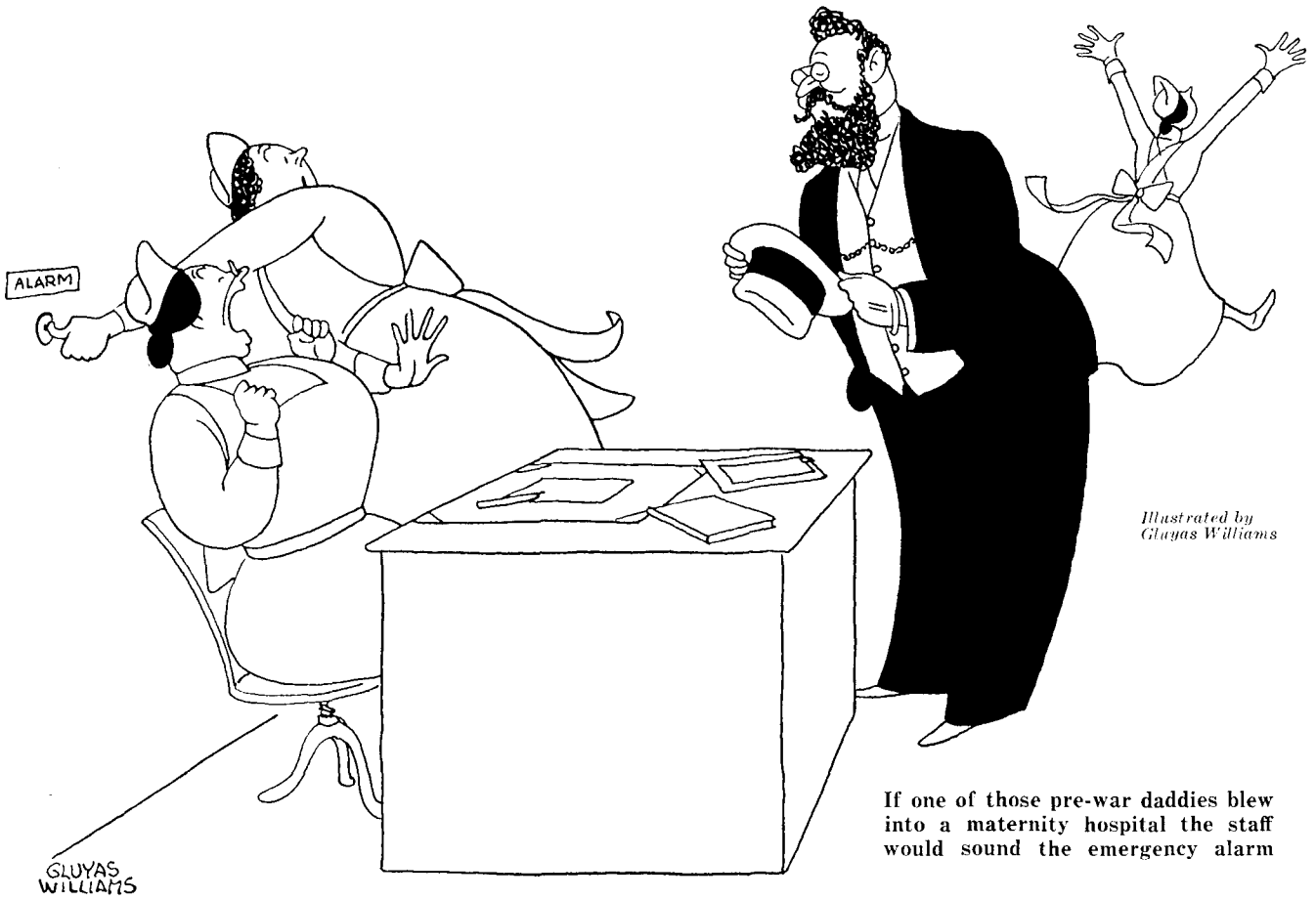
(Continued on page 40)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fallen Fathers

By H. I. Phillips

There was once a proud father named Willie,
Who could not hold his infant son till he
Had spent weeks in a hall
Peering through a glass wall—
To the nurse he was so much bacilli!
—Modern Nursery Rhyme



Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

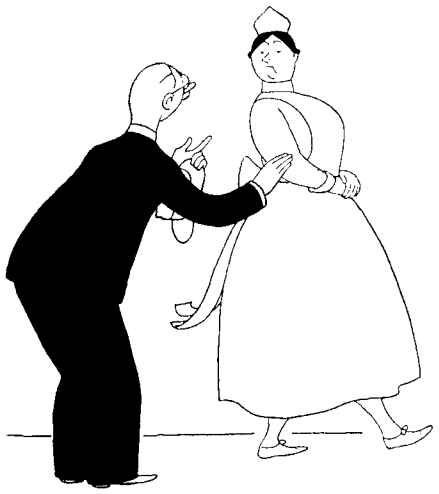
If one of those pre-war daddies blew into a maternity hospital the staff would sound the emergency alarm

IF YOU run across a man who has become a father these days do not waste any time asking him questions about the baby. He won't know much.

Whatever information he may have gathered about his child will be hearsay and should be accompanied by one of those notations so often found at the bottom of bond offerings, to wit:

"While the information herein contained has been obtained from sources which we believe to be trustworthy we cannot guarantee it."

The relations between a father and child aren't what they used to be. There was a time when, meeting a man whose smile and chestiness betrayed a blessed event, you could inquire, "Does he look like you, George?" and get a detailed answer. But today the "old man" would be merely guessing. He might, if lucky, be able to give you some scattering information, but if you want data and details, avoid him. He is sure to be the last to get them.



"That's my wife in there. We've had a baby . . . or haven't we?"

Fathers have become unimportant. Once they were treated as principals but today they are not even extended the rights afforded the chorus and stage hands. They are mere "supers" in the greatest of human dramas, and if they get into the picture at all it is due to carelessness.

Fathers everywhere are beginning to complain. In fact, they are setting up what is vulgarly known as a "squawk." There may yet be a battle in Congress for the Restoration of Papa's Rights and Privileges. Modern science has robbed him of the time-honored opportunity for emotional display and exuberant conduct.

It was bad enough when they took the old saloon away, depriving him of the chance to gloat and grin, but they have now taken the baby away!

When Father Had Rights

You know the goings-on in the old-fashioned home of yesterday when little Oscar arrived. In the first place, it was a home and not a hospital. Father paced the farmyard trying to act calm but betraying his nervousness by throwing cracked corn to the cows and hay to the chickens. When a wailing from the old homestead conveyed news of the blessed event, what happened? Father let out an Indian war whoop and dashed into the house without stopping to brush the mud from his boots or the oats from his whiskers.

He grabbed up Junior, crushed its face in his beard and frightened it out of a month's growth. One or two grandfathers were probably on hand with a couple of uncles and a miscellaneous collection of aunts, cousins and neighbors. Even the hired man was called in from the woodshed to participate in the celebration.

It was pretty tough on Junior, perhaps. He was tossed around from one pair of clumsy masculine arms to another until Aunt Minnie decided to intervene in the interest of law and order, and drove the male folks down to Mike's Place for smokes, refreshments and the usual discussion whether the boy would become a President or a shortstop.

It often took Aunt Minnie a day or two to straighten out the kinks in Junior's frail form and get him back into the shape specified in the volume What to Do When Baby Comes.

When you look over the family albums and meditate on those beards of yesterday you realize that they constituted a distinct menace to child welfare, but nobody thought so in those times. Everybody conceded that a father was a member of the immediate family, that he felt the normal emotions on such an occasion, and that in him were vested certain non-contestable rights. It often took a battle to keep him from wrapping the child up in an old horse blanket and taking it out through a blizzard to show it to Eb Whittlesey, about two miles down the road, due north.

But how times have changed!

Have you become a father lately?

I haven't, but some of my friends have, and I have gone along with them to be of some aid and comfort in the harrowing task of verifying the happy tidings, getting the usual details and trying to get within a mile of the baby. And when a father sets forth to get even sketchy data about Baby's eyes and hair these days he needs plenty of help.

I am speaking, of course, of hospital babies. Blessed-eventing at home is considered very old-fashioned, if not savage. The poet Thomas Hood would have to rewrite his lines to read:

I remember, I remember
The ward where I was born—
The dormitory in the sun,
The nurses pale and worn.

"The ninth from the left in the fourth row is yours, *I think*"

School children actually come home from their history classes today and ask, "Mommer, why was Abraham Lincoln born in a log cabin instead of a great big hospital like everybody else?" It's pretty difficult making them understand that it wasn't the style.

The stork has cut out the old house-to-house trip and makes most of his landings on hospitals these days. It's pretty nice for the stork, but it's tough on the fathers. The only oversight on the part of the doctors is the lack of a sign in the corridor reading: "Vagrants, Peddlers and Fathers Not Admitted."

It seems that fathers are bad for babies.

Uncles, grandfathers, brothers and sisters are bad, too, but not as bad as fathers. They are worse than strangers. In fact, they are graded as distinct menaces.

Just Necessary Evils

Even a nice, neat, dapper, smooth-shaved father with a highly prophylactic appearance makes the doctors and nurses feel jittery. A father with a mustache, a last year's derby and a little dust on his shoulders terrorizes them, and if one of those pre-war daddies with long black whiskers, halitosis and a wart on his nose blew into a maternity hospital the entire staff would sound the emergency alarm. In the words of the modernized lullaby:

Rock-a-bye, baby, on the treetop,
If daddy comes near you, we'll yell for a cop.

Fathers, it seems, should be seen by appointment only and not heard under any circumstances. They're just necessary evils. Hold the baby! Chuck it under the chin! Peer down into its innocent eyes and say, "Is oo nice oogy-oogums ess oo is! ! ! !"

Are you crazy, my man?

If you are lucky and fairly clean you may be escorted carefully down a corridor and allowed to look through a glass partition into a room full of babies and told: "The ninth from the left in the fourth row is yours . . . *I think!*"

No field glasses are provided.

Even a father with keen eyesight is in a tough spot, but a daddy with bifocals is taking everything on faith. It

(Continued on page 49)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cold Trails

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

SOMEONE—nobody knows just who—has been murdered on the 94 ranch. Horse Dunn (who manages the ranch for his niece, Marian Dunn, the owner) has quarreled with Lon Magoon, a cattle thief. *Magoon is missing.*

To Billy Wheeler, a young cattleman whom Dunn trusts, the old ranchman confides his suspicions: His enemies have deliberately planned the murder, hoping to cast suspicion on him. His good name threatened, the ranch on the verge of bankruptcy with the bankers beginning to press, he is in a desperate situation. If Bob Flagg, his partner, en route from Arizona with funds, does not arrive soon, he will be ruined. And Flagg is days overdue! . . . A series of clashes between the 94 men and Dunn's enemies—Link Bender; The Kid, Bender's son; Pinto Halliday; Rufe Dean; Sam Caldwell, and others—follows. Then comes another murder: Cayuse Cayetano, a halfbreed tracker, is shot to death by someone using a shotgun! No sooner has the body been found than Old Man Coffee (a man-hunter who makes use of dogs) tells the 94 that Magoon is alive; that the victim supposed to be Magoon is none other than *Bob Flagg!*

Sheriff Walt Amos (hostile to the 94 crowd) arrests Dunn, jails him in Inspiration, the county seat. . . . Magoon, Wheeler feels sure, holds the key to the mystery. While riding with Marian (whom he loves, but who has given him no encouragement) he finds him—dead, *riddled with shot from a shotgun!* . . . Meanwhile, Coffee has continued his activities. To Wheeler he confides that, for some unknown reason, Flagg had joined Magoon at a near-by town, had ridden away with him. And he had known he was in peril! . . . Wheeler is completely mystified. But at last he is happy. Marian, he has learned, cares for him, loves him. A lovely girl, Marian. Twice a hidden killer had fired at her in the past few days. Who, Wheeler wonders, could have done such a dastardly thing? Coffee, he believes, knows the answer.

And Coffee *does*. Interpreting the old fellow's cryptic remarks, Wheeler is shocked. He rushes to Marian, puts her in a car with Coffee, and drives to Inspiration. Then he finds Sheriff Amos. "Give us an hour with Horse Dunn," he exclaims, "and I'll get out within twenty-four hours!" Amos is delighted. Leading the trio to the jail, he opens the door. The visitors step in. The door closes. And Marian knows that some strange drama is about to be enacted.

Conclusion

IT SEEMED strange, Billy Wheeler thought, that the old king of cattle, the man who could not only dream a cow kingdom but make it live, was to be found standing here in a two-by-four jail. Yet, within the black shadows of concrete and steel Horse Dunn towered bigger than ever, straighter than ever; he seemed not an old man at the end of his rope, but a young giant, easy in his strength. The great sense of latent power that radiated from Horse Dunn made it seem that he only waited here within these cramped walls because he willfully used his own great body as a pawn, laid in hazard while he awaited his advantage.

But there were tears in Marian's eyes. "This is a perfectly wretched, shameful thing!"

Horse Dunn grinned upward and about him at the steel and concrete. The walls could not shame him—it was he who shamed the walls. "A thousand miles of range have to be held by money and cows and men—not by a little tin contrivance palmed off on the county by some hardware salesman. You think they can hold me here an hour, once I decide to move out?"

No one answered him. There, where the daylight could hardly enter, the silence had a way of descending sharply, like the closing of iron doors. After a little of that quiet no one could forget that a man had been found dead in the Red Sleep, and another at Ace Springs and still another at the head of a gorge without a name. Wheeler knew that Old Man Coffee's eyes were watching him, waiting for him to speak. He drew a deep breath and broke the silence.

"Horse," he said, "the whole works has been—kind of stood on its head, since I saw you last."

Horse Dunn's voice rumbled: "Well, that's good!"

Wheeler's voice was very low; he found that he could hardly speak: "No, Horse; it isn't good. This is maybe the worst thing that any of us have come to, ever, in all our long trails."

Held in that sharp, hard silence that could clamp down so suddenly, here they could feel the chill of the walls. Wheeler was seeking a way to go on.

Marian was holding her uncle's hand against her cheek, and now Horse drew his hand away. "Billy," he said, and hesitated. Then, "Speak out, man!" he said at last.

"Two, three different things have happened," Wheeler said. "Marian and I found Lon Magoon dead, a little way back in the hills. Coffee, here—he went to Pahranagat—"

"How'd Magoon die?" Horse Dunn asked.

Wheeler would not be turned aside. "I guess that don't so much matter, Horse, in view of a couple of other things. For one thing, Marian had her horse shot out from under her, in plain light, back in the hills. I've been thinking a whole lot, Horse," he went on, "about how anybody would ever come to take a shot at her. Now—I think I know."

His wits were failing him, there in the clammy dark of the cell. He would have given anything he had to turn back now. But he was staking everything on the courage of a girl; even yet, as he faced it, he believed that if anything in the world could be trusted it was the hidden courage of Marian Dunn.

"WHAT are you coming to, boy?" Horse Dunn said.

"Horse," said Billy Wheeler—"Horse—I know who killed Marian's pony last night; and I know why."

He saw Horse Dunn's big, shaggy head sway and tip a little to one side as the old man sought to peer more closely into Wheeler's eyes. "If you know that—" he began.

Wheeler's voice was flat and relaxed with utter certainty: "You know I do, Horse."

Billy Wheeler could hear his own blood beating in his ears, like a far-off Indian drum; and this time the silence was a terrible silence, unendurable to them all.

"Coffee," Horse Dunn said in an unnatural voice, "I'll talk to this boy alone."

Perhaps some faint, persistent hope that he was wrong had lasted somewhere in Billy Wheeler's mind. But when Horse Dunn told Old Man Coffee to go out, Wheeler knew that he had not been wrong, but that they were at the end.

Old Man Coffee moved quickly, with the smooth, sliding stride of one of his own lion hounds. He was glad to be out of there. For a moment the bright sun splashed through the open door with the brilliance of a powder flare-up; then the half-dark closed again as Coffee let the door swing shut behind him. They heard the crunch of his heels in the dirt as he walked off down the side of the hill.

"You go too, Marian," Horse Dunn said softly. "Billy and I want to—"

"You want her to stay here, Horse, I think."

"Stay here?" The old man's voice was blurred by a strange and unaccustomed uncertainty. "You want her to stay here?"

"It's you that needs her here," Wheeler told him. Then after a moment he said, almost inaudibly, "Tell her, Horse."

An odd back light from one of the high ventilators outlined Dunn's big, shaggy head and the sweep of a great shoulder, but his eyes they could not see. As he spoke it seemed that it was not the big old fighter who stood there, but an old man as vaguely bewildered as a child.

"Tell her?" he said dimly. "You want me to tell her—"

He found the support of the adobe wall, then folded at the

ONCE more the silence descended, brutal, complete; it held on endlessly, as if no one of them was ever going to be able to break it again. And still Horse Dunn did not speak nor move, but stood like a frozen man, a great, shadowy figure just beyond the bars. Billy Wheeler tried to say something, anything, to break that terrible, taut stillness; but he could not.

Suddenly Marian Dunn stumbled forward against the bars. She reached through, drew Horse Dunn's wrists through the barrier, and hid her face in his two great hands. Her voice came to them choked and smothered:

"I didn't know—I didn't know—"

Horse Dunn's words shuddered as he cried out, "What—what didn't you know?"

"That you—could love me—so much. . . ."

Wheeler saw the old fighter sway; but in a moment he was steady again. He spoke across Marian's bent head, and his voice had a hard edge: "You don't know what you're talking about. Old Man Coffee has been loading you with— Look here: is he in on this?"

"I'm virtually certain he knows,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knees and went down slowly, fingers gripping at the adobe

John Gannam

though he figured it out different than I did."

"Figured out what? Spit it out, man!"

"Horse," said Wheeler with more sadness in his voice than he had ever known in the world before, "I can name you every step of—"

Horse Dunn's voice blazed up, breaking restraint: *"In God's name, how did you find out?"*

"From something Marian said. After the first shot at her, she said, 'I'm glad it happened. I can't tell you why.' I know now what she meant by that. Those shots proved to her that no one who loved her was mixed up in the Short Crick works. And today it suddenly came to me that just *to fix that idea in her mind* might have been reason enough for dropping those shots near her. Then I remembered the night when you taped up your ankle where it was skinned, and spoke of straightening your spur. Of course, a spur doesn't skin a man's ankle bone. Some boot weapon would have to do that; and a derringer would have fitted in—a derringer carrying a shotgun shell.

"The shot in the saddle fooled Coffee for a while; it looked to him like it came from farther away than the horses had stood apart, and made him think there was a third man. But I just happened to think that the shot could have come from a short, weak gun with that same effect. Well—" Wheeler finished—"Coffee has been to Pahranagat; he found out that Flagg came through there like a bum."

"Dear God," Horse Dunn whispered. "It's—the end of the rope." He pulled his hands away, and began to pace the two strides that the cell permitted—back and forth, back and forth.

"Marian," Wheeler begged, "tell him you see—"

Marian raised her face, surprisingly in command of herself again. Her voice was steady: "I do see it! I see it all!"

Dunn's pacing stopped; he raised big, shaking hands, pleading hands. "And yet you—you ain't—you don't think—"

MARIAN cried out to him—and there was pain in her voice, but there was glory in it, too: "I think nobody ever loved anybody so much as you have proved you love me!"

"I—I can't hardly believe—" Horse Dunn sagged down onto the bare steel cot within his cell. "Marian, if you're telling me that you—you know—and yet you're backing me, still—"

The girl was pressed against the bars that kept her from him. "I'm telling you that I believe in you with all my heart!"

Horse Dunn stood up slowly, like a man in a dream. "How much have you told her, boy?"

"She knows only what she's guessed, I think. The rest of the story has to come from you."

The boss of the 94 appeared to consider for what seemed a long time.

"She has to know it all," Billy insisted; "from the beginning."

"I can't hardly expect her to understand how it come up. Those shots I threw so close to her—that's the crazy part that a man can't hardly explain. I couldn't ever have done it, if I didn't know for certain that I could put a slug into a two-bit piece at a hundred yards—ten out of ten, easy as you'd put your finger on a nail. It seems a wild and crazy thing, even to me. But—I tell you, never a man lived that could throw the fear into me that this kid has always been able to—just on the scare that she'd quit me. And I thought if there was one thing she'd be sure of on earth, it was that I'd give my life to save the least hair of her head from harm. And I took that way so that she'd always be dead certain, whatever might happen or be proved later, that it couldn't be true that it was me killed Flagg."

"Oh, Horse, Horse," Marian said, "how did it ever happen?"

"The shoot-out with Flagg, you mean?"

He told them now, step by step: the story of an old gunfighter, and old ideals of justice and right. It came out haltingly, as Horse Dunn paced. But even told slowly, and with an effort greater than they could know, that story was brief.

Until he met Bob Flagg on the Red Sleep trail, Dunn had had no advance word of his partner's arrival. At that time he had already been waiting for Flagg's arrival for weeks—the very existence of the 94 depended upon him; and Dunn was shocked and astonished to meet a frayed-out man on a worthless horse and a saddle borrowed from a rustler—and recognize this man as his Arizona partner.

And then, riding toward the 94 with Flagg, Dunn had learned the truth. There had been no sale of the Flagg-Dunn ranch, and there were no proceeds. There had been no such ranch for more than two years!

Bob Flagg had neither been completely crooked nor completely foolish; but a combination of some folly and some crookedness had been more than enough to break the brand when the beef market failed. To Dunn, in the moment of discovery, it must have seemed that Marian's property—for the Arizona ranch was to have saved Marian's 94—had been gambled away by his cheating partner.

"There was only one thing to do," Horse Dunn said now, with an odd simplicity. "Bob Flagg knew it as well as me. You have to say this for him—he put off facing the music for two years; but in the end he come and faced it like a man. I said to him, 'Bob, I can't let this pass.' He said, 'I know it, Horse.' I said, 'Bob, I aim to turn my back. Fire your first shot into the air. When I hear your gun, I'll turn and draw.' His second shot sung over me, for I had to stoop to go for the only gun I had, which was an old derringer in my boot; and in the next second I let drive—and he was through."

SLOWLY, then, old Horse Dunn tried to explain to them how it was he had buried Bob Flagg in the Red Sleep. It had seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should make a suitable burial of his partner in some far, open place. He felt no sense of remorse. He had simply set out to lay away his partner—no less his partner because they had split at the end of the trail.

And then the thought of seeing horror in the eyes of his niece, who would not understand—it suddenly had seemed more than he could face. Never before in all his long career had Horse Dunn concealed from the world anything that he had done. Even this time, his worship of this girl prompted him only to a single trick—the trick that had fooled Old Man Coffee in the Short Creek trailing. He was riding a horse from which the shoes had just been pulled, so that it had deep, long hoofs, with nail splits. He simply rode the horse into the water, dismounted and trimmed the hoofs flat to the sole with his knife. It had fooled Coffee; it had not fooled old Rock.

Nor had it fooled Cayuse Cayetano. But Horse rested no great weight in the killing at Ace Springs. Cayuse had been a worthless character; Horse already owed him a heavy debt in missing calves, for Cayetano had been a cow thief in his own right. Horse looked at this shooting as an execution long overdue. Yet here, too, he had given his man better than an even break.

As Wheeler and Coffee had suspected, Lon Magoon had been a distant witness. Magoon was another whose punishment for petty rustling Dunn had considered too long delayed. He, too, had had best break. But before the great old fighter lesser men seemed to go to pieces, losing their fighting mettle so that there could be only one end.

To overtake Magoon, Horse Dunn had muffled the hoofs of his pony with pads cut from a harness collar, and thus had advanced in silence over naked rock. It was only incidental that the trail of the muffled hoofs had been too obscure for Billy Wheeler to see.

THAT was all the story. One thing, only one, had warped that whole brief history into something mysterious and strange, distorting it, to Dunn's own bewilderment, past all recognition: that was the old fighter's abject humility, his pathetic, unreasoning panic before the disapproval of Marian, his niece. Without that, that first simple shoot-out would have ended where it had occurred, without any hue or cry or storming up of a range. It had been that one effacing of the trail, and thereafter the silence of Horse Dunn, that had changed it all.

"Horse," said Billy Wheeler, "we've got a good case yet! We'll fight this to the last ditch, until they're sick of fighting. They'll never prove—"

"There'll be no fight on that," Horse Dunn said. "All my life I've faced things out. Behind this girl—there ain't ever again going to be a shadow of any dark thing hid."

Marian said, "Horse—Horse—"

At the sound of her voice the old man seemed to crumple and break. He sat down on the bare steel cot within his cell, bent his head, and ran his big hands through his hair.

The tears were running down Marian's cheeks, but suddenly her head went up. "What he says he'll do—he'll do. No one understands that better than I. But there's one other way. There are still cattle, and open country, and space!"

(Continued on page 30)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rule 'em Rough

By Don Marquis

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

A BULLETIN FROM ARCHY THE COCKROACH

dear boss i went to the museum
and interviewed the mummy
of an egyptian pharaoh
yesterday on finance
government and economics
and a few trivial things like that

hello my little scampering
piffle bug said pharaoh

hello to you my leathery
reminiscence of imperial pomp
i replied will you please tell
my millions of readers your recipe
for ruling egypt in the days when
you used to set the nile afire

insignificant and journalistic
insect i will do so
responded the regal raisin
my method was very simple
i found out what the people
wanted to do and then i made
them do something else

but kingly prune i submitted
did that never cause trouble

always my little popeyed
whifflesnoot said his royal dryness
but trouble made work for the army
and that meant business
for all the armament makers
and government contractors
and sutlers and it started
money to circulating
and that put the financiers
into a good humor
and ran into boom times
on the stock market

how about taxes
majestic parchment face
i asked him and he said
little scatter footed scarab
that was a cinch
naturally most of my people
wanted to get into the army
because that was the only
safe place to be
under my system
so i just charged them
fifty per cent of what they had
to become soldiers of the king
and if they did not want
to become soldiers
i charged them a hundred
per cent to stay out
and after they became soldiers
i charged them fifty per cent
of what they collected
from the populace
in order to stay in
and that took care
of all taxation problems

i should think
old tan and tarry
i objected that the populace
would soon wear out at that rate

they used to wear out
and they used to run out
objectionable beetle he said
but it was easy enough
to send the army down into africa
or over to mesopotamia
and collect another population

but did not those neighboring
countries ever get short
of people my royal pretzel
i inquired

why little reportorial pest
he said population always seemed
to follow my armies like magic
wherever the kings troops went
population sprang up
like violets after rain

what do you think about mostly
i said as you lie there
century after century

in your sarcophagus
getting handsomer and handsomer
in a bony kind of way
with the spiders tickling
the soles of your royal feet

listen wretched little roach
replied the aristocratic crackling
there is a prime minister
lying in a stone trough like this
in the mildewed middle of a pyramid
somewhere nigh the nile
whom i hired to do my thinking

I never really governed anything—I just made people think I was governing

five thousand years ago
and i never took up thought again
in a serious way
after i put that wizard
on the imperial pay roll
he may be still at it
for all i know playing
eeney meeney miney mo
with his toes to settle
affairs of state

have you any message
old salted codfish
for the american people
and their rulers

only this shadow of a thought
my little low-browed nuisance
that the embalmer waits for all and it
is better to make
a million mistakes
and be happy than it is
to wear your brain to the bone
trying to be right all the time
and in a general way
the less government there is
the better for everybody
i never really governed anything
i just raised hell and made people
think i was governing
i heard something crackle then
and looked close and saw
that the kingly herring
was winking archy

Just because vice is beginning to bore you is no sign you are getting virtuous; you may only be getting old.

THE Old Soak is looking around anxiously and nervously as if he saw a job in the offing, and furbishing up his excuses for not working, by which I know that times are positively getting better. Mr. Hawley can spot a job of work farther off than anyone I ever knew, and snub it more effectively when they get near together.

"I GOT quite a reputation for drinkin' somehow or other," he remarked pensively, "but as a matter of fact I ain't never in my life drunk half as much as some of these here heroines in the modern novels and stories. I ain't sayin' nothin' of the young women in real life, because I always aim to stop talkin' on the safe side of trouble."

The heights by great men reached and kept were not attained by sudden flight—others toiled for them while they slept and did their rough work, day and night.

Prophets are not martyred because they live up to their ideals and opinions. It is because they talk about them so much.

TO A PRETTY POET

Men like the glitter of your jeweled
wit—
Even those who know where you have
stolen it.

Times are getting better. The last man who convinced me that he could put into effect an ideal economic and financial system let me off easy; he borrowed only a quarter.

A pessimist is a person who has had to listen to too many optimists.

Our lives are so largely what our creditors make them!

Definition of a statesman: A man whose ideas on economic rehabilitation agree with yours.

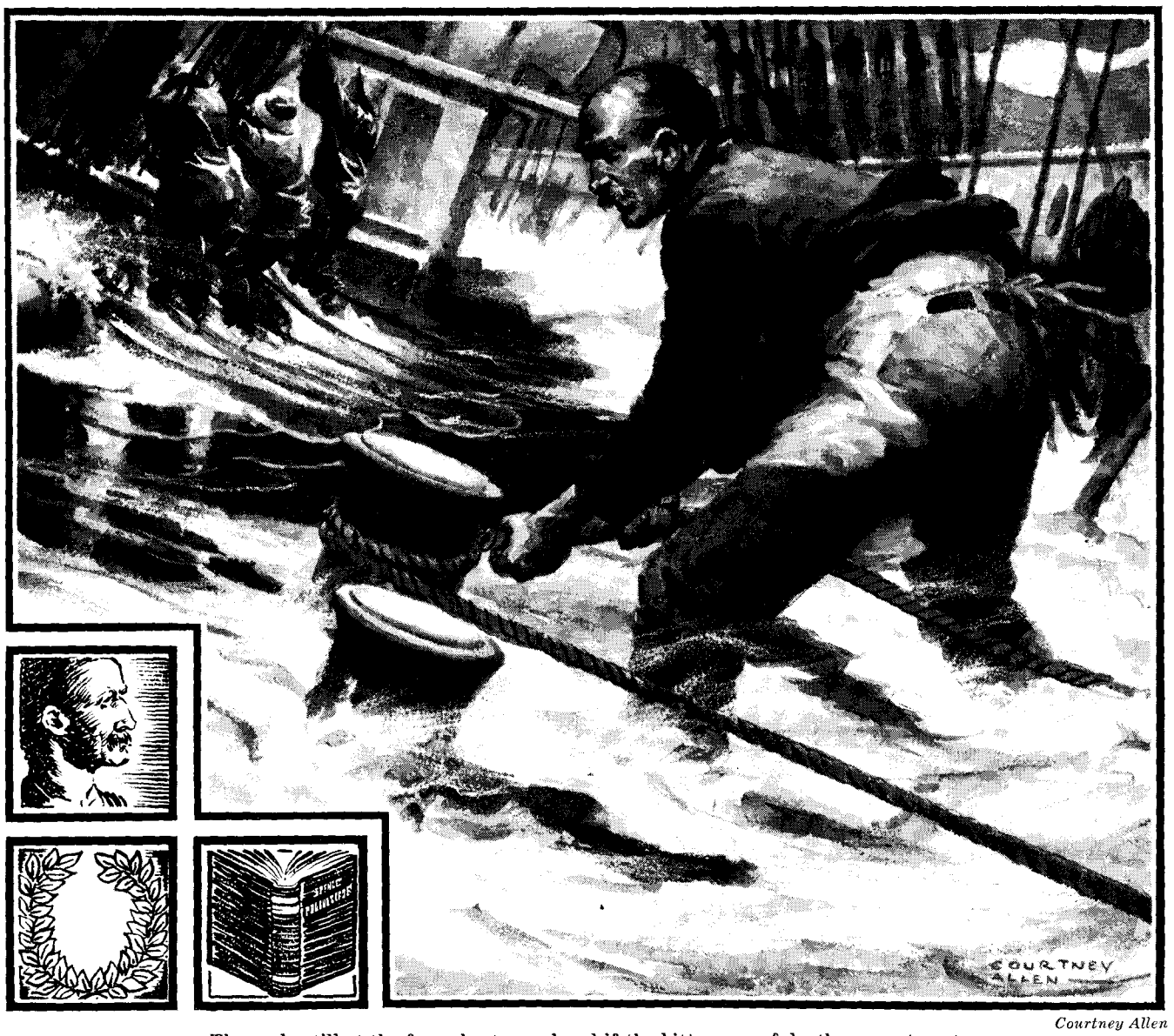
The gentleman who crossed the English Channel in an airplane upside down had nothing on me. I once crossed it in an ordinary packet inside out.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Good Cook

By S. B. H. Hurst

What are books, when a hero is given a job to do?



Courtney Allen

The cook, still at the fore-sheet, wondered if the bitterness of death was not past

THE barque Kenyon was to sail from New York, bound for Yokohama with case oil, next morning; so the cook, considering that it might be many months before he got a chance to walk ashore, brushed what few scant locks remained to him, put on his shore-going coat and walked down the gangway to the dock. He was a small man, verging upon fifty, and he had been at sea on sailing ships since he was ten. Strangely enough, he was a teetotaler. He had never taken a drink in his life.

And so, with two dollars in his pocket, he sought amusement. It was a cold, wintry, blustery night, and the locale was South Brooklyn. The little man walked. It began to snow. It was then that the vague light of a small second-hand bookstore dawned upon him; and with that an ambitious idea. The cook had never owned a book in his life. He could, however, read. His vocabulary extended possibly to five hundred words. But the great idea disregarded such things. For the cook had determined to buy a book.

Therefore he entered the bookstore. A tired-looking old man came forward.

"Yes, sir?"

"I want to buy a book," said the cook.

All about him were books. Millions of them, apparently. He began to feel bewildered.

"Yes, sir, and what sort of a book do you want to buy?"

For a moment the cook regretted his decision to buy any sort of book, but he was a game man. He would buy that book. Yet it was no shame to ask for professional advice.

"A good book," said the cook. "I'll leave it to you—if it don't cost too much!"

"I can sell you the best book in the store for seventy-five cents—I mean the best book ever written," said the old man.

"I will take it," said the cook, producing the seventy-five cents.

"Will I wrap it up, sir?" asked the storekeeper.

"No," said the cook proudly. "I will carry it under my arm."

AND so he walked into the snow carrying a copy of First Principles, by Herbert Spencer. . . . The first book he had ever owned.

He hurried. It was a dirty night. Then, in the room he shared with the carpenter and sailmaker—who were elsewhere and were not buying books—he opened his purchase at random. Before his eyes loomed that magnificent sentence:

"Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity. . . ."

The cook, spelling as best he could those magic words, goggled. Then he sighed.

"Maybe," he muttered, "the second mate will figure it out for me."

He had always been an optimist.

Heavy and unsteady feet came towards the door. These were the feet of the carpenter. The cook, who felt that the carpenter would be of little aid in the solution of Herbert Spencer, although he knew that in his present mood the carpenter would be too willing to do his best, hid the great book under his pillow and simulated deep sleep.

He did not approach the second mate next morning. He was far too wise in his generation. For the second mate was very busy with a new crew, and every man of that crew had a headache and an evil disposition. No, it would be well to wait, and in the meanwhile do his best with pea soup.

So the Kenyon left the port of New York, Captain Prideau in command, dropped the pilot and steered for the open sea.

The wind was dead in her teeth—about due south; it was cold, and snow loomed ominously. And the crew, almost every man a wreck, set the sails—not many, for the weather did not suggest much canvas—and the second mate, who had never heard of Spencer, carried on as thousands of second mates had done before him.

But while the barometer threatened, the wind dropped. The Kenyon, close-hauled, of course, and steering about east by south, edged slowly away from the land of North America. There was an uneasy swell and she rolled. This for twenty-four hours, and the crew recovering from their experiences ashore. So in the first dogwatch, shortly after four in the afternoon, when it is the second mate's duty to serve out the allowance of fresh water for all hands, the cook approached that officer—with his book. The second mate was leaning against the main fife rail, watching a sailor working the fresh-water pump.

"Mr. Carr, sir?" the cook began politely.

"Eh? Oh, what is it, doctor?" asked the second mate, using the ancient and honorable name given to ships' cooks.

"Well, sir," the cook felt encouraged; "I bought a book, sir, and there's some words in it I can't quite make out. . . . So I made so bold as to come to you and ask you what they mean, sir."

"Why, of course, doctor," said the second mate magnificently. "Show them to me."

IT WAS growing dark. Short winter day and snow-clouded. But there was still enough light for the second mate to see that amazing Spencerian formula.

"Evolution is an . . . " The second mate looked at the book, then he looked at the cook. Then he spoke with extreme severity. He spoke also as one who had a position to maintain:

"Doctor, that is not a fit book for you to read. Better throw it overboard. No, I won't tell you what those words mean."

"No, sir?"

"No. Next time you buy a book buy a decent book."

"Yes, sir? What sort of book, sir?"

"Oh, Robinson Crusoe, or something like that."

"Yes, sir."

And the cook retreated to his galley, feeling like the gentleman in The Tempest that it might be well to drown his book fathoms deep. But no, he would not do that. Whatever that sentence did mean it was worth trying to find out.

Then the weather broke—into a Hatteras blizzard.

It broke, with Captain Prideau watching it. A veteran of fifty years at sea. A sea-genius, as was Shakespeare a genius of drama.

The Kenyon had been shortened down to two lower topsails, a close-reefed foresail and a storm spanker.

"We'd better get her on the other tack, mister," the Old Man said to the mate, "before it gets too tough. Call all hands. Let's drive her into the Gulf Stream where it don't snow."

"All hands!" the mates passed the order.

All hands . . . carpenter, sailmaker, cook and everybody. . . .

And the station of the cook was at the fore-sheet.

That position, probably evolved as a joke on the cook in the bygone days before steam was discovered, was remarkably like having the job of trying to make the largest devilfish in the ocean behave by hanging, barehanded, to one of its fifty-foot tentacles.

But it was the cook's job. . . .

HE HAD neither sea boots nor oilskins. So, with Herbert Spencer under his pillow, and gooseflesh under his somewhat scant clothing, did the cook of the Kenyon take his place, with green seas washing to his neck, at the fore-sheet of the good barque Kenyon.

"Hold her, doctor!"

A big, able seaman, tied up in "soul and body lashings," like an old knight in armor, laughed as he plunged forward to the gear of the foresail.

For the Kenyon was about to "wear ship," and before this maneuver could be accomplished that foresail had to be taken in. . . .

Casually, it may be mentioned that taking in a foresail, even when reefed, in a gale is a job!

(Continued on page 38)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

particularly what Cartier calls the *black stigmata.* Your bulb-hunting has taken you into a few unwholesome places; have you ever come across anything like it?"

I began to fill my pipe.

"Never, Doctor," I replied.

The sound of a distant gun boomed through the hot silence. A French battleship was entering Villefranche harbor. . . .

"Good God, it's ghastly! Cover him up again, Doctor. I shall dream of that face."

I found myself wondering why Providence, though apparently beneficent, should permit such horrors to visit poor humanity. The man in the little mortuary—he had been engaged in a local vineyard—had not yet reached middle age when this new and dreadful pestilence had cut him off.

"This," said Petrie, "is the really singular feature."

He touched the dead man's forehead. It was of a dark purple color from the scalp to the brows. The sun-browned face was set in a grin of dreadful malignancy and the eyes were rolled upward so that only their whites showed.

"What I have come to recognize as the characteristic sign," Petrie added. "Subcutaneous hemorrhage; but strangely localized. It's like a purple shadow, isn't it? And when it reaches the eyes—finish!"

"What a ghastly face! I have seen nothing like it, anywhere!"

We came out.

"Nor have *I*!" Petrie confessed. "The earlier symptoms are closely allied with those of sleeping sickness but extraordinarily rapid in their stages. Glandular swellings always, in the armpits. This final stage—the black stigmata, the purple shadow, which I have managed to avert in some of the other cases—is quite beyond my experience. That's where plague comes in.

"But now for the most mysterious thing of all—in which I am hoping you can really help me. . . ."

IF ANYONE had invited me to name Dr. Petrie's outstanding characteristic, I should have said modesty.

Having run the car into its garage, Petrie led the way down the steep, rocky path to a shed a hundred yards from the villa, which he had fitted up as a laboratory.

We entered. The laboratory was really an enlarged gardener's hut which the absent owner of Villa Jasmin had converted into a small studio. It had a glass window running along the whole of one side. A white-topped table now occupied a great part of the space before it, and there was a working bench in a corner opposite the door. In racks were rows of test tubes, each bearing a neatly written label, and there were files of specimen slides near the big microscope.

I noted the new pane of glass in a section of window which had been cut out one night less than a month ago when some strange burglar had broken in and explored the place. Since that time, Petrie had had steel shop blinds fitted to the interior of the windows, which could be closed and locked at night.

He had never secured any clue to the identity of the intruder or formed any reasonable theory as to what his object could have been.

At the moment, several of the windows were open, and sunlight streamed into the place. There was a constant humming of bees in the garden outside. Petrie took up a little sealed tube, removed the stopper and shook out the contents of the tube into a glass tray. He turned to me, a strange expression upon his haggard brown face.

Fu Manchu's Bride

Continued from page 9

"Can you identify this, Sterling?" he asked. "It's more in your line than in mine."

I found it to consist of several bruised leaves, originally reddish purple in color, attached to long stalks. I took up a lens and examined them carefully, the doctor watching me in silence. I saw, now, that there were pollen-like fragments adhering to a sticky substance exuded by the leaves.

THERE were some curious brown blotches, too, which at first I took to be part of the coloring but which closer examination showed to be due to a stain.

"It's *drosophyllum*," I murmured—"one of the fly-catching varieties, but a tropical species I have not come across before—"

Petrie did not interrupt me, and:

"There are strains of what looks like dark brown mud," I went on, "and minute, shiny fragments of what might be pollen—"

"It isn't pollen," Petrie broke in. "It's bits of the wing and body of some very hairy insect. But what I'm anxious to know, Sterling, is this—"

I put down the lens and turned to the speaker curiously. His expression was grimly serious.

"Should you expect to find that plant in Europe?"

"No, it isn't a European variety. It could not possibly grow even as far south as this."

"Good. That point is settled."

"How do you account for the stains?"

"I don't know how to account for them," Petrie replied slowly, "but I have found out what they are."

"What are they?"

"Blood!—and what's more, human blood."

"Human blood!"

I stopped, at a loss for words.

"I can see I am puzzling you, Sterling. Let me try to explain."

Petrie replaced the fragments in the tube and sealed it down tightly.

"It occurred to me this morning," he went on, "after you had gone, to investigate the spot where our latest patient had been at work. I thought there might be some peculiar local condition there which would give me a new clue. When I arrived, I found it was a piece of steeply terraced kitchen garden—not unlike our own, here. It ended in a low wall beyond which was a clear drop into the gorge which connects Ste. Claire with the sea.

"He had been at work up to sunset last evening about halfway down near a water tank. He was taken ill during the night, and early this morning developed characteristic symptoms. . . .

"I stood there—it was perfectly still; the people to whom the villa is leased are staying in Monte Carlo at present—and I listened for insects. I had gone prepared to capture any that appeared."

He pointed to an equipment which lay upon a small table.

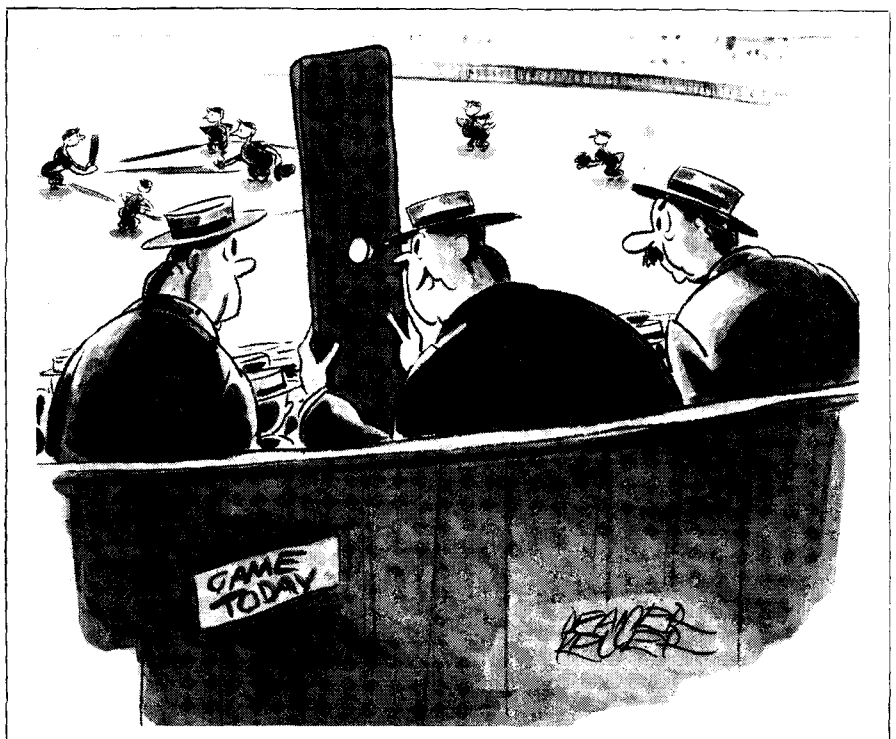
"I got several healthy mosquitoes, and other odds and ends." (Later examination showed no trace of parasite in any of them.) "I was just coming away when, in a little trench where the man had apparently been at work up to the time that he knocked off, I happened to notice *that*."

He pointed to the tube containing the purple leaves.

"It was bruised and crushed partly into the soil."

He paused, then:

"Except for the fragments I have pointed out," he added, "there was nothing on the leaves. Possibly a passing lizard had licked them. . . . I spent the following hour searching the neighborhood for the plant on which they grew. I drew a blank."



"It's a habit I got into when I was a kid" *Reamer Keller*

WE WERE silent for some time.

"Do you think there is some connection," I asked slowly, "between this plant and the epidemic?"

Petrie nodded.

"Of course," I admitted, "it's certainly strange. If I could credit the idea—which I can't—that such a species could grow wild in Europe, I should be the first to agree with you. Your theory is that the thing possesses the properties of a carrier, or host, of these strange germs; so that anyone plucking a piece and smelling it, for instance, immediately becomes infected?"

"That was not my theory," Petrie replied, thoughtfully. "It isn't a bad one, nevertheless. But it doesn't explain the bloodstains."

He hesitated.

"I had a very queer letter from Nayland Smith today," he added. "I have been thinking about it ever since."

Sir Denis Nayland Smith, ex-Assistant Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, was one of Petrie's oldest friends, I knew, but:

"This is rather outside his province, isn't it?" I suggested.

"You haven't met him," Petrie replied, laboring his words, as it seemed. "But I think you will. Nayland Smith has one of the few first-class brains in Europe, and nothing is outside his—"

He ceased speaking, staggered, and clutched at the table edge. I saw him shudder violently.

"Look here, Doctor," I cried, grasping his shoulders, "you are getting 'flu or something. You're overdoing it. Give the thing a rest, and—"

He shook me off. His manner was wild. He groped his way to a cupboard, prepared a draught with unsteady hands, and drank it. Then, from a drawer he took out a tube containing a small quantity of white powder.

"I have called it 654," he said, his eyes feverishly bright. "I haven't the pluck to try it on a human patient. But even if Mother Nature has turned topsy-turvy, I believe this may puzzle her!"

Watching him anxiously:

"Strictly speaking, you ought to be in bed," I said. "Your life is valuable."

"Get out," he replied, summoning up the ghost of a smile. "Get out, Sterling. My life's my own, and while it lasts I have work to do. . . ."

I SPENT the latter part of the afternoon delving in works of reference which I had not consulted for many months, in an endeavor to identify more exactly the leaves so mysteriously found by Petrie.

To an accompaniment of clattering pans, old Mme. Dubonnet was preparing our evening meal in the kitchen, and humming some melancholy tune very cheerily.

Petrie was a source of great anxiety. I had considered phoning for Dr. Cartier, but finally had dismissed the idea. That my friend was ill he had been unable to disguise; but he was a Doctor of Medicine and I was not. Furthermore, he was my host.

That he was worried about his wife in Cairo, I knew. Only the day before he had said, "I hope she doesn't take it into her head to come over—much as I should like to see her." Now I shared that hope. His present appearance would shock the woman who loved him.

Fleurette—Fleurette of the dimpled chin—more than once intruded her image between me and the printed page. I tried to push these memories aside.

Fleurette was the mistress of a wealthy Egyptian. Despite her name, she was not French. She was, perhaps, an actress. Why had I not thought of that before? Her beautifully modulated voice—her composure. "Think of me as Derceto. . . ."

"In *Byblis gigantea,* according to Zopf, insect-catching is merely incipient," I read. . . .

She could be no older than eighteen—indeed, she might be younger than that. . . .

And so the afternoon wore on.

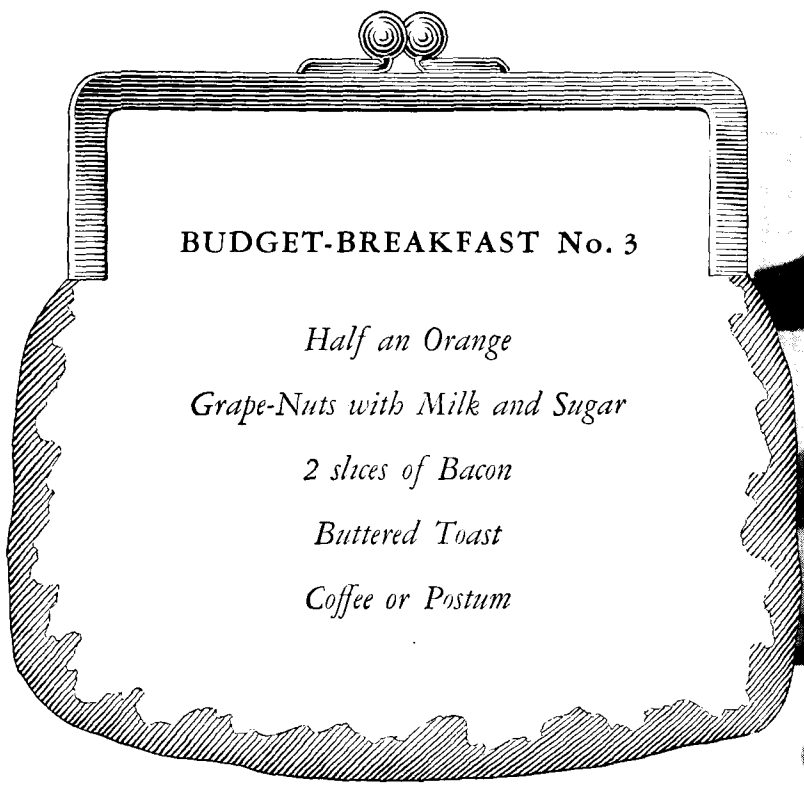
Faint buzzing of the lighting plant and a sudden shaft of light across the slopes below first drew my attention to approaching dusk. Petrie had turned up the laboratory lamps.

I was deep in a German work which promised information, and now, mechanically, I switched on the table lamp. Hundreds of grasshoppers were chirp-

(Continued on page 28)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Have you heard about these Budget-Breakfasts?



THE "BUDGET-BREAKFAST" is the best news that has come to the breakfast table in ages—the kind of news everyone wants today—news of how to make your pennies go farther!

Look at this breakfast. It costs only a few pennies, yet it is a safe, a *fully nourishing* breakfast. And it is Grape-Nuts—the vital energy food—that *makes* this a fully nourishing breakfast.

You see, Grape-Nuts is *concentrated* nourishment. Served with milk and sugar, a single portion of Grape-Nuts is mighty rich in energy—and gives you more *varied* nourishment than many a big meal. *That's* the kind of food you need to start the day's work on!

And the ample portion of Grape-Nuts you serve is just two rounded tablespoons. What a big breakfast bargain *that* is!

Try the new "Budget-Breakfasts" made possible by Grape-Nuts. Have one tomorrow morning. See how satisfying and delicious it is. See how fully nourishing it is. And see what a blessing all the Grape-Nuts "Budget-Breakfasts" are to your housekeeping allowance!

Your grocer has Grape-Nuts. Order Grape-Nuts today. Grape-Nuts is a product of General Foods. *Don't miss the fascinating Grape-Nuts show in the General Foods exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair.*

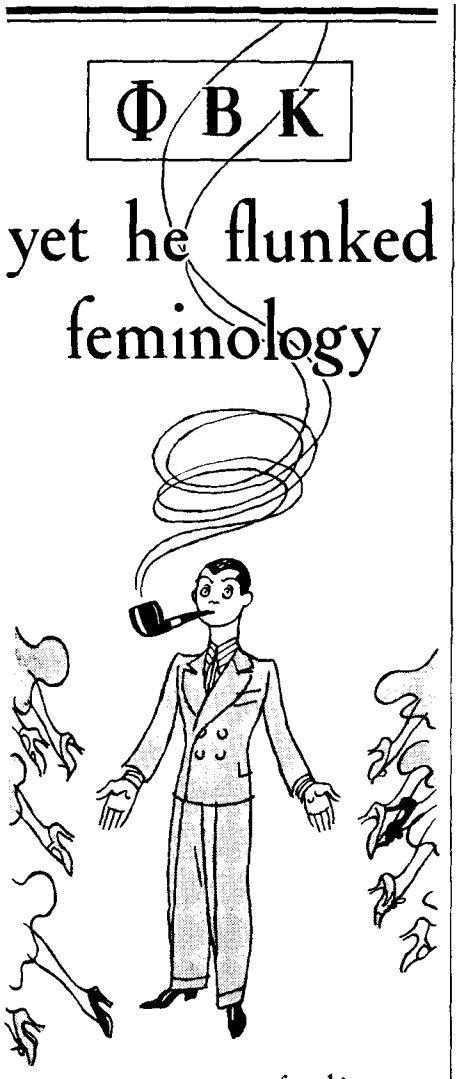
Grape-Nuts

FOR BREAKFAST TOMORROW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

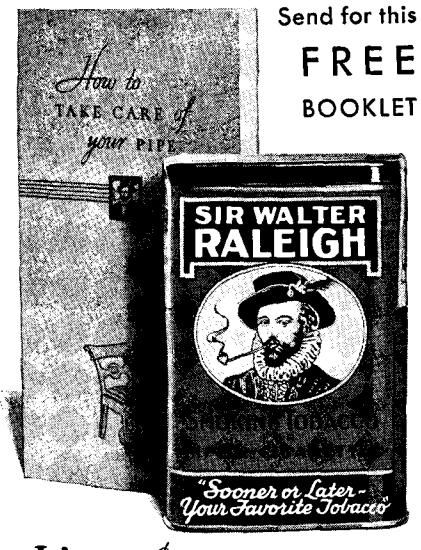
ΦBK

yet he flunked feminology



A SHORT CHEER for this poor boy . . . and a *very* short one. When he figured that the ladies love a pipe smoker, he was right. But he ought to be told that they don't like heavy, soft-coal tobacco, in a soggy chimney of a pipe. He'll pass "feminology" the minute he starts smoking Sir Walter Raleigh in a well-kept briar. This fast-growing brand pleases the persons at both the stem and the bowl ends of the pipe by its aromatic mildness and rich, satisfying flavor. Young man, on your way to Greek class, stop in any tobacco store and spend the most useful 15 cents you ever dropped on a counter for a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh Tobacco. It's kept fresh in gold foil.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. C-35



Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

Fu Manchu's Bride

Continued from page 26

ing in the garden; I could hear the purr of a speed boat. Mme. Dubonnet continued to sing. It was a typical Riviera evening.

The shadow of that great crag which almost overhung the Villa Jasmin lay across part of the kitchen garden visible from my window, and soon would have claimed all our tiny domain. I continued my studies, jumping from reference to reference and constantly consulting the index. I believed I was at last on the right track.

How long a time elapsed between the moment when I saw light turned up in the laboratory and the interruption, I found great difficulty in determining afterwards. But the interruption was uncanny.

Mme. Dubonnet, working in the kitchen, French fashion, with windows hermetically sealed, noticed nothing.

AS I paused to light a fresh cigarette, from somewhere outside—I thought from the Corniche road above—came a cry, very low, but penetrating. . . .

It possessed a quality of fear which chilled me like a sudden menace. It was a sort of mournful wail on three minor notes. But a shot at close quarters could not have been more electrical in its effect.

I dropped my cigarette and jumped up.

What was it?

It was unlike anything I had ever heard. But there was danger in it, creeping peril. I leaned upon the table, staring from the window, upward, in the direction from which the cry seemed to have come.

And as I did so, I saw something.

I have explained that a beam of light from the laboratory window cut across the shadow below. On the edge of this light something moved for a moment—for no more than a moment—but instantly drew my glance downward.

I looked. . . .

A pair of sunken, squinting eyes, set in a yellow face so evilly hideous that I was tempted then, and for some time later, to doubt the evidence of my senses, watched me!

Of the body belonging to this head I could see nothing; it was enveloped in shadow. I saw just that evil mask watching me; then—it was gone!

As I stood staring from the window, stupid with a kind of horrified amazement, I heard footsteps racing down the path from the road which led to the door of Villa Jasmin.

Turning, I ran out onto the veranda.

I reached it at the same moment as the new arrival—a tall, lean man, with iron-gray crisply virile hair, and keen, eager eyes. He had the sort of skin which tells of years spent in the tropics. He wore no hat, but a heavy topcoat was thrown across his shoulders, cloakwise. Above all, he radiated a kind of vital energy which was intensely stimulating.

"Quick," he said—his mode of address reminded me of a machine gun—"where is Dr. Petrie? My name is Nayland Smith."

"I'm glad you have come, Sir Denis," I replied; and indeed I spoke sincerely. "The doctor referred to you only today. My name is Alan Sterling."

"I know it is," he said, and shook hands briskly; then:

"Where is Petrie?" he repeated. "Is he with you?"

"He is in the laboratory, Sir Denis. I'll show you the way."

Sir Denis nodded, and we stepped off the veranda.

"Did you hear that awful cry?" I added.

He stopped. We had just begun to descend the slope.

"*You* heard it?" he rapped in his staccato fashion.

"I did. I have never heard anything like it in my life!"

"*I* have! Let's hurry."

There was something very strange in his manner, something which I ascribed to that wailing sound which had electrified me. Definitely, Sir Denis Nayland Smith was not a man susceptible to panic, but some fearful urgency drove him tonight.

I was about to speak of that malignant yellow face, when, as we came in sight of the lighted windows of the laboratory:

"How long has Petrie been in there?" Nayland Smith asked.

"All the afternoon. He's up to his eyes in work on these mysterious cases—about which, perhaps, you know?"

"I do," he replied. "Wait a moment. . . ."

He grasped my arm and pulled me up just at the edge of the patch of shadow. He stood still and I could tell that he was listening intently.

"Where's the door?" he asked suddenly.

"At the farther end."

"Right."

He set off at a run, and I followed past the lighted window. Petrie was not at the table nor at the bench. I was puzzled to account for this, and already vaguely fearful. A premonition gripped me, a premonition of something horrible. Then I had my hand on the door and had thrown it open. I entered, Sir Denis close behind me.

"Good God! Petrie! . . . Petrie, old man. . . ."

Nayland Smith had sprung in and was on his knees beside the doctor.

Petrie lay beside his working bench, one outstretched hand still convulsively gripping its edge!

I saw that the apparently rigid fingers grasped a hypodermic syringe. Near his upraised hand was a vessel containing a small quantity of some milky fluid; and the tube of white powder which he had shown to me lay splintered, broken by his fall, on the floor a foot away. One glance told me the truth.

A sort of cloud was creeping from his disordered hair, down over his brow.

"Heaven help him!" I whispered. "Look—look . . . the purple shadow!"

THE laboratory was very silent. Through the windows which still remained open I could hear the hum of the little engine in its shed at the bottom of the garden—the chirping of crickets, the clucking of hens.

There was a couch littered with books and chemical paraphernalia. Sir Denis and I cleared it and laid Petrie there.

I had telephoned Dr. Cartier from the villa.

That ghastly purple shadow was creeping farther down my poor friend's brow.

"Shut the door, Sterling," said Nayland Smith, sharply.

I did so.

"Stand by," he went on, and pointed.

Petrie, who wore a woolen pull-over with long sleeves when he was working late, had evidently made an attempt to peel it off before coma had claimed him.

"You see what he meant to do," Nayland Smith went on. "God knows what the consequences will be, but it's his only chance. He must have been fighting it off all day. The swelling in his armpit warned him that the crisis had come."

He examined the milky liquid in a small glass measure.

"Have you any idea what this is?"

I indicated the broken tube and scattered white powder on the floor.

"A preparation of his own—to which I have heard him refer as 654. He believed it was a remedy, but he was afraid to risk it on a patient."

"I wonder?" Sir Denis murmured—"I wonder—"

Stooping, I picked up a fragment of glass to which one of Petrie's neatly written labels still adhered.

"Look here, Sir Denis!"

He read aloud:

"654. 1 grm. in 10cc. distilled water: intravenous."

He stared at me hard, then:

"It's kill or cure," he rapped. "We have no choice. . . ."

"Shouldn't we wait for Dr. Cartier?"

"Wait!" His angry glare startled me. "With luck, he'll be here in three quarters of an hour. And life or death in this thing is a matter of *minutes!* No! Petrie must have his chance. I'm not an expert—but I can do my best. . . ."

I experienced some difficulty in assisting at what followed; but Nayland Smith made the injection as coolly as though he had been used to such work for half a lifetime. When it was done:

"If Petrie survives," he said quietly, "his own skill will have saved him—not ours. Lay that rug over him. It strikes one as chilly in here."

THE man's self-mastery was almost superhuman.

He crossed to close the windows—to hide his face from me. Even that iron control had its breaking point. And suddenly the dead silence which fell with the shutting of the windows was broken by the buzzing of an insect.

I couldn't see the thing, which evidently Sir Denis had disturbed, but it was flying about the place with feverish activity. Something else seemed to have arrested Sir Denis' attention: he was staring down at the table.

"H'm!" he muttered. "Very queer!"

Then the noise of the insect evidently reached his ears. He turned in a flash and his expression was remarkable.

"What's that, Sterling?" he snapped. "Do you hear it?"

"Clearly. There's a gadfly buzzing about."

"Gadfly—nothing! I have recently spent many hours in the laboratory of the School of Tropical Medicine. That's why I'm here! Listen: Did you ever hear a gadfly that made that noise?"

His manner was so strange that it chilled me. I stood still, listening. And presently in the sound made by that invisible, restless insect I detected a difference. It emitted a queer, *sawing* note. I stared across at Nayland Smith.

"You've been to Uganda," he said. "Did you never hear it?"

At which moment and before I had time to reply, I caught a glimpse of the fly which caused this peculiar sound. It was smaller than I had supposed. Narrowly missing the speaker's head, it swooped down onto the table behind him, and settled upon something which lay there—something which had already attracted Sir Denis' attention.

"Don't move," I whispered. "It's just behind you."

"Get it," he replied, in an equally low voice; "a book, a roll of paper—anything; *but don't miss it!*"

(To be continued next week)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

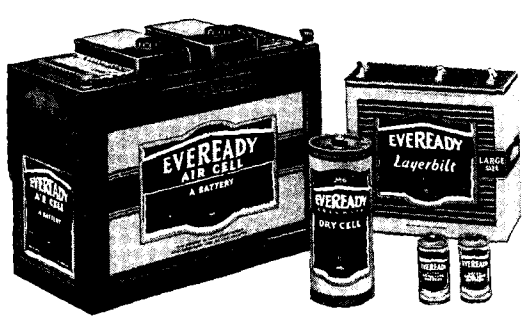
A GRAVE SITUATION

YOU may never stumble over a ghost—but you can't deny that darkness has its very real perils! You never know when you'll need a flashlight . . . *perhaps this very night.* Keep yours loaded—ready for instant use—with *long-life* Eveready Flashlight Batteries.

You're sure your flashlight will work when you need it—if it's loaded with Evereadys! Because the power-making ingredients in Eveready Batteries have more strength and last longer. Then, too, the all-armored construction and metal top prevent the power from leaking away when the batteries aren't in use! Fill up your flashlight with long-working Evereadys today. Only 10¢ each. All good stores carry a complete line of Eveready Flashlights and Batteries.

EVEREADY BATTERIES

FLASHLIGHT • RADIO • DRY CELL



EVEREADY BATTERIES are made by National Carbon Company, Inc., the world's largest manufacturers of dry batteries for every purpose. Millions of rural radios are powered by Eveready Layerbilt "B" Batteries and Air Cell "A" Batteries. Eveready Dry Cells serve hundreds of uses in the home and in industry. When you need a battery ask for EVEREADY, and be certain of the best that science can build or money can buy. National Carbon Co., Inc., General Offices: New York, N.Y.

Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

THIS PICTURE FOR FRAMING

A copy of the picture in this advertisement—reproduced in full colors—10″ by 14″—free of advertising matter, will be sent to you for 10 cents! *Mail the coupon or write us today.*

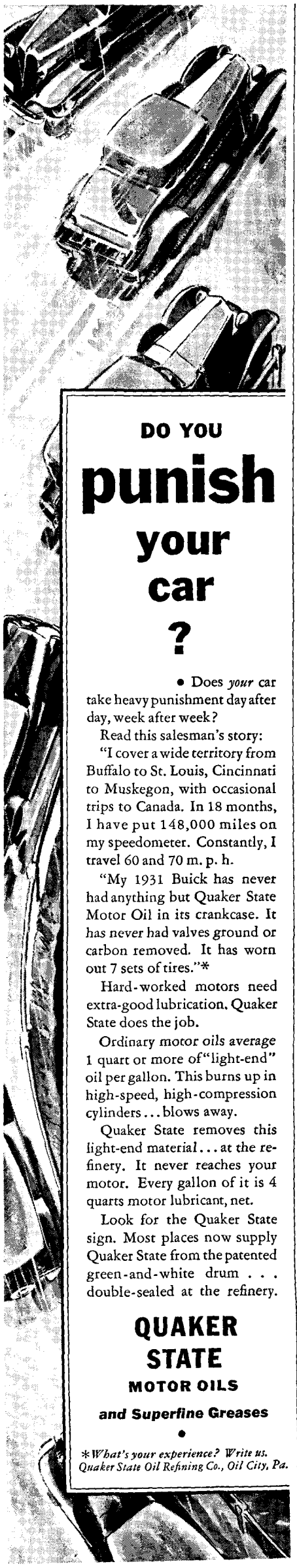
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc., Dep't C-53
30 East 42nd Street, New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me a full-color reproduction of the picture: "A Grave Situation." I enclose 10 cents (stamps or coin).

Name _____

Address _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DO YOU

punish your car ?

• Does *your* car take heavy punishment day after day, week after week?

Read this salesman's story:

"I cover a wide territory from Buffalo to St. Louis, Cincinnati to Muskegon, with occasional trips to Canada. In 18 months, I have put 148,000 miles on my speedometer. Constantly, I travel 60 and 70 m. p. h.

"My 1931 Buick has never had anything but Quaker State Motor Oil in its crankcase. It has never had valves ground or carbon removed. It has worn out 7 sets of tires."*

Hard-worked motors need extra-good lubrication. Quaker State does the job.

Ordinary motor oils average 1 quart or more of "light-end" oil per gallon. This burns up in high-speed, high-compression cylinders . . . blows away.

Quaker State removes this light-end material . . . at the refinery. It never reaches your motor. Every gallon of it is 4 quarts motor lubricant, net.

Look for the Quaker State sign. Most places now supply Quaker State from the patented green-and-white drum . . . double-sealed at the refinery.

QUAKER STATE
MOTOR OILS
and Superfine Greases

•

*What's your experience? Write us. Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

Cold Trails

Continued from page 23

"You mean—"

"The Argentine! If he's spoken of it once, he's spoken of it a dozen times. If he won't keep quiet and let us fight this thing here—at least we can split this place wide open, and start him on his way!"

Horse Dunn stood up slowly, like a man rising to the light. "Why, Marian—why, Marian—"

"We'll take you out of here! We've still got good men, and horses and guns. Coffee knows the old lost trails that none of these others know. Hold yourself ready—tonight, this very night! We're too much for them yet, you hear? We'll come into this town—"

"Tush, child! I don't care what comes out of this now. I couldn't let you get into stuff like that for me!"

"This isn't for you," she told him. "This is for me, you hear? We'll—"

THE door flared open and shut again as Old Man Coffee slid in. "The sheriff's started up the hill. What more you want to say—say quick!"

"Tonight," Marian said. "Now—you can't argue any more." She pulled down his head and kissed him, as Walt Amos hauled open the door.

Looking back once more, Billy Wheeler saw that there were tears in the old man's eyes. Yet—he thought he had never seen the face of any man so happy, so serene, so secure in what was ahead. For a moment, though, Billy was troubled. As the door closed between them, Wheeler thought that Dunn's eyes were looking at the girl like the eyes of a man seeing her for the last time.

Horse Dunn waited until he was certain that it was dark before he began to count the time. From within the concrete walls he could see no part of the sky, and it was hard to judge the time when you could not see even a single star. It was his intention to wait three hours more. He supposed that his people would choose to strike between midnight and dawn, but he dared not take any risk. Their first reconnaissance into the town must find him long on his way—whatever way that was to be. Just as there must no longer be any dark concealments in the background of Marian's life, so it was also impossible that he allow her the memory of her father's brother as a convicted murderer. Even before the steel door had closed, shutting away his last sight of the girl for whom he had labored so long, he had made up his mind what he must do.

When he judged that most of his allotted time was gone, he sat up on the edge of the cot and drew the ancient derringer out of his right boot. Then he pulled off his left boot. Laid close around his ankle, and secured there with a wrap of silk handkerchief, he was carrying four buckshot-loaded shells. Fired from the snub-nosed derringer the shot had poor penetration, as Old Man Coffee had observed; but at short range the shells delivered a sufficiently savage blast, as they had well proved. He now took them into his hand; and, when he had pulled his boot on again, he sat weighing them thoughtfully in his great fist, and thinking of things deep in the past.

Presently Horse Dunn grinned to himself and stood up; and one by one he tossed the shells through the iron bars into the dark. He heard them fall and lose themselves in the black alley around his barred cell. After all, he had never expected to see the Argentine.

The fourth shell he held a moment or two, wondering if it ought not to be—his own. If a man came to the last pinch, and saw for certain what was ahead, it was a pity to leave it to the coyotes to finish him up. But in the end he laughed, easy and indifferent, and tossed the fourth shell after the others into the dark.

The one remaining shell was in the gun. He stretched lazily, yawned deeply to the bottom of his great lungs; and fired his last shell against the iron door.

Up the hill from the sheriff's house came the sound of running feet; the sound stopped outside, and the big keys to the steel door clattered at their locks. This was followed by a brief pause and a low-voiced conference; Dunn recognized Link Bender's voice and a spasm of regret shook him for the lost shells; but he put it away. He heard Walt Amos say, "Well, get back a piece then—that's a better idee anyway. But I'm going to see what the hell here!" The key scraped at the third lock.

Horse Dunn stood up, thrusting the hand which held the derringer into the front of his shirt. With his free hand he gripped a bar of his cell high up, and let his knees sag down and his head fall on his chest as the door swung wide.

Walt Amos was in the open door, gun in one hand, lantern in the other. Dunn made his voice strangle in his throat as he gasped, "Amos—in God's name—"

The young sheriff sprang forward, holstering his weapon. "How in all hell—" He fumbled for a key from his belt, chattered it at the door of the inner cell. "Who got you? Man, can you speak?" Amos set the lantern down, swung the inner door; and the snub-nosed derringer that could cut men in two was in his stomach, and Dunn's great fist was clamped on the gun butt for which Amos snatched.

"Reach," Dunn said; and the sheriff's hands went up. Horse jerked the sheriff's gun, and tossed it clattering into the shadows. He turned the sheriff, gripped him by the back of the belt, and, nosing the empty derringer into his back, shoved him ahead of him into the door opening. "Now, you out there—how about letting drive at this door? Before I wake you up with a shot or two under his arm!"

Walt Amos sang out in a ghastly voice, "For God's sake, take care yourselves! He's got me cold!"

OUTSIDE, three figures moved abruptly in the clear light of the risen moon; Dunn saw and knew Halliday and Caldwell, but had not time to recognize the third, who raced to take cover around the corner of the jail. He sidled along the wall of the jail, weaving the sheriff's lurching and stumbling figure between himself and the general location of Sam Caldwell. Walt Amos called out, "Link, look out! He's coming round the jail!"

"You got guts, kid," Horse Dunn said. He got around the jail, backed over the crest of the hill to the adobe wall of his storehouse long since ruined. He got his back against the remains of this wall, and here rested, for he had been almost carrying the sheriff with one hand.

For a moment or two then the night was very still. His eyes were searching the shadows, trying to spot his enemies.

Suddenly Walt Amos twisted like a mountain lion, and his back was strong as the back of a young horse. Horse smashed out overhand with the gun butt in his fist, and Amos went down as if felled by the blow of a silvertip, and lay quiet.

Dunn half turned; and from the end of the adobe wall flame spurted to the roar of a forty-five.

Horse Dunn flattened himself against the adobe, and his knees bent; the old derringer almost slipped from his fingers, but he caught it and held it tight. Slowly he slid down until he was crouched upon one knee. He was waiting, gathering all his strength. He knew then that if some freak of luck gave him one more chance at his enemies, he would not be able to carry through the promise he had made himself in Marian's name. He had fought too hard through a long life to be able to go down without striking out at his enemies now. He waited, saving his strength.

A figure moved along the shadow of the adobe, coming closer, cautiously. That would be Link Bender. The old fighter could no longer judge distances very well. He waited as long as he dared, in his ebbing strength.

Suddenly Horse Dunn rose straight upward on his heels, hurled the empty derringer in Bender's face, and lurched forward. His big hands groped in thickening darkness for his enemy's gun arm.

A gun was talking, and a second gun, and a third, filling the night with battle uproar. Horse Dunn stood straight up, staggered backward two steps, found the support of the adobe wall; then folded at the knees and went down slowly, his fingers gripping at the adobe bricks.

THE 94's sand-weathered touring car stood lightless in a clump of creosote bush a hundred paces off the Inspiration road. Val Douglas and Steve Hurley were draped in the front seat, their legs hanging over the doors. Billy Wheeler lay full length on a running board, trying to doze; and though Marian was supposed to be asleep in the back seat, he knew that she was as broad awake as he.

Steve Hurley kept fretting, hungry for action.

"Most likely they've got Coffee and Tulare in the cooler! They should have been back an hour ago."

"More like two hours," Val Douglas thought.

"If we was to drift into that town," Steve said, "either we'd meet 'em on the road, or they're needing our help. I think we oughter—"

"We're plenty close now," Wheeler said. "You can see the lights of the town from here—or could before they all went out. If you think I'm going to take Marian into town—into a shooting scrape—forget it. Unless Tulare and Coffee get back with my car, so she can go on back to the ranch—I stay here. And so does the car stay here."

"Don't you bother about me," Marian spoke. "I'll get along all right."

It was after midnight. Their plans for the crack-out of Horse Dunn were indefinite, because their information was indefinite. First was necessary the seizure of Walt Amos, for it was known that he carried the keys to the Inspiration lock-up; but the trouble was that they did not know how many deputies were camped with Amos, in his house below the jail. If more than one or two were there, they thought that it would be a good idea to create a gunpowder diversion in some other quarter of the town, to draw away a part of the sheriff's force. Tulare had driven Old Man Coffee into Inspiration to make a reconnaissance, and what they feared now

(Continued on page 32)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Send the Company your address so that your Income Checks will reach you promptly"

THERE are people in this country who take lasting comfort in the fact that regularly each month, for the rest of their lives, they will receive income checks paid to them by their life insurance companies.

You can find them in their homes in all parts of the country enjoying their leisure. And you can see them on their travels—the people whose dreams of contentment and peace of mind have come true.

With assured incomes for the balance of their lives, their time is their own to use as they will.

If you would like to look forward to the day when you can cast off business cares, a Metropolitan Field-Man will show you a practical plan by which you may be able to accomplish your purpose.

Although your present income or salary may not be large, perhaps you will find that by rearranging your expenditures you can provide for a definite Retirement Income.

A fixed income for life is a very important part of a sound, well-rounded Program of Insurance. Send for a Field-Man—or use this coupon.

Metropolitan Life's contracts afford a means to

- —*create estates and incomes for families*
- —*pay off mortgages*
- —*educate children*
- —*provide income in the event of retirement*
- —*establish business credits*
- —*stabilize business organizations by indemnifying them against the loss of key-men*
- —*provide group protection for employees covering accident, sickness, old age and death*
- —*provide income on account of disability resulting from personal accident or sickness.*

Metropolitan policies on individual lives, in various departments, range from $1,000 up to $500,000 or more and from $1,000 down to $100 or less—premiums payable at convenient periods.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. (C)

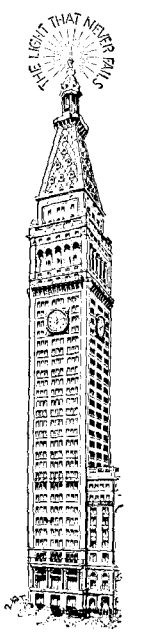
With no obligation on my part, I shall be glad to have details regarding a practical way to provide a Retirement Income.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

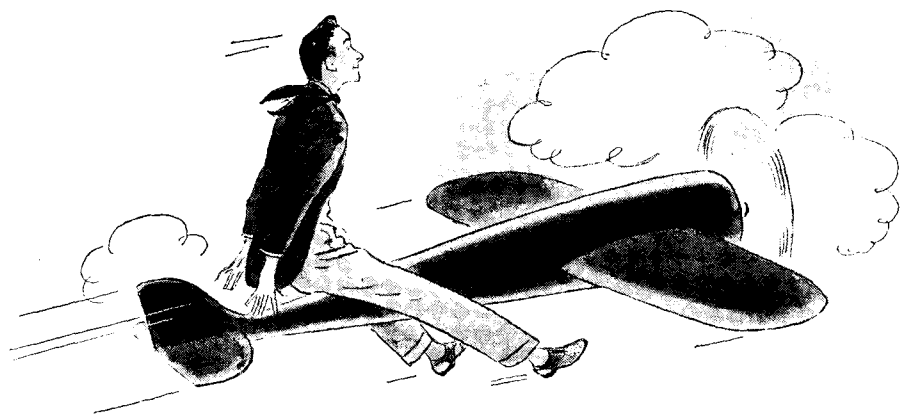


METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT . . . ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1933 M. L. I. CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Give your feet the air!

● Let your feet in on this fine weather. Turn them loose in these air-cooled, quick-comfort Walk-Overs. You'll be riding high in style. And the punched-through perforations will inhale air every step you take.

For street, for sport, for air-cooled motoring. And if you've ever worried about "Athlete's Foot"—here's what the doctor ordered. A free circulation of drying, cooling air is the one most important means of protecting your feet against this contagious skin infection, or for greatly aiding in its cure.

Get your RANCHOS at your Walk-Over dealer today. Two smart styles to choose from.

MADE BY GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

RANCHO

● Air-cooled by perforations. Soft toe of original checker weave. Flexible leather sole. Skeleton lining. In two tones of brown sport grain with spring rubber heel. Also black and white with leather heel. Each $6

WALK·OVER

SMART STYLES IN QUALITY SHOES

Cold Trails

Continued from page 30

was that the hot temper of Tulare had got both scouts in trouble.

"There ain't much left of the night," Steve complained.

"There's other nights."

"Leave one man here with Marian," Steve suggested, "and let's the rest of us go take that town apart! Or anyway, find out what's up."

They finally agreed upon this; but only after it was conceded to Billy Wheeler that they wait a quarter of an hour more.

That last quarter of an hour dragged out like a week; and still no headlights appeared upon the Inspiration road.

"It must be time by now," Steve Hurley insisted.

"Five minutes more."

A GLEAM of lights showed two miles off in the outskirts of the town; a car was coming out of Inspiration at last. So slowly it came that for a time they were convinced that this could not be the driving of Tulare. Even when Billy Wheeler's roadster pulled up opposite them on the road they stayed quiet for a moment, suspicious that the car was no longer driven by their own men. Then Old Man Coffee sang out: "Billy Wheeler?"

"Here!"

"Billy, let me talk to you a minute—alone."

Val Douglas and Steve Hurley had started piling out, but now they looked at each other and reluctantly settled back. Billy Wheeler trotted across to the other car.

Old Man Coffee dropped his voice to a muffled undertone: "It's all over, kid."

"What the—"

"Horse Dunn has run his own jail break, pretty near four hours ago. It took us a long time to get the full dope. We got it now. He got clear of the jail, all right, with that same derringer in the sheriff's back, and using the sheriff as a shield. But the deputies mowed him down."

"You sure? You sure this isn't one of Bender's tricks—"

"I saw him laid out," Coffee said.

For a moment Wheeler was silent. He was laboring under heavy shock; but already he was wondering what he was going to say to Horse Dunn's niece. "Did he get anybody?" he asked, half unconscious of what he said.

"He couldn't get a man. He made his break with an empty gun."

Tulare whispered, fiercely, "We'll get 'em for this—we'll get 'em if it takes—"

"Kind of late for that," Coffee said.

They were silent again, for a long time. And to Billy Wheeler the night turned suddenly empty, as if a great and living force had gone out of it with Old Man Coffee's words. "I suppose we may as well be getting back to the ranch," Wheeler said at last.

"Who's going to tell Marian?"

"I'm going to tell Marian. I'll take her back in my car."

Coffee and Tulare stepped down, and followed him reluctantly across to Horse Dunn's battered touring car, where the others waited.

For a moment Billy Wheeler stood silent, one foot on the running board.

"Well?" Val Douglas demanded.

"No action tonight," Wheeler heard himself tell them. "We'll be going back to the ranch. Marian—you'd better come with me."

"What the—" Steve began.

"Coffee will give you the dope on your way back. We got to get out of here now. Come on, Marian." They stared at him; but presently they obeyed.

Billy Wheeler let the others turn Horse Dunn's car in the road and start back toward the 94, before he started

"Dear me! Right on the schnozzle!" *Ralph Fuller*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his engine. Even after he had set his roadster rolling he drove slowly, half paralyzed with the dread of what he had to say. He knew that Marian was watching his face, waiting for him to speak.

Suddenly she grasped his arm in both her hands. "Billy—what is it?"

He let his car drift to a long-rolling stop beside the road and shut off the engine.

"Billy! What's the matter?"

Still he could not speak, but sat with his hands gripped on the wheel, and his eyes on the far-off, vanishing tail light of Horse Dunn's car, which Horse would never drive again. Once more he was seeking words, and finding no words at his command.

Then Marian cried out sharply, as if she had read his mind, "It can't be that— Tell me it isn't so!"

"Marian—I can't hardly believe it myself. But—"

"My uncle is—"

"Dead," he said.

MARIAN DUNN sat perfectly still, so still that he could not hear her breathe. Still he did not look at her, as that incredible silence settled upon them; a silence so complete that somewhere, many yards from where they sat, he presently could hear the faint, small gnawing that a kangaroo rat makes, working to get at the water in a cactus heart.

Over all that vast range the moonlight shone clear and clean as a light radiated by silver; you could even see the distant mountains, and there was a color of deep blue in the dark sky. This was the range that Horse Dunn had won. As far as the eye could reach, all that lean, dusty land was under the domination of the 94 brand.

Somewhere off in the night, scattered over the miles, were the bunches of cattle which Horse Dunn had branded in Marian's name—scattered and few to the mile, but grazing an area so vast that Horse himself had not known how many there were, within a thousand head. It seemed a strange thing, almost impossible to believe, that the shaggy old fighter who had gained these long miles of desert, built these far-flung herds, would never ride this range again, nor count the scattered beeves, nor see this moonlight, cool and serene and clear, flooding the vast dry land that he loved.

When the silence had grown until he could endure it no more, Billy Wheeler turned his eyes to Marian. She sat as still as a resting kit fox, and her face, turned straight ahead, was as white as the alkali flats under the moon. Only once he saw her eyes turn, sweeping the unlimited land that Horse Dunn had fought for in her name.

He tried to say something. "Marian—Marian—"

She turned into his arms, and hid her face in the hollow of his throat. For a few moments her breathing was irregular, but she did not weep. "We—can't let the 94 go under; not—not now."

"It isn't going under," he said. "I tell you, you and I can show this coyote ring such a fight as they've never seen!"

Marian said: "He gave me all his last years, while he was old. He had just one great, lasting dream—his dream of a cow kingdom. But somehow I think he would have spent his last years sitting somewhere contentedly in the sun; except that he wanted to do this thing, for me."

"I know."

"Billy, do we have a chance to whip the coyote ring?"

He drew a deep new breath. "We can fight 'em to a standstill, fight 'em till they quit! I can clear the 94 of its debts at a stroke. The next step may be a little different than what he would have done—"

"He'd have wanted you to fight the best way you knew—your own way."

"Then—we can win. Next step is to cut down the uncontrolled herds, and build better herds in their place; make a forty-mile fenced pasture of that north land you own—"

"We own," she corrected him.

"—and use the fenced forty miles as a barrier, to hold the young heifers clear; get in the best bulls we can buy, by the hundred, at any cost; dig tick dips, and set up chutes; vaccinate all calves against blackleg, and the day they're branded, dehorn all young stock; make alliances with the feed pen outfits in west Kansas; break through a trail drive to Pahranagat, and ship our own stock, taking the breaks of the market—"

"But the coyote ring?"

"Hire their best men—we'll need a big outfit for the new ways; buy out what little they still own in the Red Rock country—and the coyote ring is done."

"It's a gamble, Billy. If you go into this—it may break you before you're through."

"We'll go broke together, then! If we can't gamble together—but we will."

"This is what he would have wanted, Billy; I know it is, I know!"

They sat quietly there for a long time, holding each other close. "Billy," Marian whispered, "I have to know one thing more."

"Yes?"

"How—did he die?"

"He died fighting, Marian; you see—well—"

"You mean he didn't wait for us?"

"That was it. He tried to make it on his own. He still had the derringer. Then it seems—this is an extraordinary thing—he almost made it look as if he had a chance! He held up the sheriff with the derringer in his back, and got out of the jail and broke clear; and died in gun smoke, weighted down with lead."

"Did he—did he get any of the—"

"That was the strangest thing of all. He had shells for the derringer; but he left them in the jail. He went through it all with an empty gun—yet almost made it clear."

"He did that for me," Marian said in a choked voice. "He knew I hated guns and blood; if it hadn't been for me—"

"It was his own idea; his own way. What he wanted was pretty plain. He knew we would have been drawn in, and mixed up in it forever, if he'd waited for us to get him clear. So he took the only way out he knew."

"I'm sorry for one thing more than anything else. If only I could have known—could have changed it—"

"Would you have wanted it any different?" he said gently.

"Only this: I'm sorry that his gun was empty because of me."

AFTER a little while she added: "And one other thing: Before he took his long trail, I wish he had known that you and I have found each other."

"I think he knew. And that was what he wanted too, I think."

"I'm sure he did."

"When the coyote ring is whipped we'll have built him such a monument as few have had; a monument built of land and cows, and good horses, and men in the saddle."

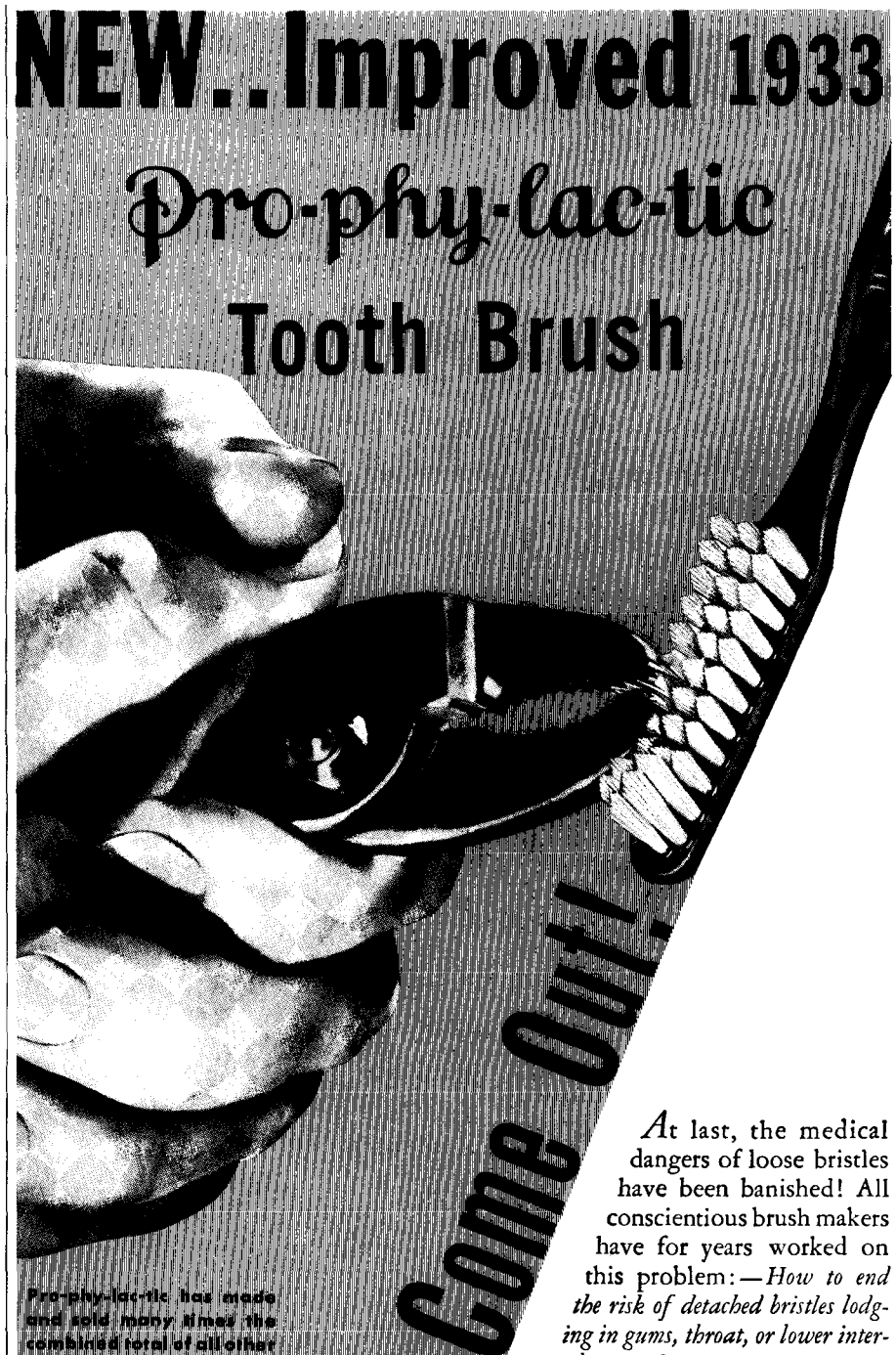
"The cow kingdom he dreamed, and planned. . . ."

They sat silent, close together, their eyes lost in the distances of the range of the 94; and the coyote moon swung low over the Tuscaroras, promising sunrise, the cool soft colors of dawn on the Red Rock, and coffee and bacon cooked by Tia Cara.

THE END

NEW..Improved 1933

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush



NOW! Bristles Can't Come Out!

Pro-phy-lac-tic has made and sold many times the combined total of all other trade-marked tooth brushes.

At last, the medical dangers of loose bristles have been banished! All conscientious brush makers have for years worked on this problem:—*How to end the risk of detached bristles lodging in gums, throat, or lower internal organs?*

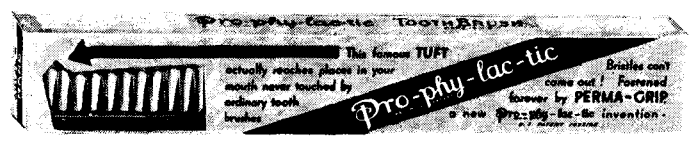
Now, Pro-phy-lac-tic solves it with a new invention of outstanding importance—**PERMA-GRIP.** It anchors bristles into handles by a greatly improved and totally different method. No other way accomplishes its results. Hence it is patented under United States Patents (U. S. Pat. No. 1472165).

Whiter Teeth—Healthier Gums

Buy and try the new Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. But be sure you get the improved 1933 model, in the box below. Feel it reach places in the mouth never touched by ordinary brushes. Note how the famous Tuft whisks around the molars (back teeth).

And remember that **PERMA-GRIP** protects you against the medical dangers of loose bristles, improves cleaning efficiency, and makes the brush last longer.

There are three distinct sizes of the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. All are genuine American manufacture throughout. *Adult,* for father and mother; 50¢. *Youth's,* for school children, though used by many grown-ups with small mouths; 35¢. *Child's,* for tiny teeth; 25¢. All are sterilized, sealed in Cellophane, and must satisfy completely or *your money back.* PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*


Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
The famous TUFT
actually reaches places in your mouth never touched by ordinary tooth brushes
Pro-phy-lac-tic
Bristles can't come out! Fastened forever by PERMA-GRIP
a new Pro-phy-lac-tic invention

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

High speed, Low speed, Any speed

double-range

The Mobiloil Chart of

Make and Model	1933	1932	1931	1930	1929
BUICK	AF	BB	BB	BB	BB
CADILLAC	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
CHEVROLET	A	A	AF	AF	AF
CHRYSLER (Imperial 6, 70, 77)	—	—	—	BB	BB
CHRYSLER (8-cyl.)	AF	AF	BB	—	—
CHRYSLER (all others)	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
DE SOTO	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
DODGE	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
ESSEX	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
FORD	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
FRANKLIN	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
HUDSON	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
HUPMOBILE	AF	BB	BB	BB	BB
LA SALLE	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB

For cars not listed see complete

Car makers tell you: "Good Oil is cheaper than Repair Bills!"

FORD: "Only high grade engine oil should be used... Inferior oils have a tendency to carbonize quickly, also 'gum up' on piston rings, valve stems and bearings."

STUDEBAKER: "Use nothing but highest quality oil... The use of a poor quality or improper grade of oil will materially shorten the life of the engine in your car."

CHEVROLET: "Good oil is cheaper than repair bills. None but the best grades should be used."

PLYMOUTH: "Lubricating with best materials and utmost care will be repaid many times by long wear and good service."

PACKARD: "Do not use cheap or little known lubricants. High grade lubricants are the most economical in the long run."

CHRYSLER: "Care should be taken when selecting engine oil to make certain it is of highest quality."

* * *

Tune in on the Socony-Vacuum radio programs—every Friday night at 8:30 E. S. T., Columbia Broadcasting System.

SOMETIMES you drive slow—sometimes you drive fast! And when you do drive fast and find yourself on the straightaway within reach of an easy 60 or 70, you don't want to be caught with an oil that won't protect your engine!

Yet you will find on today's market many "depression oils"—made to sell at a price. These oils are not built for punishment. Today's high speeds break them down. Your engine meets deadly wear. You lose in shortened car life.

With Mobiloil, however, you can drive at any speed with

MOBILOIL MAKES OLD CARS LAST LONGER . . . . KEEPS NEW CARS YOUNG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you're always safe with one oil—

Mobiloil

DODGE

Recommendations, 1929-33

Make and Model	1933	1932	1931	1930	1929
LINCOLN	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
NASH (10-90, 11-90) . .	BB	BB	—	—	—
NASH (Special, Adv. 460, Twin Ign. 6 and 8—490, 8-90, 9-90)	—	BB	BB	BB	BB
NASH (10-80, 11-80) . .	AF	AF	—	—	—
NASH (all others) . . .	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
OLDSMOBILE	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PACKARD	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PIERCE-ARROW . .	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PLYMOUTH	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PONTIAC	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
REO	A	AF	AF	AF	AF
STUDEBAKER . . .	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
WHIPPET	—	—	—	A	A
WILLYS-KNIGHT . .	—	A	A	A	A

Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's

certainty of protection. Mobiloil is a *double-range* oil. Its extra stamina at extremes of speed has made it the world's largest-selling oil.

The double-range principle gives you full rich lubrication at all speeds. At slow speeds double-range Mobiloil will not gum up pistons, valves and rings. You get no hard carbon. At high speeds—unlike ordinary oils—double-range Mobiloil does not thin out dangerously. Your engine gets full protection. *Your car lasts longer.* Meanwhile you use less oil and spend less for repairs.

Decide to make sure of these savings in *your* car now. See your Mobiloil dealer today!

SOCONY-VACUUM

CORPORATION

MERGER OF STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK AND VACUUM OIL COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mouth-Wash costs cut in *HALF!*

Vicks new Antiseptic does everything that *any* gargle or mouth-wash can and should do—at *half* the cost of other quality antiseptics.

• • •

The Proof is actual use in your own home. To furnish this proof, 5 million trial bottles were supplied to druggists *at less than cost*—a 25¢ value for only 10¢.

The demand has been enormous. However, if your druggist is already out, you can still test Vicks Antiseptic without risking a cent. Just get the big regular-size ten-ounce bottle...a 75¢ value for only 35¢. Use it one week. If you are not delighted with its quality...and amazing economy...return the unused portion to your druggist and get your money back.

for BAD BREATH
(*Halitosis*)
MOUTH-WASH
Oral Hygiene, After Smoking
GARGLE
Sore Throat, etc.
ANTISEPTIC LOTION
After Shaving, Loose Dandruff, Minor Cuts, etc.

VICKS VORATONE ANTISEPTIC

New . . . by makers of VAPORUB

Slander

Continued from page 16

continue to be gossip about your wife."

Slowly he lighted a cigarette.

"I must be pretty much of a rotter," he said.

She shook her head vehemently.

"Nothing of the sort. But you know, Bert, how you've always been. You've thought the Cranstons were people set apart, sacrosanct. As a boy you worried if I played with the wrong children."

"A snob, eh?"

"That's about it, Bert."

"I've changed," he said. "I know what I used to be like. If a man didn't belong to the Course or the Mallet he didn't really exist. But I've got all over that. I don't think of myself as a Cranston any longer; I think of myself as a man with a job, a great many jobs, to do. And I know that there are men doing the same kind of jobs who are much better than I am and they've never been in a New York club."

"You're swell, Bert," said Letty. "It hurts me to hear you talk about yourself. Nobody could be grander. But, Bert, there are things beyond snobbery. There are standards. You demand so much. How will it be if there's ugly rumor, nasty insinuation about your wife?"

"Inasmuch as the rumor and insinuation are false, they're not going to bother me," he replied.

"If you're sure of that," she began.

He interrupted her:

"I was never so sure of anything in my life."

She leaped to her feet and threw her arms about him.

"Take me right downstairs. I can't wait another minute to meet my new sister-in-law," she cried.

He looked at her affectionately, a whimsical smile on his lips.

"I must have been pretty much of an insufferable prig most of my life, Letty," he said, "that you should think I'd let a lying rumor come between me and the girl I love—"

"But I was wrong in thinking that," cried Letty. "And let's not talk about it. You're swell, just as I've always known you were. Take me downstairs to meet Martha."

Arms about each other's waists, they descended the stairs and knocked on Trudie's door. In response to her invitation they entered her room. She stared at them almost as though they were strangers.

"Send for Martha," said Letty. "I can't wait another minute to meet her."

TRUDIE made no reply. She merely handed Cranston a folded piece of paper. He read it, white-faced, and handed it to his sister.

"Dearest Trudie," it read. "I'm leaving. If Gerrish is suing me, I won't drag Bert through such a thing. And I haven't the heart to tell him. You tell him, darling. Tell him that I wouldn't marry any man with a filthy scandal like this hanging over me. Love. MARTHA."

Letty looked up from the hastily written scrawl.

"I haven't met your Martha," she said slowly, "but it seems to me, Bert, that something ought to be done about Gerrish."

"Plenty will be done about him," said Cranston grimly. He turned to Trudie. "What time did she leave?"

"Hours ago, I imagine," Trudie replied. "I thought she was sleeping. But I just sent my maid up to wake her, to tell her that Letty was here, and she found this note on the dresser, addressed to me."

"But someone must have heard her leave," protested Cranston. "She didn't have a car and she had to telephone for a taxi."

"What difference does it make when she left, and how much noise she made?" asked his sister impatiently.

But Trudie caught the import of his words.

"Don't be ridiculous, Herbie," she admonished. "You're afraid that Martha did something reckless—in despair—in unhappiness? She's not that kind. I never knew anyone more level-headed. She's gone home. She just feels she can't face anyone."

"She'll face me," said Cranston. He looked at Letty. "I'm going in after her," he said. "I'll bring her back here. You'll talk to her, won't you, Letty? You—you'll tell her that—she mustn't be absurd, that nothing a swine like Gerrish says or does can make the slightest difference?"

His sister felt years older. He was, in his sudden panic, like a little boy appealing to an adult in circumstances beyond his ability to meet. And she smiled at him.

"I think, Bert," she told him, "that you'll be able to persuade her. If you feel, when you see her," she added, "as you feel now."

"I'll always feel this way," he said. And without further word he left the room.

THE doubt that had been in his mind persisted. Trudie's assurance was not convincing. Martha was proud, and one could never tell to what depths of desperation pride could drive a girl. But the butler, his bland face showing no surprise at the question, told him that Miss Blaisdell had taken a taxi to the Green Point station several hours ago. Certainly, then, she had not walked out into the Sound. . . .

Thirty minutes of driving made him cooler. Martha wasn't a coward; she wouldn't run away from a difficulty. A thing like Gerrish couldn't make her contemplate rashness. She'd merely been chivalrous, given Cranston a way out of an embarrassing situation if he wanted one.

He avoided, by great good fortune, arrest for speeding, and arrived before her apartment house in less than an hour. To the hallboy who wished to announce him he said that he was expected, and stepped into the elevator. If Martha had mistaken pride enough to run away from Trudie Lemming's house, she might well have enough of the same quality to refuse to see him if he were announced. But if he just rang the bell of her apartment . . .

HE PRESSED the bell and waited. A full minute passed and he pressed it again. The fear that had prompted his remarks to Trudie came back to him. He banished them. Unless the hallboy had known that Martha was in, he would have told the visitor that his ride upstairs would be in vain. And as he pressed the bell for the third time the door slowly opened.

Martha stood there, but not the Martha whom he had kissed yesterday. Her creamy skin was ashen now; her violet eyes were black, their color definitely changed by some emotion; even her black hair, that always seemed to have a vivid, alive quality, was dull, hung stringily over her forehead.

"Oh—it's you," she said haltingly.

"Who else, Martha dear?" he asked.

She stepped aside, then closed the door quickly as he entered the room. He seized her hands.

"Martha, you little silly—" he began.

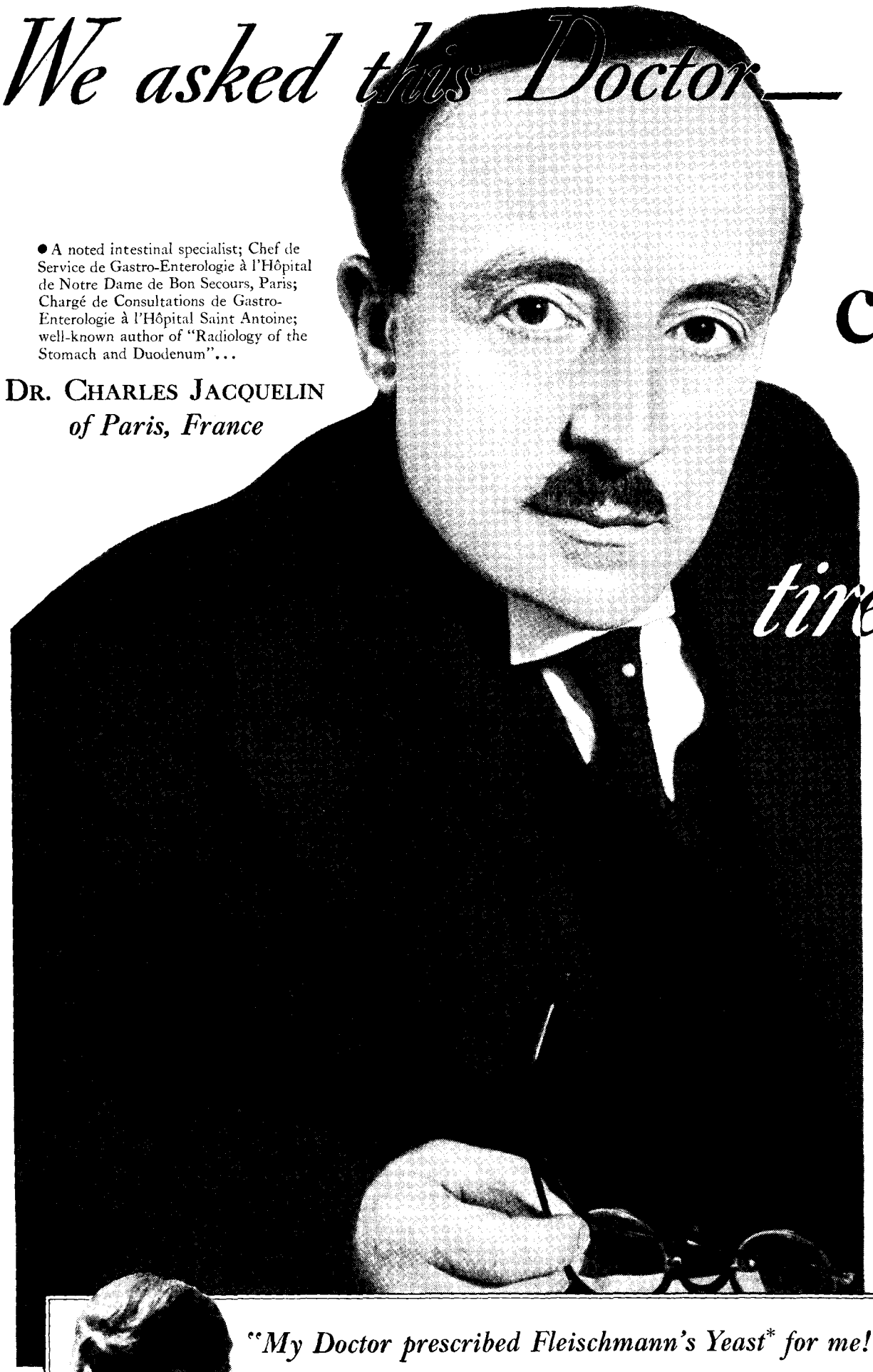
But she cut him short with a gesture. He followed the direction of her pointing—and trembling—hand. Through the open door of her bedroom he could see her bed. And upon it, pajama-clad, lay the figure of a man. He recognized the features—distorted though they were—of Gerrish. Also he recognized, without word from her, that Gerrish was dead.

(To be continued next week)

"No, sir, I didn't do it. I'm just checking up on the figures!"
J. Easley

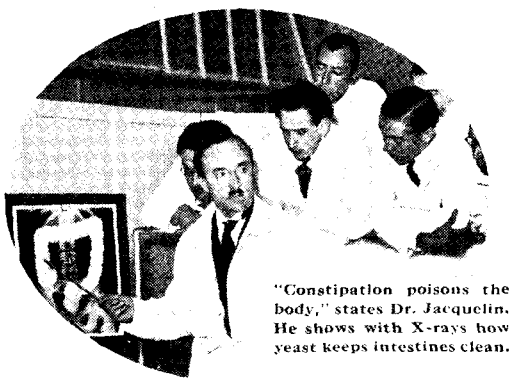
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We asked this Doctor— "What causes that constant tired feeling?"



● A noted intestinal specialist; Chef de Service de Gastro-Enterologie à l'Hôpital de Notre Dame de Bon Secours, Paris; Chargé de Consultations de Gastro-Enterologie à l'Hôpital Saint Antoine; well-known author of "Radiology of the Stomach and Duodenum"...

DR. CHARLES JACQUELIN
of Paris, France



"Constipation poisons the body," states Dr. Jacquelin. He shows with X-rays how yeast keeps intestines clean.

"IF wastes are held too long in the system, toxins form—filter into the blood. These poisons cause coated tongue, bad breath, poor appetite. *From morning to night you feel tired.*"

That is the prominent French gastro-enterologist, Dr. Jacquelin, speaking . . . explaining the effect of constipation on health!

"I have found," states Dr. Jacquelin, "that an ideal remedy in such cases is . . .

". . . fresh yeast. Yeast softens the intestinal residues, stimulates exhausted bowel muscles. Movements become regular. The intestines are freed of poisons. *Energy returns.*"

If you're weak or run down—try this: Every day, for at least 60 days, eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast.

Eat it plain, or in a third of a glass of water—before meals or between meals and when you go to bed. If you've been taking cathartics gradually cut them out.

Soon, if you eat the yeast regularly, you should notice improvement in your elimination. You should have a better appetite . . . better digestion. And if you keep it up you should begin to feel and *look* better and more vigorous in every way!

Won't you try it? You can get Fleischmann's Yeast—rich in vitamins B, G and D—at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Add it to your diet today!

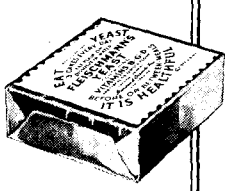
Copyright, 1933, Standard Brands Incorporated

"My Doctor prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast for me!"*

"I was trying to get over a nervous breakdown," *writes* Miss Dorothy Ann Pennington *of Washington, D. C.* (at right in photograph), "but wasn't making any headway.

"My doctor prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast . . . After a few weeks my health started to pick up. My appetite returned and the headaches disappeared. My food really did me good instead of turning to poison in my system. What the great doctors say about yeast is right."

***IMPORTANT.** Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind world-famous doctors recommend. For free booklet on Yeast for Health address Dept. YN10, Standard Brands Incorporated, 691 Washington St., New York.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DU PONT have done two things that make it easier to keep your car looking bright and new.

First, they have reduced the price of their polish, wax, top dressing and other No. 7 Products.

Second, they have developed a new, easy way to car beauty.

Just use a little No. 7 Duco Polish to remove dull Traffic Film and restore the original lustre. Then apply the new, easy-working No. 7 Duco-Wax. It forms a hard, transparent film which protects the finish against weathering and preserves the lustre for months.

No. 7 Duco-Wax costs very little. A few cents' worth will polish a whole automobile.

Polish your car with No. 7 Duco Polish—then preserve the lustre with No. 7 Duco-Wax. Insist on the genuine, made by du Pont.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SEND COUPON FOR SAMPLE

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
Dept. C-1, Wilmington, Delaware.
Send me a sample can of No. 7 Duco Polish. I enclose 10c to help pay for packing and postage. (This offer good only in the U. S. and Canada.)

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... *State* .....

In Canada, Canadian Industries, Ltd., Toronto 9, Canada

A Good Cook

Continued from page 25

And the snow, driving down the wind, was like the persistent burnings of all the imps of hell.

The cook, waiting for the mate's order to "slack off," wiped off, as well as he could, the blinding flakes. He gasped as the water, coming like Niagara over the weather rail, and washing down to leeward, where he stood, did its best to drown him. But he held on to the fore-sheet with a turn round the bitts, with the heroism of that old Roman who held the bridge.

Not that the cook had ever heard of Horatius.

The weather side would be hauled up first.

Down the wind came, like the trumpeting of a very distant elephant:

"Slack off the sheet, cook. . . . Not too much."

IT WAS the first mate shouting. The cook, now half frozen and nearly drowned, obeyed. He knew his job, for he had been forty years at sea. As he slacked away the sheet he wondered why he had never bought oilskins and sea boots. What if no other cooks ever owned such things? Strange is the habit of custom. . . . Cooks were cooks. . . . He wondered why cooks never owned oilskins. Of course, they were seldom called out, but when they were —well, they needed protection. He pondered, while the fore-sheet like some frantic dragon tugged at him. Then he solved his problem:

"Of course, cooks can always light the galley fire and dry out."

"More slack, cook," came down the wind from the mate.

"More slack, sir," shouted the cook.

And the voices of all hands on the clewlines and buntlines came like, perhaps, a chorus of Druids when Stonehenge was young. For such was the wild mixing of the wind and the "singing out" of the sailors. And the foresail, bellied with wind, raved like a living thing, and threatened to tear the foreyard from its parrel. . . .

But that foresail had to be tamed.

The cook was all alone. All hands except himself were to windward, and in that gale seemed miles away. His fingers were so cold they could hardly grip the rope. And that bloody sheet was dragging and tearing at his aching hands. He gasped as another green sea drenched him. Then he sobbed a little, and then got hold of himself. He was a small man, and near fifty. Up to his neck in ice water, and a fore-sheet fighting him.

The whirling snow of a blizzard does strange things to a man's mind. He carries on like one in a dream. He may lose all sense of direction. But the freezing cook could not do that. The tugging fore-sheet continually reminded him where he was. Yet he was bemazed, and through his tired brain it seemed that the snow was buzzing—like a song which one cannot get out of one's head—that terrible sentence of Spencer's: "Evolution . . ." Almost anesthetized by cold, he became aware of a shape that was struggling towards him—along the lee rail, like himself up to its neck in water, but well protected by oilskins and lashings. That shape clung for a moment to the fife rail, then took its chance with the weather roll and got past the foremast, shouting:

"The captain says, sir, hang on to the foresail. Wind is hauling fair. Won't have to wear."

In some dim way the cook realized that all his pain had gone for nothing. The fore-sheet would be hauled aft again. Captain Prideau had taken the wheel himself while sending the man who was there forward with the order to hang on to the foresail.

While this was true there was more coming. Anything may happen at sea. That foresail, half clewed up, had to be set again.

The wind was coming sheer from the north. A full gale with snow, but a fair wind for the Kenyon, heading south for the Gulf Stream.

And that fighting foresail had to be set.

About a foresail there is something different. Different from a mainsail or a crossjack. . . . A sort of feminine vagary. A foresail has this trait. All old sailors know it, even if they cannot put a word to it, cannot explain it. And it has been that way since the beginning—since the first yards were rigged.

"The wind is dead aft, sir," gasped the messenger. "Captain says get both fore-sheets down, and square the main yard."

"All right," shouted the mate. "Get back to the wheel."

As he spoke one of those tremendous seas, which are happily not too common, came over the weather rail. It filled the Kenyon fore and aft, it dashed men against whatever was nearest. They had no chance, except luck. The old barque shivered. An ordinary sea she was used to, but in all her years she had never taken anything like this. Men with broken limbs screamed thinly against the roar of the water and the howl of the wind. And the cook, still at the fore-sheet, wondered if the bitterness of death was not past.

It wasn't!

In those old ships, which no longer sail the seas, hell, real hell, came before death. Whatever came after must have seemed delicious!

There were no anesthetics. No hypodermics, no relief from pain. There was a medicine chest—appointed by Act of Parliament—which had a medical book and several varieties of cathartics. But after that—men died. One thing they did have—as did Sir Francis Drake—was "medical comforts" . . . Brandy, whisky. And such things, in spite of people who have never lived, helped a dying man, eased his pain.

IF THIS seems strange, go back some years and lie on a hatch, with no sort of anodyne, and have a ship's carpenter clumsily try to set your broken leg.

And there was half the crew of the Kenyon needing a skilled doctor—when there wasn't one within a matter of five hundred miles, and radio was not even a dream in Marconi's brain.

But first came the ship. She had to be got squared away. . . . The broken men were carried into the forecastle.

"Down that weather fore-sheet. Square the main yard."

The mate was giving orders, while the men, tenderly laid in their bunks, took what was coming to them.

The cook had not been hurt, beyond being merely frozen. Now he carried on, as cooks are not usually supposed to do. He became a first-class able seaman. . . . Until the mate, after the main yard was squared, said, "Cook, see what you can do for those poor fellows in the forecastle."

"Yes, sir."

The cook went aft. He met the captain, who was coming forward to do what he could.

"The mate sent me, sir—to help out."

"Cook," said the old man, "both you

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and me have seen a lot of pain aboard ship. Last time ashore I bought a bottle of opium pills. Come on, let's get for'ard and give those poor chaps what relief we can."

And the Kenyon boomed down the wind, doing ten knots, bound for fine weather.

There was a colza oil lamp in the forecastle, damp bedding, seasweat on the iron walls. . . . And men groaning.

"Get the carpenter," said the Old Man as he gave opium pills to every sufferer. "This is no nice job."

"But there ain't no blood, sir," said the shivering cook, who had been bathed in ice water for hours.

"Thank God for that," said the Old Man. "But there's lots of broken bones."

"The brandy's helping them, sir," said the cook as he went to get the carpenter.

"I am no doctor," said Captain Prideau. "We'll do our best."

THE cook stepped across the forecastle combing. The captain shouted:

"Cook, you're wet through. Better shift into something dry."

The cook, his bald head bare because he had lost his cap, shivered gamely.

"I'm all right, sir, thank ye," he responded.

"Come back here," growled Prideau, "and take a swig of this brandy."

The cook obeyed.

"Thank ye, sir. As my old father used to say, 'All's fish that comes into my net.'"

"I hope those pills work," muttered Prideau. "It will make it easier for all of us if they do."

"They'll help the pain, sir," said the gallant cook as he went to get the carpenter and the needed splints.

Outside, he again plunged into the gale. But the Kenyon, with the mate in charge since the captain had attacked the harrowing job of surgeon, was running before it, heading south, and while it still snowed the future lay before the old barque—warm south, kindly skies and sunlight.

The cook got the carpenter, who, having had the word, had been making splints, and they went forward again into the forecastle, where the captain waited anxiously.

"The pills are helping," he said as they entered. "Take Bill Smith here—you ain't suffering now, are you?"

"No, sir, it's wonderful. And me leg busted, too."

"All right, William, swallow another pill and a swig out of this bottle and me and chips and the cook will set that busted spar of yours!"

So they went to work. There were several spars to mend. The pills helped. The men of course were game. It was harder on the operators. The night had gone its way when the painful job was done. It was after four o'clock. The worn cook went to his galley and lit the fire. Coffee had to be served. The Kenyon boomed down the wind. . . .

The captain went aft. He was tired but the major strain was over. In a matter of hours his ship would be in fine weather.

"Give all hands a tot of grog," he told the steward.

He walked up on the poop. He looked aft. His fine training, his years of experience told him that the gale would not die without one last, brutal squall. In the dim he could see the sky yeasting like grease. He looked forward. Under lower topsails and a reefed foresail could she take it? She would have to.

"Another hand to the wheel," he shouted. "Keep her dead before it."

Then there came out of the north that *something*. It is not mere wind. It is probably plain hell.

But the Kenyon, beautifully steered, took it.

"How about coffee, steward?" asked the captain.

In his fifty years at sea he had seen many such squalls.

The gale had spent itself in one final, outrageous burst.

"The cook is fixing it, sir," said the steward.

The steward went forward to the galley. The stove was red hot. The coffee was boiling. In a corner sat the cook.

He was wrestling with Herbert Spencer!

"It looks as if they took Mister Smyth off the road and gave him his office job back again"

Harry Haenigsen

Is He Foolish or is he Not?

Spends hours on his Car... has no time for his TEETH and GUMS

This man's car means a lot to him—and he takes splendid care of it! If he really thought about his teeth and gums, he'd realize that he's making a big mistake not to take care of *them!*

His gums are sluggish and tender. They bleed readily. Often he finds "pink" on his tooth brush. That is because modern foods are too soft to keep his gums firm and healthy. He should be using Ipana with massage.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a Warning

Nobody wants dull, grayish teeth. Nobody wants to have gingivitis or Vincent's disease or any other gum trouble. Certainly nobody wants sound teeth endangered!

Check "pink tooth brush" in this way: clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then—each time—rub a little extra Ipana into your touchy, unhealthy gums. The ziratol in Ipana tones the gums—helps to keep them firm.

You'll see an almost immediate improvement in the brightness of your teeth. It won't be long before your gums are much firmer. Continue with Ipana and massage, and you can forget about "pink tooth brush."

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with

IPANA
and Massage

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. L-53
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

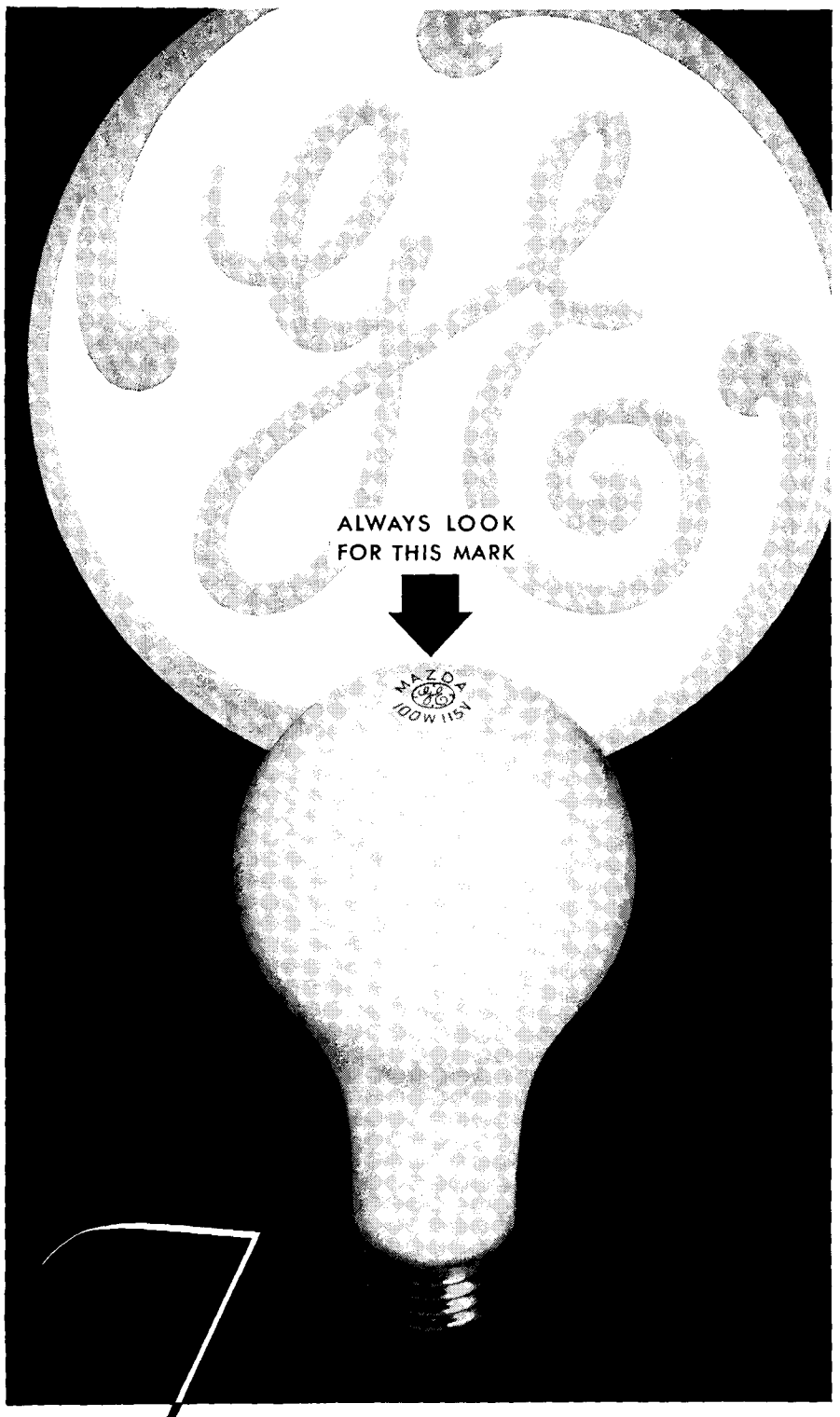
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For LIGHT AT LOW COST

Just as a poor carburetor cuts down the gasoline mileage of your automobile, so a poor lamp cuts down the amount of light you get . . . *for the current consumed.*

The best assurance you have of good light at low cost is the trade-mark of a reliable manufacturer. The famous GE monogram is such a mark. Look for it every time! General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

Settled out of Court

Continued from page 20

"I believe the evidence." Then—"Look out!"

The coupé swerved sharply. Bettina's aim at the red spot of tail light had been excellent. She grazed it and they sideswiped the parked car with a crash of crumpling fenders and a most satisfying din as the old wreck rolled banging and clattering into the ditch.

The shock had thrown Bettina hard against the wheel. Thayer, on the floor, saw the gear-shift lever wrenched into reverse and felt the car backing into the road. "Stop it, Bettina! You can't run away from a thing like this. I tell you, it's criminal!"

ALMOST immediately the siren of Traffic Officer Shanley's motorcycle started howling in the night. Bettina's slippered foot left the accelerator long enough to kick Thayer's fingers from the emergency brake.

He gripped the brake at last but it wasn't needed. Bettina had already brought the car to a sudden halt at the edge of the road. She had the door on her side open. She had the ignition key tight in her fingers. She had the "bottle of medicine" high in her free hand. It crashed, with the familiar splintering of glass, down on the floor of the car, and the fumes of Scotch whiskey pervaded the atmosphere. "Driving while intoxicated!" cried Bettina from the running-board. "Leaving the scene of an accident, Thayer Holden! Just tell the judge a girl was driving. He'll believe you. Judges always do."

She ran for it, like a deer, as the light of Shanley's motorcycle came into distant view. Thayer could hear the tack-tack-tack of her high heels on the hard roadway as she disappeared out of the headlight's beam.

In less than half a minute, perhaps, Shanley came blustering alongside. But Thayer had passed already through stages of shock, rage, wonder, a grudged admiration, and had ended finally with a depression of spirit deeper than actual pain. "So it happened," he murmured, "—like that."

His mind repeated stubbornly, "It might have happened like that if . . . Bettina were somebody else." Then—

"Phew! An' drivin' while intoxicated, is it? It's a grand stretch ye'll do fer . . ." Shanley's roaring faded almost to silence as he recognized Thayer. "Well, if it ain't His Honor, Judge Holden!"

Thayer had a convenient thought: "It is, Shanley. I'm doing a little police work myself, reënacting the crime, you know. Is this where Rennert was arrested?"

"It's the identical spot, Yer Honor. I finds 'im fakin' he's asleep on the wheel an' I jabs 'im an' he says: 'Go 'way' an' I says: 'You'll do the goin' away, Rennert, fer about three years' an' I jabs 'im a few more an' he ups an' takes a swing at me jaw an' starts flingin' bottles an' shoes an' everything at me head. . . ."

"Bottles and what?"

"It's dark and I'm dodgin', Yer Honor, but the bottle smashes against that tree across the road. I thought I seen something like a slipper, too. That's the neck of the bottle I bring into yer court, Yer Honor. We got enough on Rennert to hang 'im as it is. . . ."

"All right, Shanley. You'd better get on. And, if you don't mind, drop in at Tom's garage and have them come and get that wreck of mine back there. Send the bill to me. I want to sit here and try to figure something out."

Thayer found his spare ignition key in the side pocket. As soon as the popping of Shanley's motorcycle died away, he started the engine and maneuvered the long car with some difficulty to the other side of the road. He ran the front wheels over a slight ditch so that the one undamaged headlight sent a bright path deep into the bordering scrub. Then he took a flashlight out of the well pit, climbed from the car, and plunged into those roadside bushes. He was lost to view in there for some minutes, for a half hour.

The village was still and deserted when Thayer had passed through it soon after. The searchlight beacon in the topmost turret of the Rennert "monstrosity" had been his goal, and now he stood waiting in a cold library while an outraged butler went upstairs to dig Harvey out of bed.

Harvey tumbled into the room in a dressing gown and slippers, bleary with sleep. "Hello, Judge." All the people at Glen Head called Thayer "Judge" with a certain emphasis. Harvey rummaged for a cigarette. "What they got on me now, Judge?"

"Nothing, Rennert. I stopped in to tell you to send your attorneys to see me. You'll get a new trial on the grounds of new evidence."

Harvey thought he knew all about the new evidence but he tried to seem surprised: "What kind of evidence, Judge?"

"This kind." Thayer drew from his pocket a lady's slipper, a slipper once blue but now weather-stained, flattened out of shape, torn at one side, the buckle tarnished and dull. "I found this exactly where you must have thrown it the night you were arrested, Rennert, according to Shanley's account. It must have been in the car and, together with other things, I have no doubt of it. See. . . ? It is snagged here, by the clutch petal probably when it came off the foot of . . . the girl who was driving your car. She didn't wait for it. She was in a great hurry. Do you care to identify it?"

Harvey's eyes were small and gleaming, not bleary any longer. He knew much more about ladies' shoes than Thayer did but it was not up to him to say anything. "Sure," he said. "It's hers."

"I'm just wondering, Rennert," Thayer said, "if it would make me any happier to punch your face around this room for a while. But you wouldn't fight. You'd rather shield yourself with a girl."

THAYER adjourned his court the following evening with a peculiar finality. He lingered at the bench for an instant before crossing into his chambers. They seemed darker than usual but he didn't switch on the light. He sat at his desk, thinking, or perhaps not thinking. Maybe just feeling.

Presently he began pulling out the desk drawers and piling and arranging papers in front of him. He looked up, startled. A heavy book had thudded to the floor in the far, darkened corner.

"Don't be alarmed. I'm here again. I always drop books instead of coughing."

"What are you doing here, Bettina?"

Bettina came out of the shadows. "Harvey told me about the new trial. I just came down to thank you, Thayer."

"Did Harvey tell you on what grounds?"

She perched herself easily on the corner of his desk. "He didn't need to tell me . . . after last night. I knew that when you saw how it was with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your own eyes . . . Have you forgiven me, Thayer?"

He tried to smile. "Do you realize you may have to face charges in Rennert's place?"

"I? How exciting! In your court?"

"No. I dispatched my resignation this morning."

"You resigned? Just because you didn't want to try me?"

"In any event I shall be free to defend you . . . and I want to take a trip to Biarritz."

"Alone? Oh, Thayer, it's no fun being alone in Biarritz."

HIS gaze came up to her slowly. His hands were tight upon the arms of his chair. "Well, I'd rather be alone anywhere, Bettina, than with a girl who might run away and let me face the music in a pinch."

Her hands were still. She stopped swinging her feet. She was pale. "Does that mean me?"

"Even after your convincing exhibition last night I didn't believe it of you . . . but it's a dangerous habit you have of leaving a trail of shoes behind you."

"Shoes?"

"Slippers then." Thayer opened the bottom drawer of his desk and took out the weather-stained blue slipper. Bettina took the slipper from his fingers. She put it on. Thayer saw it dangling on her slim little foot. It was some two or three sizes too long and about twice too broad. Bettina wiggled her toes and the slipper almost fell off.

It did fall off when he picked her up, but she had no further use for shoes then, or feet even. She had need for arms and lips and breath. She said finally: "Save some of me for tomorrow, Thayer."

"Darling . . . darling, Bett. What can I ever do with a girl like you?"

"Where? In Biarritz?"

"Yes," said Thayer. "There—or anywhere!"

Without Introductions

Continued from page 13

She nodded and sat trembling, terrified, as she saw the next corner approaching. She glanced fearfully at the speedometer. A hundred and twenty. Then she felt the car sway under her, heard again that awful shrieking of the tires and then the rattle of stones as the left front wheel slithered through the gravel at the edge of the roadway and a final jerk as the rear end straightened out.

"They bank these corners lousy."

She couldn't even answer, and for nearly twenty minutes more she lived in a world where death stared grotesquely every other second. Then the run was over. They shot between the white posts at Ronkonkoma that marked the end of the Parkway, and the car slowed down.

"I can't thank you," Elsie said. "It was the most thrilling thing that's ever happened to me."

"Thank me? I was glad of your company." His mind was still on the road—it wasn't at all what he would have said if he'd thought about it. "You see, I've got to drive a race at Riverhead next week and I've been getting kind of rusty. I needed a little practice."

He glanced at her.

"We'll go back on the Jericho Turnpike—it'll take longer." Then he added, "If that's all right with you."

It was fine with her. For the moment she'd had enough speed and she wanted to talk to him. She asked him to tell her about himself.

Larry told her, as they jogged over the dirt road and then purred smoothly up the wide concrete of the turnpike. His story was so very simple that it could easily have been completed in the five miles before they came to the main road. Born in the village where he now worked; parents who'd been born there too, dying when he was a kid; grade school and high school and then a short course in engineering at Columbia and then work in the garage and then buying the concession for the mechanical work in the garage and automobile racing to make extra money—and because he loved the excitement of it and the roar of the crowd.

It could have been told so very quickly, but he put into the telling all his ambitions, his dreams of success—his ideals, which were a curious mixture of commercialism and the left-overs from the adventure stories and fairy tales of his childhood, so that they were once again on the blue-stone drive of Rockhill Hall before he finished. Then—when they had got out of the car and he was standing on the steps holding her hand and saying good night:

"I can't tell you," he said, "what being with you tonight has meant to me. It's—it's changed everything somehow." He looked down at the stone stoop. "You see, I've never known any girl like you before. It—it's been wonderful, I mean having you to talk to and everything."

Elise was satisfied. They were back again where they should be. She pressed his hand and smiled at him.

"I had fun too. Next time you feel some practice coming on, let me know."

He started down the steps. Then he stopped. "As a matter of fact, I'm trying out the race car on the track at Mineola tomorrow afternoon—that is, I mean if you'd like to come over."

His heart was in his eyes as he said it. Elise saw it there, snatched it and tossed it on the ground with, "I'm busy tomorrow. Of course I might squeeze it in, but I don't think I can."

Larry Wyle put in a bad night.

NATURALLY, Elise managed to "squeeze it in" on the morrow, and she rode with him—for the car was an Indianapolis two-seater, geared up for the dirt tracks—around and around the oval. And she loved it. The next day she squeezed it in again, and once more the day after, and Larry Wyle's head, that he had thought so securely screwed down on his broad shoulders, began to spin.

It spun more on Sunday, when they went in Larry's big thundering car to the farthest reaches of the island, where they lunched in the dunes, far away from everything—on thin-cut ham sandwiches and cheese and champagne, and they talked.

At first they talked about cars and the race the following Saturday and then they talked about each other and then Larry said to her the things that were in his heart and she listened and gave all the right answers which she thought she meant at the time. And then they lay down on the warm sand and dozed the long afternoon away, hand in hand, and then dusk had come and suddenly they were very close and afterward they drove home, slowly, hand in hand again.

Nobody but a mechanic who sometimes pinch-hits for a plumber or an inventor or a nice young man very much in love would have been foolish enough

(Continued on page 42)

Getting a Permanent?

A PERMANENT wave to any woman represents an investment in both time and money. Be sure of results by doing these two things: Get your hair and scalp in good condition for the permanent, because only pliable healthy hair will take a soft and satisfactory wave. Before every shampoo massage a liberal amount of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic well into the scalp. This cleanses, loosens dry, scaly skin, exercises the tiny scalp muscles so that they function properly. Allow the Tonic to remain on the hair for some time—overnight if possible — and shampoo. After the permanent use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to overcome dryness and split ends. And you'll have a lovely finger wave if you'll put a few drops of the Tonic on your hands, stroke it over the hair and push the waves in place. At all good stores.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE

Look for the trademark Vaseline when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1933—Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5 *different dentifrices . . . or* ONE 5-WAY DENTIFRICE?

WHAT *is* effective care of the teeth? Is merely brushing them enough—or bringing out their whiteness by polishing—or preventing bleeding gums—or saving money on your tooth-paste? What about combating the germ acids that cause decay?

Good dental care includes *all* these factors in tooth protection. And if your present dentifrice is effective in only one way, you're neglecting your teeth! Even if you were to use four or five different dentifrices daily, you couldn't equal the 5-*way protection* of Squibb Dental Cream.

1 **It cleans effectively and *safely*.**

2 **It polishes well and *safely*—with complete freedom from grit.**

3 **It *prevents bleeding* of the gums the *safe* way—by keeping them healthy, and avoids using dangerous astringents. Frequent bleeding of the gums no dentifrice can cure. The dentist should be consulted.**

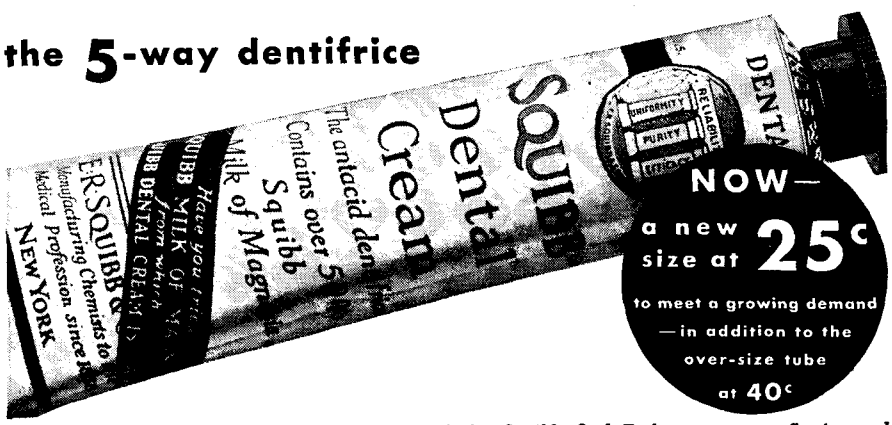
4 **It is economical because it gives greatest protection. Squibb Dental Cream is sold at the lowest price manufacturing cost permits. *Its use is true economy*.**

5 **It combats the germ acids that cause tooth-decay.**

You can depend on Squibb Dental Cream. Your confidence in the reliability of any product made by Squibb is justified by a 75-year record of integrity in manufacturing. And you'll enjoy the refreshing taste of this dentifrice. For complete dental protection, see your dentist regularly and brush your teeth at least twice a day with Squibb's—the 5-way dentifrice.

Copyright 1933 E. R. Squibb & Sons

the 5-way dentifrice



When your dentist advises sodium perborate, ask for **Squibb Oral Perborate,** *pure, effective and pleasant-tasting—far more agreeable than the unflavored product. A novel double cap on the handy bottle aids in measuring the amount to be used.*

(Continued from page 41)

to go to New York and buy an engagement ring just because summer love had suddenly become a very serious thing. It was a pitifully small diamond that Larry brought home with him that Monday afternoon, yet the flashes of fire that darted from it the hundred and one times he took it out and looked at it in the sunshine burned through his pocket. Being simply raised, he had a simple code. At six-thirty, when he knew George Rockhill would be home from town, he went to ask him for his daughter's hand in marriage.

The nasty butler opened the grilled doors and, being a truly nasty butler who had eavesdropped during the past week and so learned that Larry Wyle should no longer be shown up the back stairway, let him in and asked him to wait while he told Mr. Rockhill he wanted to see him.

THE funny part of this was that, though he knew it not, the nasty butler was lying. Larry Wyle didn't want to see Mr. Rockhill. He was scared to death of seeing him. He simply felt that he should see him, and he hoped and prayed that Mr. Rockhill would refuse to see him. If he did, honor would be satisfied. Whatever followed without parental blessing would be Rockhill's fault, not his. His little idealistic code would have been lived up to. But Rockhill came.

The great man approached down the stairway. After the way of great men, he waved his hand as he passed through the hallway so that Larry followed him to his study. It was a rude gesture. When he reached his study he realized it and sought to make up for it. He overbowed Larry to a comfortable armchair and told the manservant who had followed him to bring highballs.

Rockhill instinctively dropped into the chair behind the great leather-covered desk that filled a corner of the room. Then he smiled politely at Larry. At least he thought he did; actually, he glowered. Panic raged in Larry. And there was a long silence, during which two highballs arrived. Presently Rockhill said, "Well?"

"Well, I tell you," said Larry; the first sip of the highball nerved him. "I tell you. I want to marry your daughter, sir."

Rockhill stared at him. He opened his mouth to speak—but Larry went on:

"I haven't asked her yet, sir. I—I wanted to have your consent first, I—"

He was going to say more, but Rockhill interrupted him:

"Do you actually mean you want *my* permission to *ask* my daughter to marry you?"

"Why, yes," said Larry.

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Rockhill. He looked hard at Larry, then he began to laugh. He threw back his head and laughed as he hadn't laughed in years. Larry watched and felt the flush of deep humiliation come up over his face. Then his pride got the better of his control.

"Mr. Rockhill, you were a mechanic once—just like I am—what's so funny about my wanting to marry your daughter?"

Rockhill stopped laughing. He got up from his chair and went over and put his hand on Larry's shoulder.

"I wasn't laughing at the idea of your marrying her—I don't even know your name, and I wasn't laughing at you. I was laughing at the idea of you, in this day and age, paying me the compliment of asking me if you could ask her to marry you."

"Oh."

The flush died out of the younger man's cheeks. George Rockhill had spent a great many years handling young men—serious young men. He knew something about it and he found he had a curious respect for this particular young man. He sat silent for a few moments, thinking very hard.

"My mind is quite open," he said at last. "Would you like to tell me a little about yourself?"

"It's nice of you, sir, to hear me," Larry began, felt silly, and took a long pull of his drink. Again it gave him confidence. "You see—you see . . ." Then, once fairly started, he told his story, beginning with his childhood, because he felt under the circumstances Rockhill should know all about him, going at great length into the details of his carburetor, because he felt Rockhill would appreciate them, touching lightly on his wheeled courtship of Elise, because he felt that, after all, fathers were apt to be old-fashioned and might not understand about sand dunes and sunsets.

From time to time Rockhill interrupted him, asked him about the internals of the cars he'd driven in races and what he'd done to them to make them better. Then, too, he asked a great many questions about the carburetor, pretending for kindness' sake that he was interested, although he was sure it would turn out to be nothing—they always did. By the time Larry had finished his story, two hours had passed and curiously enough both of them had forgotten the occasion for the interview and were deeply involved in an argument as to the advantages and disadvantages of down-draft carburetion when the door to the study opened and Elise and Cordon, the vice-president of the Rockhill works, and Nadine Gawtrop, who was visiting, and Mrs. Rockhill unceremoniously walked into the room.

"George," Mrs. Rockhill, who had been beautiful in a sunbonnet a great long time ago and now was imposing in evening dress, spoke acidly, "you're keeping dinner."

Then she saw Larry and looked surprised. Elise saw Larry too and looked horrified. Mr. Cordon saw the drinks and hoped he might get one and looked pleased. Mr. Rockhill and Larry rose from their chairs. Larry said, "Hello, Elise."

Mr. Rockhill bowed. He addressed his wife in the language of the sunbonnet days:

"Mother, Larry here's got something. He's asked me if it's all right for him to marry Elise, and I say, 'Sure it's all right!' What do you say?"

IF THE nasty butler had walked into the room on his hands it could not have had a more startling effect on Mrs. Rockhill, Mr. Cordon, Nadine Gawtrop and Elise than did these simple words.

Mrs. Rockhill, who felt her status in every inch of her bones, took a step backward and steadied herself against the wall as though she felt it was a wretched substitute for the lady-in-waiting she felt should have been there. Mr. Cordon said, "Well, well." Nadine Gawtrop giggled. Elise, her chin out, her eyes glittering, walked across the room and faced Larry.

"*I* say *you've* got your nerve with you!"

"But, Elise—I had to ask your father before I could ask you."

"You've got nothing to ask him." She was very bitter; she felt she'd been treated like a schoolgirl and she was a grown woman—a modern grown woman. "What made you think you had?"

Larry looked at her and felt himself crumbling. The tiny fires from the diamond were burning his heart out now. Then he saw a fleeting glimpse of her as she had been the evening before—loving, understanding. Like Mrs. Rockhill, Mr. Cordon, Nadine Gawtrop and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Elise, he couldn't believe his ears. Elise, without waiting for his answer, had left the room. Larry Wyle knew very little about women; all he knew was that, dope that he was, he had come there in honor and was being made a mug of. He knew too that smart guys in races had tried to make a mug of him and he wouldn't eat it. With a tremendous summoning of courage he looked at the little group by the doorway. Then he spoke.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but Mr. Rockhill and I were deciding something about a carburetor—it's business, won't you excuse us?"

He turned to Rockhill, who was trying to look like the chairman of the board of Rockhill Motors—and not succeeding any too well.

"Mr. Rockhill, how soon could you come and see this carburetor?" He paused; he'd overshot again. He hadn't meant to ask the Great Man to look at it. "Working, I mean," he added.

It was Rockhill's turn. He had not the faintest desire to sit through a family dinner—such a dinner as he knew this one must be.

"I'll come with you now. Mr. Cordon will come along too. I want him to see it. Good man for that sort of thing, Cordon."

It was an undeniable victory for the male element, however temporary it might prove to be. Flanked by Cordon, who always said "Yes" anyway, Rockhill and Larry marched from the room.

Elise Rockhill, hating herself for it, felt herself go funny inside when she heard the hideous noise of Larry's roadster fading down the driveway.

LONG after the hour when Blake's Garage, which advertised all-night service, was usually dark, lights were burning brightly there. Larry had made the mistake of giving the Great Man a suit of overalls to wear during the carburetor demonstration and no sooner had Rockhill got them on than he had insisted on going to work on one of the repair jobs.

The job he picked hadn't been an easy one—a wrist-pin on a local-owned limousine; all the parts were there and Rockhill (having the time of his life) was bent on fitting the thing in himself before he'd look at the Wyle carburetor. After watching for half an hour, Cordon had asked for overalls too. Between them they made a good job of the wrist-pin. Then, covered from head to foot with grease and simply delighted with themselves, they turned to Larry.

"Now that we've got our hand in," said Rockhill, "let's see your carburetor!"

"Yes," said Mr. Cordon.

In a corner of the dimness that was the garage at night stood what had once been a fine automobile. Larry snapped on lights. Rockhill and Cordon went over to the antiquated chassis.

"Delauney Bellville," said Cordon.

Rockhill was looking closely at the thing. It had a staggered arrangement of pistons and spark-plugs that he had never seen. He had a queer feeling that he might have found something. As Larry came over he said, "You ever take this old thing out?"

"Sure, how else would I test the carburetor? I don't dare put it on my other cars. Everybody knows 'em. They'd get too darned interested."

Rockhill was still staring at the machinery in front of him. He said, "That's no Delauney Bellville engine!"

"That's a Wyle Special," said Larry. "Special piece of junk I designed for trying out tricky carburetors." Then because of this and that and because he was perfectly certain old Rockhill was just trying to let him down gently on account of what had happened at the Hall, he said, "If you birds can keep from tearing it apart before I get back, I'll hook up the carburetor."

Cordon looked at Rockhill and said, "Well, well!"

WHEN the two of them left Blake's Garage another hour later, Rockhill owned the rights to manufacture a new type of carburetor. And Larry, wearily closing the doors behind them, owned more money than he'd ever dreamed of having—and a broken heart. He walked, very wearily, toward the old machine, head down, thinking of the fool he'd made of himself. Between the door and the test car stood a sedan, in for valve grinding. He bumped into it, stood back and cursed. Then to his utter astonishment a head appeared at the back window. It said, "For a guy that's been around cars a lot, you certainly are clumsy."

The head disappeared. Larry opened the door of the car.

"You!" he said. "You!"

It was a good enough thing to say, simple and, in a sense, direct. So was the response:

"If you're going to stand there gawking all night, I *won't* marry you."

"What do you mean, marry me?"

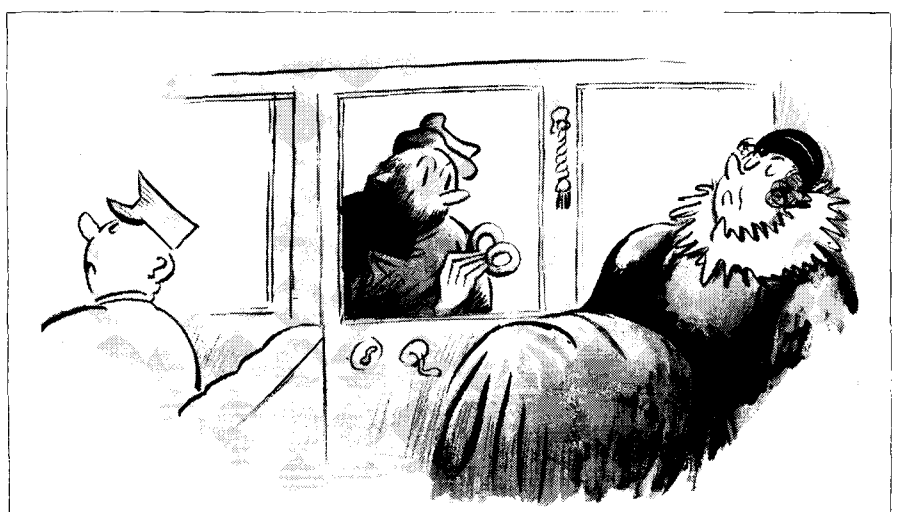
He was tired, luckily, or his emotions would have run away with him and he'd have said something stupid—more stupid.

"I found this in the driveway—after you left. I just couldn't stand it."

Into his range of vision came a hand. On the third finger of the hand was a diamond—dwarfed by the dinner ring on the little finger, but shooting challenging bits of fire anyway, a small, brave diamond. He got into the car.

A voice, unutterably sleepy, said, "I came here, by the way, *before* you made such a terrible lot of money."

The lights in Blake's Garage, which advertised all-night service, for once—just once—kept the faith.



"Will you give me some coffee money to go with these?" *Don Herold*

HE: "This is swell, Helen . . . it's the finest breakfast food I ever ate!"
SHE: "Perhaps that's not the only reason I serve it to you, dear!"
A Delicious Cereal
A Gentle Regulator
Post's BRAN FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT
Delicately flavored with Malt Syrup and Salt
THE NEW CRISP-PACK
POSTUM COMPANY, INC., BATTLE CREEK, MICH., U.S.A.
NET WEIGHT 8 OUNCES
© G. F. Corp., 1933

THE REAL REASON: She knows the extra benefits it gives him!

MEN-FOLKS eat this crisp, fine-tasting cereal just because they *love it!*

But wise wives serve Post's Bran Flakes to their families for another reason, too!

They know it is professionally recommended as a precaution against constipation that comes from lack of bulk in the diet. An often unsuspected trouble that may lead to listlessness, lack of ambition, "run-down" health . . . long before innocent sufferers realize their cause!

Gets at CAUSE of trouble

Post's Bran Flakes helps to protect you against this condition—by providing the bulk your system needs. Thus, it helps to prevent intestinal sluggishness and to insure *normal* elimination. It is also rich in phosphorus, iron and Vitamin B.

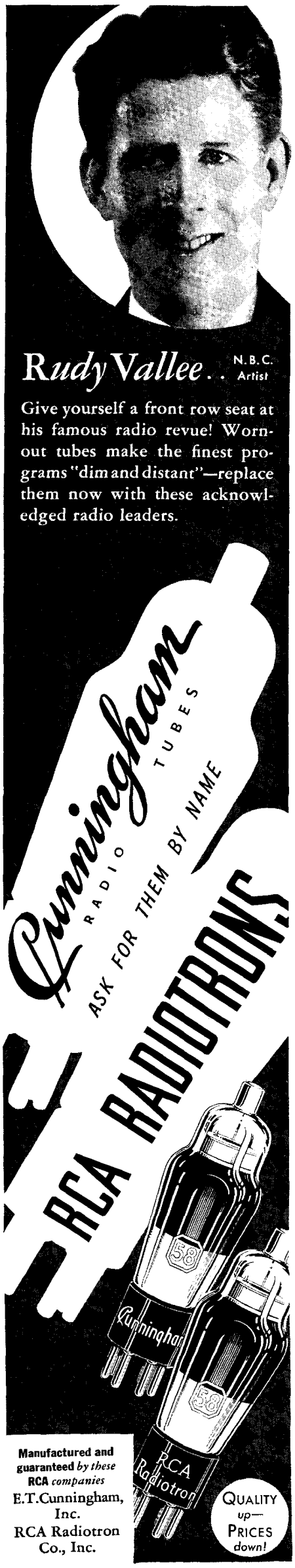
So, naturally, Post's Bran Flakes is a part of this proven program: Regular exercise . . . water to drink between meals . . . fresh fruits and vegetables. And a generous serving of delicious Post's Bran Flakes daily.

Delicious with fruits or berries

So start serving this fine-flavored cereal at once—today. You'll love it—served either plain, or with fruit or berries. And you will be delighted to see how easily, now pleasantly, it helps to keep you and every member of your family *regular* . . . and feeling fit all the time.

Post's Bran Flakes is a product of General Foods. Ask your grocer for the large-size Economy Package.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Rudy Vallee . . N.B.C. Artist
Give yourself a front row seat at his famous radio revue! Worn-out tubes make the finest programs "dim and distant"—replace them now with these acknowledged radio leaders.
Cunningham
RADIO TUBES
ASK FOR THEM BY NAME
RCA RADIOTRONS
58
Cunningham
RCA Radiotron
Manufactured and guaranteed by these RCA companies
E.T.Cunningham, Inc.
RCA Radiotron Co., Inc.
QUALITY up— PRICES down!

Henry P. Davison

Continued from page 11

financial activities, he largely looked to keep him advised of developments, and then to talk over with him the firm's plans which were to be shaped by such developments.

And Davison's admiration of the firm's untarnished record for probity, as established and preserved primarily by its senior member, was unreserved and complete. At the Pujo Inquiry, counsel to the committee was attempting to set up the theory that, in some particular railroad transaction, J. P. Morgan & Co. had failed to do its duty in protecting some minority interest. Although the transaction in question took place years before Davison's entry into the firm, he vigorously denied that there could have been any possibility of any intentional injustice.

Mr. Untermyer: "In other words, you know that J. P. Morgan & Co. could do no wrong?"

Mr. Davison: "I know that J. P. Morgan & Co. could do no wrong, if their endeavors and the circumstances permitted them to do as they wanted to do."

Davison was making no claim that the firm was not as fallible as anybody else in its judgments. But from his own experience, based upon his contacts in all his previous banking life and upon his own participation for four years in the firm's affairs, he was convinced that as to the firm's invariable good faith there could be no question. To the firm as a whole, just as to its former and later to its present head, he attributed complete integrity. He wasn't boastful as to his belief. He was sincere, unashamed and glad. Later, again to Mr. Untermyer, he repeated: "I said there would not have been anything wrong if J. P. Morgan & Co. could have forestalled and prevented it. . . . I do not know why the house did it (a transaction dating back five years before Davison entered the firm) but if the house did it, it is most defensible."

Demolishing a Fantastic Theory

Counsel to the committee, in the course of hearing of Davison, came back repeatedly to the fantastic theory that the Morgan firm exercised "control" over banks, firms and individuals; exercising such control either by direction or by influence; by the granting of favors or by the threat of withholding them.

Mr. Untermyer: "Have you tried it [controlling those banks]?"

Mr. Davison: "No. We are too wise to try it."

Mr. Untermyer: "You are too wise. Even if you owned the bank, you would be too wise to try to control it?"

Mr. Davison: "We could not control it . . . in practice."

The committee took little part in the questioning, the members contenting themselves with following counsel's inquiries. But they all leaned forward with interest when Mr. Untermyer attempted to develop his theory of Morgan control. He took up the question of competition in railway transportation and in banking. Davison had advanced the idea, surprising to the committee and to its counsel, that one might sometimes to advantage assist a competitor. Again the italics are mine:

Mr. Untermyer: "To *strengthen* a competitor?"

Mr. Davison: "I should think so."

Mr. Untermyer: "Is that the principle on which your firm is doing business now?"

Mr. Davison: "Very frequently."

Mr. Untermyer: "That is *strengthening* your competitors?"

Mr. Davison: "Very frequently, or endeavoring to."

Mr. Untermyer again: "Endeavoring to strengthen your competitors?"

Mr. Davison: "Very frequently."

And here was another revelation to the committee and to the public of the principle, which had for years guided the Morgan firm, of not only not attempting to secure all the desirable business in sight, but of deliberately directing to other banking houses—competitors, it might be—various kinds of financial or banking business. Possibly this practice forms one of the reasons why, in an emergency or crisis calling for action to protect the public interest, the Morgan firm has seemed to be able to command wide and instant coöperation and support from the banking community as a whole.

The Myth of Minority Control

In the statement which Davison requested me to prepare, and which he filed upon the conclusion of his testimony, the question of "interlocking directorates" and concentration of control was touched upon at some length. It may be worth while to reprint the first few paragraphs of this statement, as follows:

> There have been presented to your Committee elaborate tables from which it has been inferred—and in many newspapers stated as "proved"—that a "Group" of 180 directors "controls" the assets of corporations whose aggregate resources are twenty-five *billion* dollars.
>
> No such control exists, and no such deduction can be properly made from these tables.
>
> Those who have made such deductions have fallen into several obvious errors; they fail to observe, first, that of the total number of directorates in these particular corporations this group represents only about one quarter; second, that, upon this assumption, these men, in order to exercise "control," must act and vote in every instance as a unit, although they come from different parts of the country and represent diverse and frequently conflicting interests; third, that upon this assumption, the directors outside of this group must be mere dummies, with no voice or opinion of their own, who, in almost every instance, are overruled by a minority; finally, that this sum of twenty-five billions of dollars is not actual cash or liquid assets, susceptible of manipulation or misuse by the directors; the fact of course being that the great bulk of this enormous sum is, and for many years has been, tied up in the form of rights of way, rails, ties, equipment, factories, plants, tools, manufactured goods and other forms of corporate property necessary for carrying on the railroad and industrial business of the country.
>
> It is most regrettable and harmful that either Congress or the country at large should gain the wholly erroneous impression that these great resources are at the disposition of a small group of men, or that the corporations themselves are controlled by a minority of their various boards.

And so, as I have said, with hearings ended the tumult and the shouting died

"You don't think I'm ENJOYING this, do you?"

He bought the wrong POLISH

because . . . he didn't know about LACQUER OXIDATION

Motor car dullness—that deadened appearance—is the direct result of Lacquer Oxidation, a chemical action caused by sun rays and atmosphere. Tumbler is the first polish designed to cure Lacquer Oxidation. That's why Tumbler is so different!—so easy!—so quick!—and turns out such a beautiful job. Tumbler Polish feeds the starved lacquer—puts back essentials that the sun and atmosphere took out. Tumbler Polish contains no abrasive. It goes far and lasts long. Get it at any dealer's. The Tumbler kit will keep your car clean and lustrous for months. J. A. Tumbler Laboratories, Baltimore, Md.

TUMBLER

Badly dulled (OXIDIZED) lacquer should be cleaned BEFORE polishing regardless of polish used. Tumbler Haze Remover is the modern scientific product for cleaning the car preparatory to polishing. It removes Lacquer Oxidation—quickly, easily, and without injury to the finish.

Tumbler Polish produces long lasting brilliance and protects the finish. It eliminates need for frequent cleaning by retarding Lacquer Oxidation—the real cause of motor car dullness.

Tumbler Haze Remover and Tumbler Polish may be purchased separately or as the Combination Auto Beauty Kit.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the furor faded away. Nothing of great value seemed to have been derived from the congressional inquiry, save this: The public was fortunate enough to have been given—even though the giving may have shortened his days—a revelation by the greatest leader of affairs that America has, perhaps, ever had, of the principles which must underlie all sound business; of the faith which man must have in his fellows; of the motives which must and do rise above self-interest; of the spirit of tolerance and coöperation ruling strong in the modern man. All that was, in effect —no matter how unintended—the burden of the late Mr. Morgan's testimony. It was the theme which ran through all the clear story which his brilliant and like-minded partner, Henry P. Davison, told.

No Adequate Life of Mr. Morgan

Several so-called biographies of the late Mr. Morgan have appeared in the last two or three years. None of them has been authorized by his family. None of them has been even tolerably good. Indeed, these volumes that I have read are without excuse in the lamentable inaccuracy of the pictures which they present of the man himself and of what he did.

Mr. Morgan himself early became accustomed to having the facts of his undertakings misstated and his own purposes misinterpreted. Strong in the integrity of his own purpose, he had a naïve belief that, always provided he did the right thing, matters would come out all right—"Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph." Mr. Morgan once remarked that he would rather lose money from trusting a man too much than gain it from trusting him too little. It was, perhaps, hardly to be expected that a public with whom he shared few if any confidences would accept things on faith to the extent that he did.

Herbert L. Satterlee, the late Mr. Morgan's son-in-law, tells a melancholy tale of the fate that befell what biographers would have recognized as a mass of extraordinarily useful source material. It seems that after Mr. Morgan had, upon the advice of his father, J. S. Morgan, resident in London, started shortly before the Civil War in business in New York City, he fell into the habit of writing frequent letters in longhand to the then senior Mr. Morgan, recounting what was going on in the United States in finance, politics, etc. His comments upon men, people and affairs were said to have been extraordinarily illuminating. The father in London so cherished these letters that, year by year, he had them bound and put in a safe spot in his library in the London house at Prince's Gate, now the American Embassy. Years after J. S. Morgan's death in 1890, J. Pierpont took a rainy afternoon to glance through some of the volumes containing his views of what America was doing in the '60's, '70's and '80's. His children had often told him that those letters might serve them as a basis for a biography which they felt should one day be published.

But Mr. Morgan, noting on that rainy afternoon how free he had been in his comments and criticisms, and not realizing that a careful editing could eliminate anything objectionable, burned up all the letters on the spot. Mrs. Satterlee, who was visiting him, returning late in the afternoon, found only the ashes.

Now that he is gone I am inclined to think that the major portion of the public has gradually come to appraise the late Mr. Morgan at something approaching more nearly his true worth. People now look back and see that great figure, perhaps dimly outlined through the vista of almost twenty years, holding great power—not vast wealth, as was at one time thought—and wielding it with strong purpose for constructive rather than personal ends. Comparing notes with all his partners whom I ever knew, I never found one whose experience was different from my own: namely, if any proposition were laid before Mr. Morgan, his invariable attitude was that he was interested to undertake a profitable operation only if he deemed it to be constructive; and he frequently entered into an unprofitable undertaking if at the same time he felt it would prove constructive.

Perhaps I cannot better conclude this chapter on the "Money Trust" craze than by quoting from a letter which the late Benjamin Strong wrote some years before his death. In it he comments upon this whole curious phenomenon, and upon the anomaly that Davison, who for several years had been devoting great efforts to the task of working out a sounder banking system, should have been one accused of working to just the opposite end.

"How, indeed," wrote Benjamin Strong, "could a man be charged with purposes hostile to the welfare of the country, selfish and self-seeking in their object, in instigating the organization of a 'money trust' when at the same time he was engaged, possibly more actively than any other business man in the country, in the furtherance of a banking reform which would make such a thing as a 'money trust' an impossibility?"

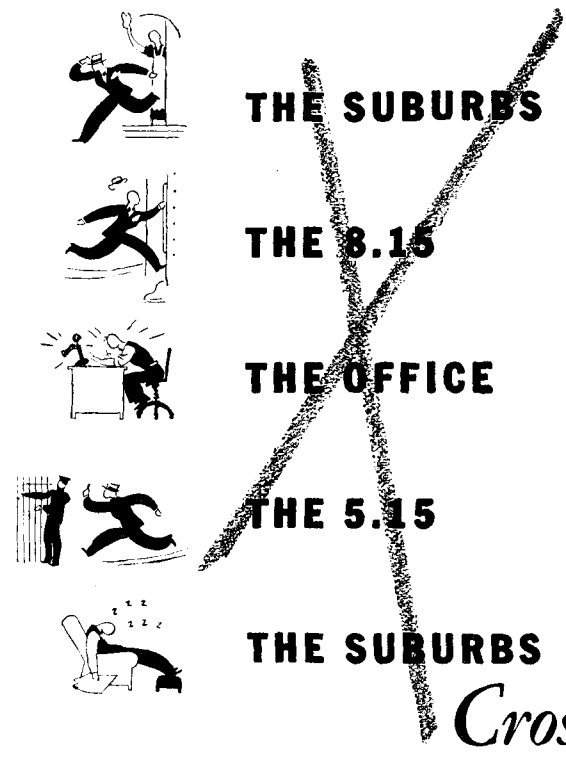
Davison in the International Field

The first piece of international business that Davison ever took an active share in had to do with the operations of the old Chinese Consortium. I say "old" as contrasted with the existing Chinese Consortium which is composed of banking groups from the United States, Great Britain, France and Japan. The story of the first Consortium, and of Davison's activities with it, is briefly about like this:

Toward the close of the last century, it looked for a time as if all the coast of China were about to be parceled out among the leading European powers. Russia, Great Britain, Germany, France and, in lesser degree at that time, Japan, each had its "sphere of influence." If such "spheres" were to be consolidated, there might be danger of serious clashes as among the spheres. In order to lessen this danger and in order to substitute a common rather than a competitive approach to the Chinese government, the governments of Great Britain, France and Germany encouraged in their respective capitals the formation of Banking Groups which were to coöperate in such loans as might be made to the Chinese government for constructive or administrative purposes. It was believed that through the operations of the "Consortium," to be composed of these three banking groups, the commercial interests of the respective countries would be best preserved.

The Department of State at Washington was eager to take its place in this new policy of commercial encouragement. Not only did it feel that China was a great potential market for American products, but also that the distinctly friendly feeling in China, born of John Hay's enunciation of the "Open Door" policy and of the American remission of the Boxer indemnity the year before, ought legitimately to be capitalized. Consequently, President Taft, with Secretary of State Knox's urging, outlined the idea of commercial coöperation—"dollar diplomacy"—with China, in his message to Congress in

(Continued on page 46)

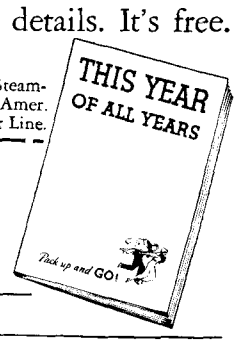


Cross it off and

SWAP IT ALL FOR THIS

YOU'RE IN IT! He's in it! We're all in it! What? A rut. The great American rut. Get out of it for a few weeks this summer. Europe is many dollars nearer now. Low steamship rates. Low living costs in Europe . . . We've written a book about it. It tells how "to afford" Europe this year. Dollars and cents details. It's free.

This message sponsored by Transatlantic Steamship Lines: Anchor Line, Canadian Pac. Steamships, Cosulich Line, Cunard Line, French Line, Hamburg-Amer. Line, Holland-Amer. Line, Italia Line, North German Lloyd, Red Star Line, United States Lines, White Star Line.



TRANSATLANTIC STEAMSHIP LINES
80 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Will you please send me, without obligation, your free booklet "This Year of All Years."

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MIKADO STANDS UP
when you
BEAR DOWN

CHEMI-SEALED PROCESS GIVES
MIKADO
34% STRONGER POINTS
THAN NEAREST COMPETITOR
Certified by
NEW YORK TESTING LABORATORIES

By the Eagle CHEMI-SEALED process *the wood and lead in MIKADO pencils* are inseparably bonded to combine their strength against breakage.

U.S.Pat.1,854,905 – A special impregnation locks the wood fibres into a rigid, non-splitting sheath for the lead.

U.S.Pat.1,892,508 – The lead–wax-filled for extra smoothness—is *chemically sealed* to keep the wax in and permit a perfect bond of lead to wood.

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK

USE CHEMI-SEALED
EAGLE
MIKADO
35 MILES FOR A NICKEL

. . . *Want Extra*
PAY CHECKS?

INCREASE your income by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. Write now for money-making offer!

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-56
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(Continued from page 45)

December, 1909. In this he pointed out that the coöperation of American bankers was called for as the "indispensable instrumentality" which the American government required to carry out a "practical and real application of the Open Door policy."

To help carry out such purposes the American Group of bankers had, at the instance and upon the urging of the Department of State, been organized under an agreement executed June 11, 1909. It was composed of J. P. Morgan & Co., Kuhn, Loeb & Co., The First National Bank and the National City Bank of New York. The Group had little hope of any considerable direct profit to itself, but it had a sense of national obligation to help to advance a liberal-minded policy which might meet the wishes of its government, and also help to cultivate markets for American manufacturers and merchants. That was an appeal which made its impress upon Davison, and led to his wholehearted entrance into the activities of the American Group and, a little later, of the International Consortium itself.

How well the American Group realized its original purpose of not operating primarily for profit may be indicated by the fact that the former and present American Groups have been out of pocket, for cable tolls and other expenses, a total of not much less than $900,000. On the other hand, the only two financial operations in which the Group has had a share have resulted in a net loss to the Group of almost $4,000,000. Here we have an illuminating example to international bankers of the advantages of so-called dollar diplomacy!

No Need for an Interpreter

In all of the negotiations pertaining to the Hukuang Railway loan (in which the American quarter-interest was £1,500,000) and in various other discussions Davison was energetically active. He made it a point to attend personally the frequent meetings of the representatives of the Group, including conferences on two occasions in Europe. He was frequently called upon to preside; and to this day the European representatives speak with appreciation of the skill which Davison showed in harmonizing the widely divergent elements, and in solving difficult situations with his touch of lightness and humor.

One of these conferences, with all the international delegates due to be present, was arranged to be held at Berlin in September, 1911. As a finale to the conference the German Group members had arranged to entertain the visiting bankers at a sumptuous dinner. Here it was that Davison found himself, to his embarrassment, seated next to the Chinese Minister to Germany. Davison did not wish to be impolite, but, knowing not a word of any language except his own, he was inclined to let the Minister do his talking with the neighbor on his other hand. At the first available moment, however, the versatile Chinese Minister leaned over to Davison, and in perfect English inquired blandly if Davison could tell him "who was pitching for the White Sox this season." Davison was of course amused and delighted with this development, and he turned his complete attention to the Chinese Minister who, apparently, had spent many years in Chicago and Washington and was most entertaining.

From time to time various loan proposals were brought up by the Chinese government. In 1912, soon after the revolution in China, the Consortium was enlarged and the so-called "Six-Power Group" was developed for the eventual purpose of negotiating an inclusive loan for reorganization and administrative purposes.

Through its representative in Peking, the American Group had taken an active part in the discussions with the Chinese government. It had, indeed, been largely influential in securing terms fair and equitable to China, and at the same time such as would render the proposed bonds safe for the investing public.

A Sudden Change of Policy

But, in the midst of all this activity, came the change in national administration at Washington. President Taft went out and President Wilson came in, naming, as the head of the Department of State, William Jennings Bryan. As soon as the inauguration took place and Mr. Bryan was fairly installed, Davison, in behalf of the American Group, repaired to Washington to discuss Chinese matters with the new Secretary of State, and to ascertain whether the new administration intended to continue the policies of President Taft and Secretary Knox as to China.

It must be admitted that Mr. Bryan frankly confessed to Davison complete ignorance of Far Eastern affairs. He had heard dimly of John Hay's "Open Door" for China, but whether he wanted to keep it open was not quite clear. Davison had no policy to advocate nor any plan to urge. His story was one simply of exposition: the American Group had, four years before, been organized at the behest of the State Department, and had spent much time and money in endeavoring to coöperate in the Far Eastern policies of the government. Did the new administration wish it to continue this work or drop it?

Secretary Bryan properly replied that he was not prepared to give an immediate answer, but would do so in due course. Davison said that this would be entirely satisfactory. He asked, however, that, in the event that Mr. Bryan decided upon a change in policy, he would be good enough to communicate that fact in advance to the American Group, so that its members could in turn prepare their European associates for their withdrawal.

Thus the interview ended. Davison waited. J. P. Morgan & Co. waited. The American Group waited. Only silence from Washington.

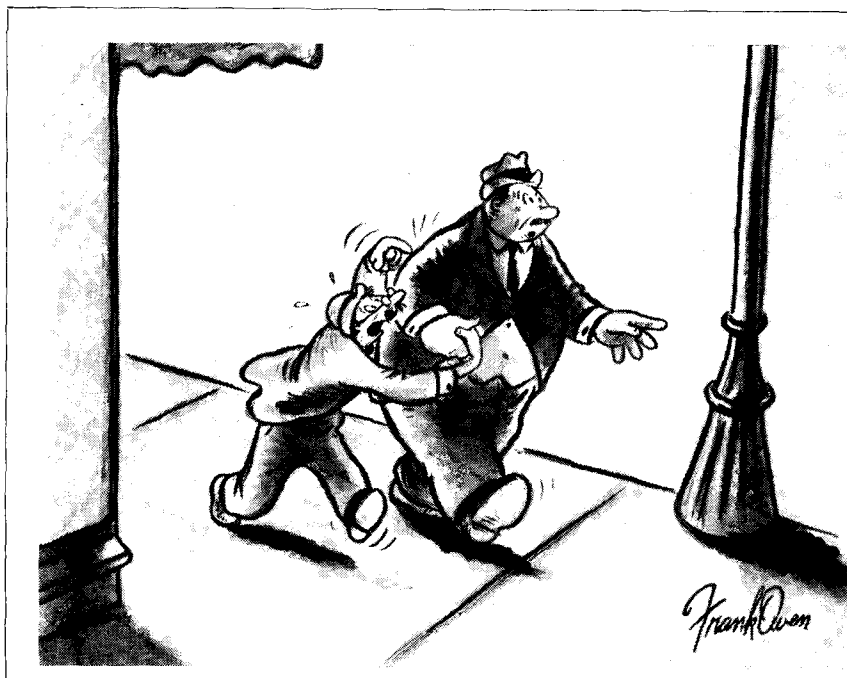
Then on March 18, 1913, appeared on the front pages of the public press a statement from the Administration which in effect threw the American Group, the International Consortium and all China out of the window. It stated that it did not care to follow the policy of the preceding administration in requesting the good offices of the American Group in loans to the Chinese government.

This announcement was a blow to American interests in China. It was bound to injure the prestige of the American Department of State in all the European Foreign Offices. It was a source of mortification to the American Group of the Consortium—not because it deprived them of chances to make profits out of Chinese financing; indeed, after only about four years of work, it had already become plain that those chances contained more liabilities than assets. The chief reason for discomfiture was that the summary action of the Administration had so discredited the American Group in the eyes of their European colleagues. We Americans can fairly well understand the difficulties that, at Washington, sometimes prevent the following through of an ordered and consistent foreign policy from administration to administration, but it is hard for our friends abroad to comprehend the reason for such difficulties.

Seeking Fresh Contacts in China

A little over three years passed, and there came another sudden change in policy. The Department of State, which had marched down the hill, turned and marched up again. In June, 1916, the department urged that the American Group consider an advance which the Chinese government had requested of some four or five million dollars to relieve its current administrative necessities. Any such loan, however, was at the time quite impossible to arrange.

In June of 1918, the Wilson administration again took up seriously and actively the whole question of Chinese financing and of participation in it by American banking interests. The Administration not only reversed its policy of negation, declared early in 1913, but went further than the Taft-Knox movements had gone in outlining a completely new policy in regard to Chinese government financing. In identical notes to the Foreign Offices of Great Britain, France and Japan, the United States government, on October 8, 1918, expressed definitely the hope that these three governments would join with it and favor the organization of a new Consortium to assist China upon lines



"Pardon, Mr. Patton! But you forgot to turn loose when we said goodby at the corner!" *Frank Owen*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EUROPE
ECONOMY TOURS

First sailing from New York, June 22nd—weekly thereafter. To England, France, Germany—all Central and Southern Europe. 30 itineraries, various durations. Atlantic Crossings on the swift, steady Famous Four, stabilized sisterships.

ROUND TRIP RATES

23 DAYS for $171.50

to 43 DAYS for $376

These rates apply to accommodations in Third Class, modern throughout. (Tourist Class at slightly higher rates).

Inquire concerning all details from Your Travel Agent or

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

39 Broadway New York

Branches, Agencies in Principal Cities

HAPAG

STRING your own RACQUET

Same Quality String As in Expensive Racquets

Outfit Complete with string, tools and directions $1.65

Easy to restring racquets—better than new. Saves real money. Send for this professional outfit today. Good profits made restringing other players' racquets. 37 ft. string. Colors Purple, Green, Red or White, with length of contrasting color in silk cord trim, awls, illustrated easy directions. Money back guarantee.

MAKE MONEY TOO

Send check or Money Order $1.65 which includes Postage and Insurance. Sent C. O. D. if desired.

PRO TENNIS STRING CO., Dept. E-2, Harmon, N. Y.

WRIGHT'S SILVER CREAM

Keeps porcelain or enameled refrigerators clean and sweet.

Send for free sample jar

J. A. WRIGHT & CO., INC.
41 Emerald Street, Keene, N. H.

RAISE FUR RABBITS FOR US

CHINCHILLAS, NEW ZEALAND WHITES, Etc.

WE BUY WHAT YOU RAISE—HIGHEST PRICES PAID

Est. 20 years. Illustrated book, catalog and Fur Farming Magazine, also market bulletin showing prices we pay our breeders. All for 10c. Address

STAHL'S OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE COMPANY, Inc.
Box 190-H, New City—Rockland County—New York

FAMOUS DOG BOOK FREE

WHY WAIT TILL I GET SICK? SEND NOW!

Almost all puppies have **WORMS** and many die from them through neglect. Nothing retards the growth of puppies or more easily makes them a prey to fits and distemper than worms. Glover's famous Guide Book tells you how to recognize the symptoms and how to treat for worms and other common ailments of dogs. The chapter on **DISTEMPER** alone—the most dreaded of all dog diseases—is invaluable to every dog owner. Mail the coupon TODAY. Glover's Remedies are sold by all drug stores.

Glover's Veterinary Welfare Service issues special Bulletins on Cats, Rabbits, Foxes and other animals. Complete list of Bulletins mailed free on request.

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
Dept. D, 119 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of Glover's 48-page Guide Book on Diseases and Feeding of Dogs.

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL ANIMAL MEDICINES

somewhat different from those prevailing in the old Consortium.

Inasmuch as Davison was then fully occupied with Red Cross affairs, I represented the American Group at the preliminary meeting of the international banking groups held at Paris in the spring of 1919. Tentative organization looking to the formation of a new Consortium was fully discussed. Difficulties, however, arose because of certain reservations as to special rights and interests to which the Japanese government considered itself entitled in South Manchuria and the eastern portion of Inner Mongolia, adjacent to South Manchuria. Consequently, at the request of the Department of State, approved by the British and French Foreign Offices, I visited Japan and China in the spring of 1920. A formula was worked out satisfactory to Japanese ideas, and was by cable approved by the Department of State and by the British and French Foreign Offices.

A New Consortium Organized

At New York, on October 15, 1920, with the European and Japanese representatives present, the organization of the new Consortium for the assistance of China was completed. Although Davison took no active part in these conferences, his interest and blessing were of great value to all those participating in this renewal of his old work for China.

In passing, it may be permissible finally to note how complete was the reversal of the Wilson administration, in its new attitude as contrasted with its completely negative policy of five years before. In fact, Secretary of State Lansing's new declaration to the American Group went so far as to state: "I will say that the government has suggested that this loan (to China) be made, and would have no hesitancy in formally stating that fact at the time of issue." It is a happy thing that governments, like human beings, can afford to be inconsistent. Otherwise, progress might come to an end.

Writing somewhat reminiscently of the Consortium and of Davison, President Taft, several months after his term of office had expired in 1913, said this:

"He was also of the utmost benefit to the government, when I was President, in assisting the State Department in the very earnest effort that was made to organize a six-power loan, through which the United States would have been able to exercise the most beneficent influence in behalf of China in the matter of securing justice to her from European nations. I do not think that the fact that the present Administration has ignored the value of the structure which we had reared, and has rejected it, in any way minimizes the valuable service of Mr. Davison in bringing about a situation in which, had the government of the United States been better advised under the present Administration, we could have helped along the civilization of the world by helping China."

On June 28, 1914, the Archduke of Austria was murdered at Sarajevo. England declared war on August 4. Despite the month that had intervened between the Serbian assassination and the opening of hostilities between England and Germany, there was practically no feeling in New York that a general European war was imminent. Few serious people really expected that the highly civilized nations of Europe would actually embark on a great conflict. Somehow or other it would be averted. Harry Davison shared this view; and when Davison held views he held them strongly. As late as August 1 he expressed the opinion most positively that there would be no general European war.

Lord Grey's speech of August 3 and the invasion of Belgium threw the money markets of the world into the greatest confusion. London was the banking center of the world. It was there that international settlements were made; the values of the moneys of the world were reckoned in pounds sterling. But all the delicate mechanism of exchange transactions broke down completely with the outbreak of the World War. There was no longer a free market for gold. It was impossible to draw gold from the banks with which to make international settlements, and even if the banks had surrendered their gold it was uncertain whether it could safely be transmitted across the ocean. Exchange on London in New York rose immediately from a normal of $4.8665 to a temporary high point of $7 to the pound.

In the early part of August, 1914, Comptroller Prendergast, of the City of New York, called upon J. P. Morgan & Co. and advised them that the City of New York had outstanding short-time notes payable in London and Paris, some of which matured during each of the five succeeding months. These aggregated £13,410,000 and 61,500,000 francs. The total was equivalent, at par of exchange, to about $77,200,000.

But under the abnormal exchange conditions of August and September, 1914, it was impossible to determine how many dollars would be required to discharge the obligation. It was the opinion of the city officials, and of the partners of J. P. Morgan & Co., that any attempt to purchase the very large amount of London exchange required to meet these city notes would only result in still further bidding up the market in sterling and francs, thereby increasing the loss to the city.

The situation was so serious that there was talk of the city declining to meet its maturing obligations. Davison was insistent that no consideration should be given such a suggestion, and he was from the start outspoken in his conviction that the only course open to the city was that of meeting its obligations without delay. Comptroller Prendergast was of the same mind and never for a moment swerved in his determination. The failure of the greatest city in America to meet its obligations punctually would only have added to the world confusion; moreover, it would have dealt an almost irreparable blow to the credit of New York City, as well as cast discredit upon all the United States.

Hard to Get Gold in War Time

But the securing of approximately $77,000,000 in gold, in August, 1914, seemed an impossible task. Although on the eve of organization, there was at that time no Federal Reserve System. The gold reserves of the country were scattered among the various reserve and central reserve banks. Those banks had practically all suspended specie payments.

J. P. Morgan, our present senior, and Davison, however, believed that, despite the adverse market conditions, New York City could sell its bonds or notes in the American market, thus securing dollar funds. They further believed that, if New York banks as a whole were appealed to, they would surrender gold from their gold reserves in order to protect the city's credit. So Davison at once arranged for an interview with the Secretary of the Treasury, in order to obtain the approval of both the Secretary and the Comptroller of the Currency of this operation to protect the city's credit, the operation being so

(Continued on page 48)

This is real money

"Today I received a check for $20.00 for a story. Another I sold for $34.00. Not bad for a beginner, is it? The other day I counted up just how much I have won on advertisement contests. It amounted to $1,620.00."

Mrs. L. L. Gray
579 E. McHarg Ave.
Stamford, Texas

How do *you* know. *you can't WRITE?*

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write.* Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who *should* be writing become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

How you start

We have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York

Send me, without cost or obligation, your *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit, as promised in Collier's—May 6.

Mr. }
Mrs. } .....
Miss }

Address .....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.)

21E363

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Be independent. Earn $5,000 to $10,000 annually. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

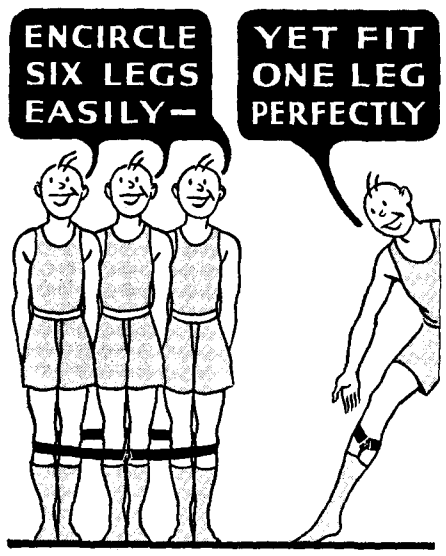
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 540-L, Chicago

CRUISING THE VOLGA

12 Days. First Class, $180; Tourist, $95; Special, $55. Other notable Tours: *Colorful Ukrainia*, 10 days; *Dnieper River Tour*, 14 days. New low travel rates... 15 tours to choose from... 5 to 31 days. Write for Booklet CL-5.

INTOURIST, Inc., U. S. Representative of the State Travel Bureau of the U. S. S. R., 545 Fifth Ave., New York. Offices in Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco. Or see your own travel agent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EXTRA LONG STRETCH
PARIS
GARTERS
FOR GREATER COMFORT

Happy legs are here again!

A new deal in comfort. No binding—no slipping—just a joy. Fit perfectly—wear longer. Made of extra long stretch, *long lasting* Steinweave Elastic—found only in Paris Garters. Priced to please you, too!

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Made in U.S.A. by A. Stein & Company

FUN TO COOK AND BAKE THIS EASY WAY
MIXMASTER

New Low Price

Beats, mashes, whips, juices—does all the arm-work quicker, better, easier. Portable—use it anywhere. Comes with juicer and strainer, 2 jade green bowls, salad oil-dropper at new low price. Has attachments at slight additional cost that peel potatoes, grind, chop, slice, grate, polish, etc. Buy it at your light company, Dept. store or dealer's.

FREE Book

FREE COOK BOOK Write for this big, illustrated book of Sunbeam kitchen-tested recipes. Chicago Flexible Shaft Company, 5511 Roosevelt Rd., Chicago. 43 years making Quality products.

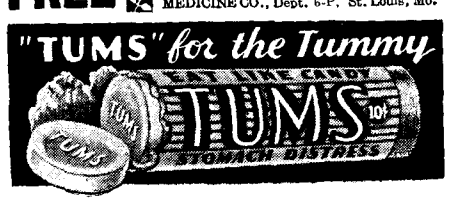
Mixmaster is one of Sunbeam THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

Couldn't Eat Her Own Delicious Cooking..

..until "TUMS" Ended FUSSY STOMACH

SHE liked their compliments, but she watched with envy while they enjoyed her cooking. Not a bite for her—too much afraid of the acid indigestion, gas and sour stomach she often suffered from eating her favorite foods. Then she learned about TUMS and tried these delightful new candy-like antacid mints. Now she eats what she likes without regrets. Just a few TUMS after meals—and excess acid is neutralized, gas dispelled, Fussy Stomach quickly relieved. TUMS are safe, agreeable, handy to carry. At all druggists'—only 10c.

FREE Package of Nature Flower Garden Seeds—also sample of TUMS—*Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to* A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 6-P, St. Louis, Mo.



(Continued from page 47)

large as to mean a further reduction in the cash reserves of the banks. The plan also involved gaining approval from the Treasury Department for the use of New York City obligations as security for emergency currency, to a somewhat larger extent than might originally have been expected. It was made clear to the Secretary that the firm intended to handle the transaction with as small a shipment of gold as possible, but that, in order to assure the city that its obligations abroad would be met, it was necessary to organize such a handling syndicate as would be certain to have the gold available for shipment, in case of necessity.

It will be recalled that an added difficulty lay in the fact that the New York Stock Exchange, closed on July 31, did not reopen even for restricted trading until November 28. Conferences were, however, promptly held with the heads of the principal banks in Greater New York. The result was the very unusual contract which was formally entered into on September 10, 1914, but which was practically concluded some time before that date, inasmuch as Davison on September 4, 1914, had in the firm name addressed to Comptroller Prendergast a letter signed jointly by J. P. Morgan & Co. and Kuhn, Loeb & Co., undertaking to form a syndicate to carry out the contract, actually signed six days later.

A Generous Deal for New York City

The nature of this contract was twofold: first, the one hundred twenty-six participating banks of Greater New York agreed to buy, in designated proportions, $100,000,000 of one-, two-, and three-year six per cent notes, the money to be left by the city upon deposit with the banks, subject to call and bearing interest at two per cent; second, up to an amount of $80,243,940.47 (needed to meet the foreign-held obligations), the participating banks agreed as called upon to furnish gold to the city.

J. P. Morgan & Co. had invited Kuhn, Loeb & Co. to become associated with them as syndicate managers. The managers were empowered to resell the notes to the public for account of the participating banks, the notes being offered to the public at exactly the price at which the banks had bought them from the city. The sum of $80,243,940.47 was reached by estimating a rate of exchange of $5.035 for each pound sterling and twenty cents for each franc. The syndicate managers undertook, on behalf of the syndicate, to discharge all the pound and franc notes of the city at a maximum cost to the city of this $80,243,940.47. The net profit to the syndicate from the exchange operation was limited to two per cent upon said $80,243,940.47. Any profit above the two per cent *was to go to the city; any loss was to be borne by the syndicate.* The syndicate managers acted entirely without compensation, nor did they become members of the syndicate, except to cover the "slack" resulting from the fact that a few banks declined to take their pro rata participation.

Davison's services in organizing this remarkable consortium of banks were of the first rank. He was largely responsible for determining the basis of division of the syndicate liability among the different banks of the city, this basis determining the amount for which they could respectively be called upon for gold payments. And this work of arranging the gold commitments, to a large degree, fell on Davison's shoulders.

It must be remembered that each of the one hundred twenty-six banks in the syndicate had a separate board of directors, and despite all that is said about banking domination, leadership depends primarily upon character, courage and judgment. The complicated task of arranging this city-wide coöperation required the unremitting effort of the whole Morgan organization during anxious days and nights. The negotiations with the city were led by J. P. Morgan and Davison in person. The organization of the group of banks was peculiarly the work of Harry Davison. His wide knowledge of the bank personnel, his unusual combination of courage and persuasiveness, made him the man best fitted in New York to enlist the cooperation of all the banks.

How a Complex Plan Worked Out

The actual contract with the city was signed late in the evening of September 10, 1914, as a matter of fact, about two o'clock in the morning. On the following day, September 11, a temporary office of the comptroller of the city, in charge of a deputy comptroller, and a temporary office of the city chamberlain, in charge of the chamberlain's representative, were established in the offices of J. P. Morgan & Co. The participating banks delivered to the comptroller checks for their full subscription, receiving the interim city securities. The comptroller immediately endorsed such checks to the city chamberlain, and the city chamberlain opened deposit accounts with the participating banking institutions so far as they technically could be approved as city depositories.

On September 16, the participating banks were called upon by J. P. Morgan & Co. to pay over $8,257,400 in gold, which was sufficient to take care of all of the city's obligations maturing in London up to September 28. Without waiting for that payment, however, J. P. Morgan & Co., on September 16, had shipped $6,600,000 in gold to Ottawa under an arrangement with the Bank of England by which gold delivered to it in Ottawa could be made available at once as a credit in London.

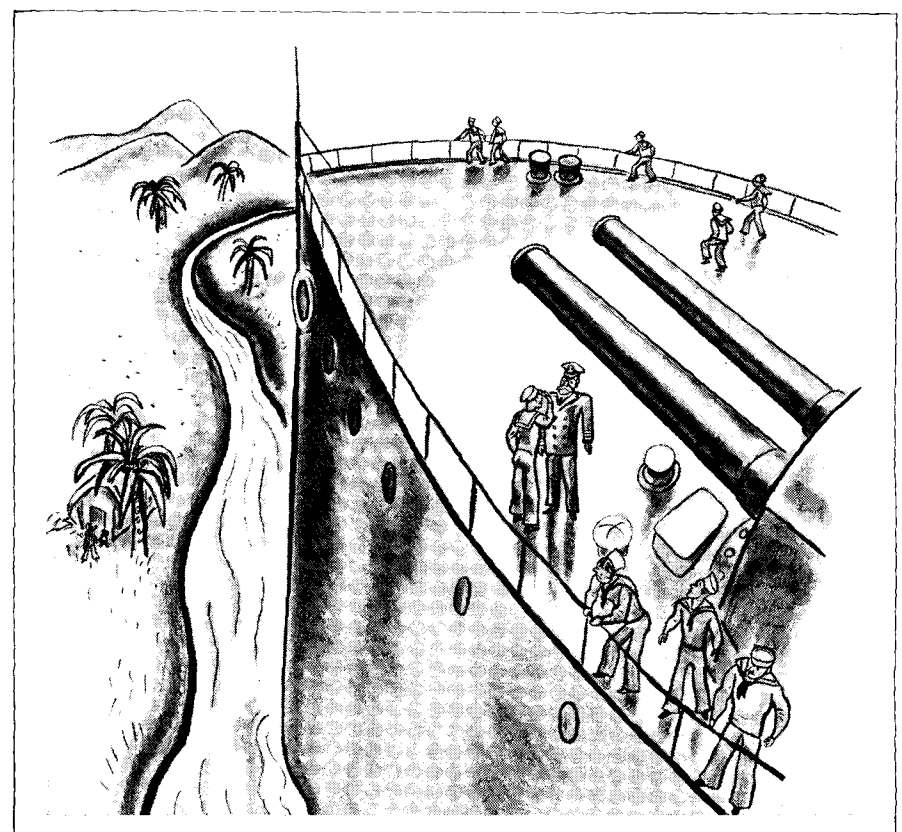
On September 17, 1914, the $100,000,000 of corporate stock notes and revenue bonds were offered for public subscription. The offering was made broadcast throughout the United States, and J. P. Morgan & Co. alone received over *five thousand* applications aggregating $116,193,500. Allotments were materially scaled down, and the notes went to an early premium, thus making a conspicuous success of the first public financial offering of any magnitude attempted after the outbreak of the war.

An early announcement of the negotiations, made by Comptroller Prendergast in a public statement, dated September 5, 1914, read in part:

> It is with the very greatest gratification, as the city's financial officer, that I am giving to you the proposal from Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. and Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Co. This proposal represents the successful completion of four weeks of unremitting effort to secure for the city the necessary financial assurances to enable it to discharge its very large foreign obligations. From the very beginning the foreign debts have, of course, proved our greatest problem.
>
> Four weeks ago I called on Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. and explained the city's exact condition. I found Mr. Morgan not only sympathetic but willing in the most emphatic way to help all he could, and one of his first statements to me was that in anything he might undertake his firm did not wish to make any money out of the city. In fact, when it was at one time proposed that the city had a perfect right to pay a commission of ½ per cent for services in securing its accommodations, Mr. Morgan rejected the idea.
>
> It will be observed that the proposed agreement does not contemplate any profit for actual services rendered as syndicate managers to either Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. or Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and I am certain the people of the city will, as they should, appreciate the fine spirit of civic interest in which these gentlemen have undertaken this tremendous task.

The foregoing account, which explains so fully this important transaction for the preservation of New York City's good name, was contributed to this narrative by the late Dwight W. Morrow, himself then a member of the Morgan firm and an active participant in this very operation.

(To be continued next week)



"Sorry, sir, but we've gone up a blind alley" *I. Klein*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fallen Fathers

Continued from page 21

is a good deal like trying to identify a football team from the top row of a stadium in a thick fog.

I accompanied a father to a hospital recently. It was very trying. He didn't even know Junior had arrived. The doctors had sent him home two hours earlier, assuring him they would call him if anything happened. But he had become apprehensive.

"How's everything?" he asked as we entered.

"Fine," said the doctor in a very offhand manner. "It's a boy."

"It's arrived!" exclaimed my friend.

"Oh, yes. An hour ago," said the doctor, barely noticing him.

"But you said you would phone me."

"Did I? I don't remember. Well, we didn't need you. Fathers only make things more difficult."

"How's my wife?"

"Very well. She's sleeping."

Whose Baby and Why?

"May I go in and see the baby?" asked my friend, very eagerly.

"It's not there," said the doctor.

"Not there!" gasped my friend, a little frightened.

"Of course not," laughed the doctor, a little annoyed at such ignorance.

"Where is he?"

"I'll get the nurse for you. Maybe she can help," said the doctor, whistling as he breezed away.

Just as my friend had begun tearing his hair, the nurse showed up. She looked right over his head. "Nurse," he cried, but she walked by.

"Nurse," he said, tugging at her elbow, "where is the baby?"

She regarded him coldly. It was quite clear that she didn't know who he was, although he had been around the hospital for a week or more and in the room with his wife constantly. She hadn't noticed him.

"I'm Mr. Glotz," he explained. "That's my wife in there. We've had a baby . . . or haven't we?"

"Glotz?" repeated the nurse. "Glotz? I thought I had seen your face somewhere before but I just couldn't place you. I thought I had seen you in Bridgeport. You look like a Mr. Fisher."

"I'm Mr. Glotz," repeated my friend a little emphatically.

"I could have sworn you were a Mr. Fisher," smiled the nurse, somewhat stiffly. "But I remember now. You're Mr. Glotz. You were here before, weren't you?"

"More than a week I've been hanging around here," stammered my friend.

"All week. This must be where I met you then," said the nurse.

"Is Mrs. Glotz all right?"

"Splendid."

"And the baby?"

"Fine."

"Bring it out," demanded my friend, his face glowing.

"Here?" demanded the nurse, aghast.

"Yes. I want to see the little darling."

"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"I'm Mr. Glotz and . . ."

"I know, but we couldn't bring the baby out here."

"Well, take me to where it is then."

"Really, Mr. Glotz, we couldn't think of it."

"But I want to see the child. After all, I'm the father."

"You can't see it just now, but if you come back in a half hour perhaps . . ."

I saw my friend was beginning to take on a wild and menacing expression, so I steered him into a waiting-room. I had been through it before and explained things to him.

"You've got it all wrong," I explained. "You can't get near your child."

"But why not?"

"I didn't know you were so far behind the times," I said. "It just isn't done. Fathers and babies are not allowed in the same room any more."

"What's the trouble?"

"Fathers are germ spreaders," I tried to explain. "You might communicate some sickness to it."

"I never was sick in my life," he argued. "Do I look like a father who would make his own baby sick if I looked at it?"

"No, I think not," I replied as kindly as possible. "As fathers go you are not half bad. But you forget the theory."

"What theory?"

"The theory that a father is a moving mass of bacilli. You do not realize that you are capable of conveying 5,000,000,000 germs, even in the off season. You may be the very picture of health to me, but to the modern maternity nurse you are as repulsive as a circus sea-lion. You must get out of your mind the idea that you are going to get near that offspring of yours without court intercession."

"But can't I see the baby?" he cried.

"It depends on your vision, but come. We will hope for the best."

I got hold of the nurse again and explained that Mr. Glotz was a very nice man personally, that he was a good father and that he was the type of citizen deserving of whatever privileges the hospital offered. She gave in.

"This way, Mr. Fisher," she said.

"Glotz is the name," corrected my friend, now quite weak.

We followed her through many alleys to a space which looked like a department store window. In a room on the other side of the glass were many baskets. In them tiny forms squirmed.

"I think that's your little girl in the fourth row, Mr. McMurtie," said the nurse.

"The doctor said it was a boy," exclaimed my friend. "And my name is Glotz!"

"Oh, yes," said the nurse. "My error. The McMurtie baby is eleventh from the right in the sixth row and your little boy is that one over there by the window."

Window-Shopping for Infants

We both squinted and peered through the glass. We could see our own faces. It struck me that it would be just as well that the babies didn't have the same privilege.

My friend was in despair. He couldn't see that far. But I came to the rescue. I described to him a baby I had once seen and he seemed satisfied.

"How long is this thing going on?" my friend demanded of the nurse.

"What thing?"

"This treating a father like a window shopper. I might as well be looking at a window full of baby chicks and trying to recognize the one I owned."

"Oh, you'll have to be satisfied to see the child through the glass for a week or so." I led him away in despair.

I saw him a few weeks later. Mother and son were home. He seemed quite relieved, but still jittery. His face had changed noticeably. His nose had a peculiar stubby, hammered-in appearance. "How come?" I asked.

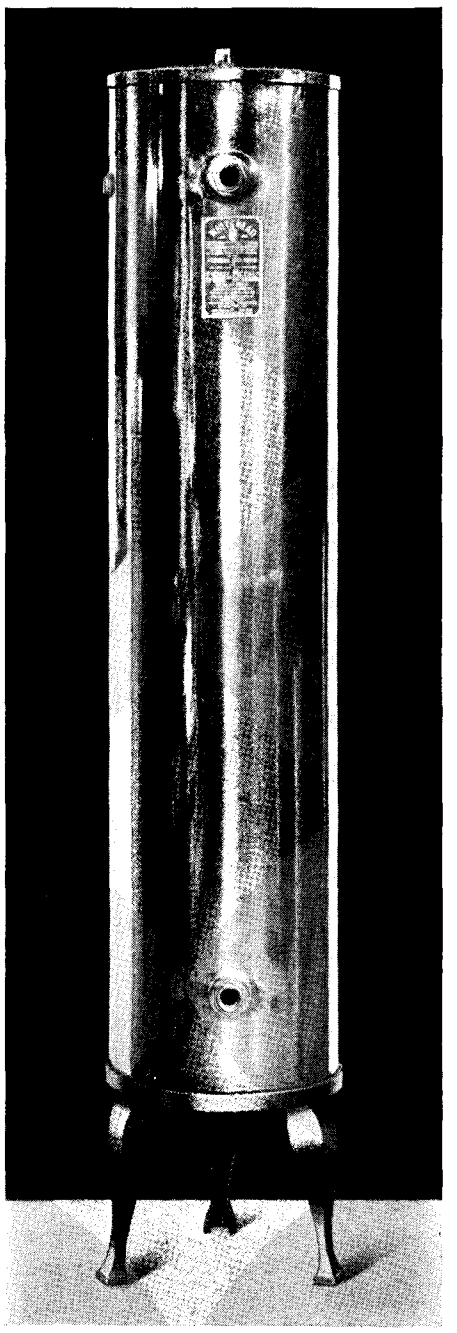
"It got flattened from pressing against that glass trying to see Junior," he explained.

HOT WATER FROM THIS SILVERY SOURCE IS ALWAYS CRYSTAL CLEAR...

Rust simply cannot form in a...

MONEL METAL

HOT WATER TANK
(Range Boiler)



Think what it means to draw hot water clean enough and clear enough to use in cooking. For tea, coffee, cereal or vegetables, you *start* with water that needs only a few moments on the stove to bring it to a boil!

The gleaming outer surface of a Monel Metal Hot Water Tank is beautiful to look at... but more important to you is the fact that *inside* it is as clean as a crystal goblet. Monel Metal is a solid nickel alloy and cannot possibly rust or corrode. That's why your water is always clear and sparkling, free from tank-caused rust, scale or sediment.

• Monel Metal Kitchen Sinks and Cabinet Tops come in 53 models ranging in price from $27 to $195. Beautiful, easy to clean, they're built to last a lifetime.

Monel Metal Tanks are strong... they withstand pressures up to 400 pounds, a safety margin over ordinary tanks of 50 to 100%!

Monel Metal Hot Water Tanks — like Monel Metal Sinks, Kitchen Cabinet Tops, Water Heaters, and Monel Metal Trimmed Ranges — are sanitary, beautiful and easily cleaned. They rightly belong in the truly modern kitchen. Your local plumber will gladly help you choose a Monel Metal Hot Water Tank of proper size for your family's needs. You'll be surprised to discover how little a Monel Metal Tank will cost—no more than one of copper. Plumbers and other dealers can show you many different items of Monel Metal Household Equipment. Send coupon for free literature and details. Dealers are invited to write for full information.

• Dress up your kitchen cabinet with a new silvery Monel Metal top! In standardized sizes that fit most cabinets.

• "Whitehead" Monel Metal Hot Water Tank (Range Boiler). Absolutely impervious to rust. Beautiful, gleaming, polished exterior.*

* Patents Pending

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL CO., INC.
73 Wall Street New York, N. Y.

Monel Metal is a registered trade-mark applied to an alloy containing approximately two-thirds Nickel and one-third copper. Monel Metal is mined, smelted, refined, rolled and marketed solely by International Nickel.

The International Nickel Co., Inc.
73 Wall St., New York, N.Y.

Please send me further information on:

☐ Monel Metal Hot Water Tanks.
☐ Monel Metal Sinks, Ranges and Other Household Equipment.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Plumber's Name*_____ C-5-33

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director*

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

Let's Carry On!

THE courage and steadfastness with which the American people have met their problems during these recent years will be long remembered in our history.

Difficulties and anxieties have been widespread and devastating, but not even during the darkest days has courage or hope failed. Character and stability of purpose have been challenged and proved.

Most of us have observed and admired the persistent courage and resourcefulness displayed by our friends and acquaintances beset by harassing problems. If any of us have wondered from time to time whether our fellow countrymen in other regions remote from us have been able to present the same unbroken front, we may be reassured. In every section of the United States the flag flies high.

Collier's recently employed a research organization to talk to average Americans in typical communities all over this country. Skilled interviewers questioned some thousands of men and women in seventy-nine cities and towns scattered through thirty-four states.

One of the questions asked was this: "Do you think that present conditions of depression and unemployment will lead to future fundamental changes in our form of government such as many European countries have had?"

Nearly three out of every four men and women interviewed, 73% to be precise, voted an emphatic "No." Nearly half of those who expected changes, 10.7% of all interviewed, said they didn't know what they expected. Another 9% mentioned changes already under consideration by Congress. Actually only 3% looked forward to any fundamental reorganization. A similar inquiry last October when clouds hung heaviest revealed the same division.

The minority who saw radical changes of any kind were widely separated in their opinions. About one per cent expected socialism in some form. More expected larger authority for the President and a stronger central government. Quite the largest number of those anticipating fundamental changes said they didn't know just what these changes might be. Another very large group specified minor changes such as unemployment insurance.

One of the exceedingly significant results of this investigation was the cross section of opinion taken in Detroit. At the time the interviews were recorded the Detroit banks were closed and the business depression was at its lowest point. Yet 76.5% of those interviewed at random in Detroit foresaw no fundamental changes.

The comments of the minority in Detroit and elsewhere who did expect important governmental changes to follow the depression are very interesting. More efficiency in government and less taxation were conspicuously mentioned. These demands are of course conservative.

So, too, were many other demands which sought changes in banking laws and in the tariff. Nothing more fundamental than old-age and unemployment insurance was mentioned. Some favored changing the rules of Congress. Others were against "politics." Nearly all were concerned about minor details rather than about the basic structure.

This is an amazing expression if we contrast it with the radical differences of opinion to be found in any other country. Through good times and bad times the American creed does not change.

The fact that the great masses of Americans have been patient and courageous should not, however, blind our leaders. In so far as hardships and maladjustments can be prevented, we should prevent them.

Although those in the small minority which is looking for changes are not agreed upon any program, their statements do reflect conditions which need recognition and management.

Some of the demands made have already been dealt with by Congress and by the President.

Banking laws, for example, are even now in the process of revision. We have paid a tremendous sum for the lesson we are learning, but at last we do know that both the states and the national government must insist upon safer, more intelligent and more public-spirited bank management than ever before.

Not less numerous than the demands for safer banks was the insistence upon a greater security of employment.

Revision of the tariff was mentioned frequently in this connection. Even now the Administration is in the throes of working out a colossal plan for the revision of tariffs, the adjusting of war debts, the negotiation of reciprocal trade and armament treaties, all looking to the reëstablishment of a prosperous world commerce.

So far as the government can serve, President Roosevelt and the new Congress have done all that any reasonable man or woman could ask or expect. It would, however, be unjust and vain for the great body of citizens to look to the government to solve all the problems created by these years. We can't leave everything to Washington.

As individuals and as citizens of smaller communities we have our obligations and our opportunities. Congress gave the states the chance to control sanely the distribution of beer, but Congress cannot compel a state legislature to set up an honest system. Congress cannot prevent corrupt or fanatic legislatures from so mismanaging beer legislation as to jeopardize the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Neither can the Federal government accept full responsibility for unemployment or low farm prices or slow trade. There is a vast field in which states, local governments and private individuals and corporations must lead and accept responsibility. The very success of the national efforts depends upon this coöperation.

Let's carry on. The national leaders have been energetic and capable. The American people have been patient, hopeful and courageous. With such a situation we should be able swiftly to accomplish all that needs doing to put our house in order.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

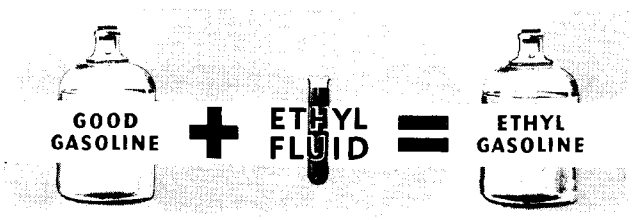
SHE RUNS LIKE NEW WITH ETHYL !

IT TAKES MORE than good gasoline to make an old car kick up its heels and act young again. It takes good gasoline *plus* the life-restoring action of Ethyl fluid.

Inside the car engine, Ethyl fluid banishes harmful knock and sluggishness. It brings lost youth and power back into your motor. It gives you again the old thrill when you step on it!

These days, when we have to do without so many things, we *need* all the pleasure our cars can give us. And even if you don't place dollars and cents value on the *fun* of driving with Ethyl Gasoline, you'll make savings in lessened repair bills that *more* than offset the small extra cost.

Just remember: The next best thing to a brand new car is your present car with Ethyl. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



Ethyl fluid contains lead. © E. G. C. 1933

WITH ETHYL (TRADE MARK) REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION NEW YORK, U.S.A.
THE WORLD'S HIGHEST QUALITY MOTOR FUEL

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

All Ethyl Gasoline is red, but not all red gasolines contain Ethyl fluid. The color is for identification only and has nothing to do with performance. Look for this Ethyl emblem on the pump (or its globe).

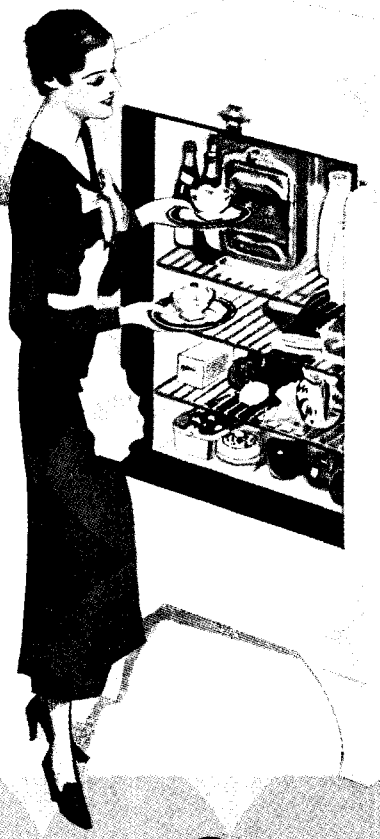
The all-round quality of Ethyl Gasoline is doubly tested: at the time of its mixing, and through constant inspection of samples taken from pumps. The Ethyl standard of anti-knock quality is higher today than ever before.

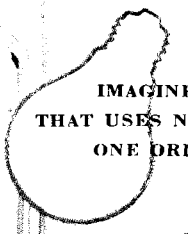
NEXT TIME STOP AT THE PUMP

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Economical, Quality Refrigeration

HOLDS MORE FOOD • FREEZES MORE ICE • AND THIS NEW FRIGIDAIRE USES NO MORE ELECTRIC CURRENT THAN ONE ORDINARY LAMP BULB •





Economy

Here is an entirely new standard of economical refrigeration. A genuine Frigidaire that operates on as little electric current as one ordinary lamp bulb.

Convenience

And here are new conveniences—automatic defrosting—ice trays that slip out of the freezer at a touch of the finger—extra room for tall containers—and a compartment for frozen storage.

COSTS ONLY **$96.** PLUS FREIGHT

INSTALLATION AND FEDERAL TAX PAID

¼ MORE FOOD SPACE

The new Frigidaires are built with a highly efficient, space-saving insulation giving the cabinet smaller outside dimensions but much greater food storage capacity.

Beauty

This new Frigidaire introduces a distinctive style in cabinet design, with a finish of sparkling white Dulux and handsome chromium hardware.

Quality

With porcelain interior, dependability and long life—every detail reflects that quality which has made Frigidaire the choice of a million more buyers than any other electric refrigerator.

The Super Frigidaire line includes six new de luxe all-porcelain models—with many exclusive features—the finest Frigidaires ever built.

The new FRIGIDAIRE

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED